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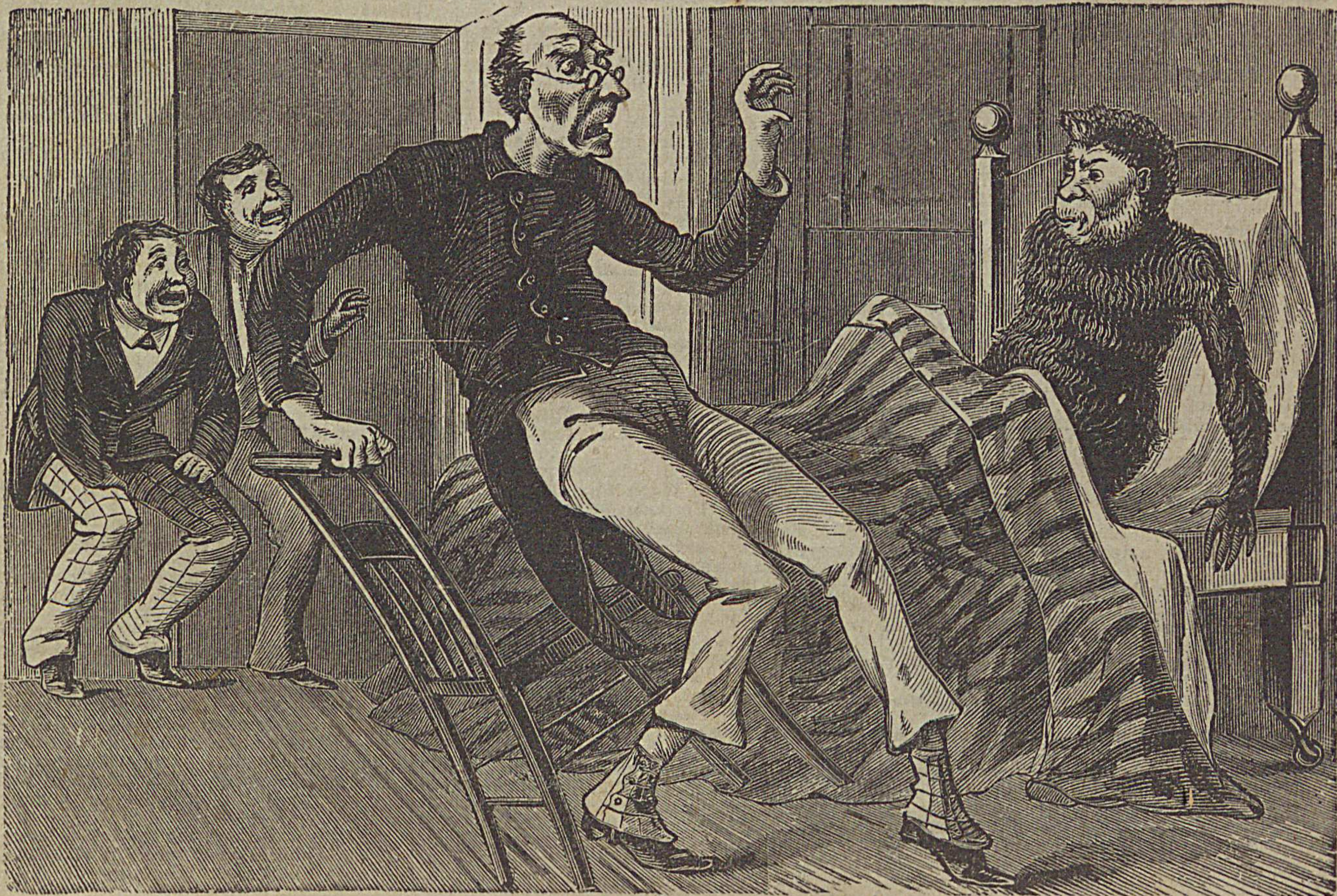
## CHEEKY AND CHIPPER;

OR,

## Through Thick and Thin.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK,

Author of "Sassy Sam," "Sassy Sam Sumner," "Barnum's Boy Ben," Etc., Etc.





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# CHEEKY AND CHIPPER;

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THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

Author of *Sassy Sam*, "*Barnum's Boy Ben*," "*Sassy Sam Summer*," "*Extree Nick*," "*Big Mouth Billy*," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I.

### A LIVELY FOURTH OF JULY.

EVERYBODY on Water street stopped and stared as Mrs. Morris, Chipper's aunt, grabbed him by the ear and lugged him into the passage of the tenement house.

When he was fairly inside the building, and there was no fear of his chum's attempting a rescue, she released him, seized a stick, thrashed him up four flights of stairs and into a back room, then, hitting him a savage blow under the ear, left him bruised and senseless upon the floor, crying:

"There, you whelp, take that! Spend your Fourth of July there!" saying which she locked the door, pocketed the key, descended the stairs and started for the nearest bucket shop.

Now Chipper did not deserve any such treatment; he was a good boy—as boys go—and, when he came to his senses, felt that he had had about enough of his aunt's fists; so he muttered:

"Strike me ef I'm goin' ter stand any more of dis yer!" then, rising, proceeded to the sink and began to wash his blooded features.

While he was thus employed some one rapped at the door, hearing which, he cried:

"Hollo! who's there?"

"It's me, my bloomin' Chip!" replied a merry voice.

"You, Cheeky?" laughed Chipper. "I'm locked in!"

"Locked in on der Fourth of July?" shouted his friend. "Oh, I ain't goin' ter stan' that."

"Well, what's ter be did?" grinned Chipper. "Aunt has got der key."

"Chip," breathed the other through the key-hole, "got any kindlin' in der box?"

"Lots," returned Chipper.

"Look here," continued his chum; "git on a cheer, pull der stove pipe out ob der hole a-top, ram a rag inter it, an' fill der stove wid kindlin', set it a-goin', an' I'll do der rest. I ain't goin' ter let yer stay in no bloomin' prison on der Fourth, yer bet!"

Chipper thought for a moment; then, remembering that the lark would be a perfectly safe one, did as was directed; and, as the smoke began to rise, called to Cheeky, saying:

"Der ole masheen is goin' rippin'; smokin' like a lokymotive."

"Fire up!" breathed Cheeky, through the key-hole. "Tell me when der smoke is thick enough ter feel?"

In a short time the dense vapor completely filled the room and made Chipper cough; hearing which, his chum bade him open the windows and lie with his mouth close to the bottom of the door; then, darting away, proceeded to rouse the house and neighborhood, shouting:

"Fire! Fire! Miss Morris' room is a burn-in!"

"Where? How?" demanded a man who was smoking in the lower hall.

"Up here!" excitedly replied Cheeky. "Come an' bust in der door. Dere's a boy inside."

The man tore up the stairs, and, throwing all his weight against the door, burst it in, falling over Chipper and letting out a dense volume of smoke.

Cheeky knew that there were only one or two

people in the tenement; everybody who could get away being in the City Hall Park, waiting for a procession to pass.

As the man burst in the door, Cheeky ran upstairs and told a woman, who was at work on the top landing, not to be afraid, then returned to Chipper.

By that time the kindling had burnt out, and it would have puzzled a conjuror to have told where the smoke had come from.

The man who had broken down the door, being about half tipsy, wanted to throw water round, but failing to find a bucket, began to swear and hunt among the tinware in the cupboard; meanwhile, Cheeky and Chipper had unshipped the stove-pipe, removed the rag, swept the stove and vamoosed, joining the crowd in City Hall Park.

"Where's a—bucket?" snarled the man, getting both hands entangled among the tinware. "The house will burn down if I can't find a bucket."

As he said this, Mrs. Morris arrived, red-hot from the gin-mill, and bouncing into the room, beheld the stranger fumbling among her treasures.

For an instant she glowered at him, then seizing a boiler-stirrer, went for the man, striking him over the back and afterward, and making it particularly hot for him; while his hands were so fixed that he was afraid to move for fear of cutting himself with the jagged tin.

Finding that the intruder did not attempt to turn on her, Mrs. Morris grew bold, and grasping a sleeve-board, proceeded to winnow the fellow, sobering both him and herself, and finally pausing for lack of breath, while her victim, who had sunk upon his knees, appeared to be praying.

"You—short-haired—shirtless—ragged—loafer!" she began, as soon as she could catch her breath. "What do you mean by busting inter a widow-lady's apartment and rummaging among her tinware, hey?" when, to her sorrow, the man slowly turned his head, and revealed the features of her brother, a well-known "Ward Terror," named Hunky Barnes, a fellow who thought nothing of shooting a man or beating a woman.

Mrs. Morris felt that her hour had arrived. To her astonishment, instead of using bad language, Hunky said:

"Sukey, if you will only free me from this cussed tinware, I'll explain. By—thunder—you're a heeler! I'm proud of yer."

Mrs. Morris, half fearfully, obeyed, and as she released Hunky, said:

"Can I get you anything, brother?"

"Who the blazes did you take me for, Sukey?" he demanded, ruefully rubbing his loins. "By the powers of Moll Kelly, you've got a musele! You've nigh broke my back. Do you know that your room was on fire?"

"It was that derved Chipper," she snapped. "I'll kill him when I come across him. Say, Hunky, won't you take some lager?"

Hunky said yes; and soon forgot his bruises over a gallon of "wash," and, by the time the procession had paraded, was as tight as a lord.

Finding that all fear of Hunky's violence was over, Mrs. Morris armed herself with a cowhide and sallied forth in order to find her nephew; so, leaving her, we will now return to our boys, Cheeky and Chipper.

Standing on the concrete of the City Hall Park,

in the front line, right opposite to the building, were the two boys—Cheeky, fair-haired and blue-eyed, with a nose that pointed to the sky, and Chipper, dark, black-eyed, and as spry as a rat.

As the procession marched by, the boys recognized the chief celebrities, and yelled themselves hoarse, so, when the parade was over, feeling tired, they voted to return to Mrs. Morris, and see if they could not find some food.

Mounting the stairs of the tenement house, by this time crowded with people returning from the show, they presently entered the fourth-floor-back, and seeing Hunky on the bed, made up their minds to play him a trick.

On the next floor above lived a colored woman—a bitter enemy of Mrs. Morris—who sometimes mistook the latter's room for her own and caused trouble.

More than once Chipper's aunt had returned and found "Aunt Polly" snoring in her bed, and upon the last occasion had raised a big muss, and got the worst of it.

The heat of the day, coupled with the bad liquor in Hunky's skin, had rendered him oblivious to all sense of disturbance, so they had no fear of his awaking.

Being a professional pugilist, he did not wear a beard or mustache, while his hair was too short to grab.

Closing the battered door, Cheeky proceeded to strip the bully, while Chipper hunted in a bureau for a night-dress and cap—his aunt always sleeping in one of the latter articles, which likewise formed a portion of the old negro woman's regular head-dress.

When all was ready, the scamps enveloped the rowdy's form in the night-dress, burnt some corks, blackened his face and hands, and after pinning some curled horse hair inside the top front of the night cap, tied it securely under his chin, laid him on his back, and tucked a sheet about him, then turned their attention to getting dinner.

Chipper's father was a canal boatman, and his mother was dead; this was how he came to live with his Aunt Morris. As his board was paid for, Chip thought it no harm to hunt round for some grub.

"Taters!" cried the boy, diving into a small ice-chest. "Bacon, an' half a pie—rah!"

"Rah!" echoed Cheeky. "Yank 'em out, Chip—dere's a fryin'-pan by der stove; we'll have a bully feed!"

His friend had no father or mother, and boarded round loose—on his cheek—from which circumstance he was named Cheeky.

Just then Hunky thrust his big, ugly toes from under the sheet, and, do all they could, wouldn't withdraw them.

"Say, Chip," grinned Cheeky, "slap some Japan lacker on der rooster's toes! Give him a bloomin' dose!"

Chipper chuckled, and collecting some more corks burnt them on the fire shovel, then blackened Hunky's feet and limbs as far as the knees, after which he covered him down to the ankles and assisted Cheeky to prepare the grub.

The bed was an old-fashioned affair, and beneath it were stowed boxes and a variety of articles.

The lads tried the bacon and cold potatoes, and after polishing them off turned to at the pie.

"Ain't it num-num?" murmured Cheeky, insert-



ing his teeth in a triangle of fruit and pastry, and biting out a chunk. "Won't it make yer aunt hoppin' mad?"

"She's on a bender ter-day," replied Chipper. "Der ole woman allus gets bloomin' bad tempered when she damps her flue wid benzine. Cheeky, I'm 'bout tired ob dis yer line; say, 'spose yer an' I starts out an' tries for adventures, like wot we reads of."

"Tchshish!" cried Cheeky; "yer aunt is comin'. Dive, yer sculpin, dive!"

In an instant Chipper was under the bed and Cheeky was outside the door, leaning against the jamb, and looking in as innocent as a child.

Presently up flourished Mrs. Morris, cowhide in hand, and upon seeing Cheeky, shouted:

"See here, where's my Chipper?"

"Well, well," began Cheeky, as calm as a clam, "if somebody ain't got a nerve! They've been a eatin' yer taters an' bacon an' a woolfin' of yer pie! My gracious, Mrs. Morris, why there's a nigger woman in yer bed!"

"W-h-a-t?" shrieked the infuriated creature, jumping the last three steps at a bound, and rushing past him into the room—"nigger woman in my bed?"

Then, catching sight of the blackened face and feet, she yelled:

"Aunt Polly, you good-for-nothing, stinking critter, I'll give you Jesse this pop," and, seizing the frying-pan, went for Hunky, who, drowsily awakening and sitting up, was quickly laid out with a lick on the side of his head.

"Go it, marm," shouted Cheeky, who was glad to see the murderous bully paid off. "Blest if I would 'low a nigger ter shake down on my bed. Give him anodder lick on der nut."

Mrs. Morris grasped the handle of the frying-pan with a firm grip; then, as the bewildered man began to swear and rise, dealt him a rouser, which settled him for awhile, after which she sprang upon the bed and began to dance upon her foe, screaming:

"Polly! You old hip-a-potamous, I'll dance you into dry hash!"

In the midst of the fun, Chipper crawled from beneath the bed and, unobserved by his aunt, gained the hall.

"Give her anodder histe!" shouted Cheeky, as the man grasped Mrs. Morris about the waist—when, suddenly, the bed-slats caved, and Hunky and his sister, locked in a fierce embrace, tumbled through, smashing pans, bottles, and other articles stowed beneath, and raising a cloud of dust.

It was a short, savage struggle, and, in spite of the man's strength, the woman came off victorious.

"Scoot!" cried Cheeky, as she landed on the floor, and caught sight of them; noticing which, they tore down-stairs, followed by Mrs. Morris.

The boys, finding themselves hard pressed, took to the bannisters, and soon left her behind, whereupon she gave up the chase.

When they gained the street, Chipper said:

"Now, where shall we go?"

"Oh, *per-am-ber-la-tin*," replied Cheeky.

As they crossed the Bowery, they saw a tall man surrounded by a crowd of boys, so they closed up and listened to his chinning.

"See here," he said, in an off-hand, rattling style: "I have here a sovereign cure for corns, bunions, warts, and other afflictions. If I can't remove any corn in ten minutes, I'll forfeit as many dollars."

Elbowing his way to the front, Cheeky stared at the man for awhile, then said:

"Bet yer five dollars I've got a corn yer kean't take off in no five minutes."

The corn doctor glanced contemptuously down upon him, then replied:

"Put up your money!"

"I'm sugared," grinned Cheeky. "Say, any ov yer fellers lend me a fiver?"

Everybody laughed at his cheek.

Just then a countryman, who had been gaping at the crowd, nudged Cheeky's head, and, when the latter turned, handed him a fiver, saying:

"Now, my son, show yer wart."

"Come, doctor," chuckled the scamp, "pony up yer stamp," with which he handed his five dollar bill to Chipper, who mounted beside him on to the quack's platform—a couple of boards laid across a pair of trestles.

After examining the bill, the doctor, as he called himself, placed another fiver on it, then said in a loud, pompous tone:

"Now show me your corn."

The crowd, by this time a pretty large one, swarmed and surged around them, as Cheeky calmly proceeded to remove his well-worn left boot, then, grinning from ear to ear, raised the foot and exhibiting his heel, on which was a corn about the size of a silver dollar, laughed in the doctor's face, and said:

"Now den, boss, try yer bloomin' hand on dat."

"How?" snarled the quack. "Corn? Why, it's as big as a hickory nut!"

"Don't yer see it, boys?" shouted Cheeky, showing his heel to the delighted crowd. "If dis yer ain't a corn, den I want ter know."

"Yes, it's a heeler!" they cried. "Yer've won your bet, Cheeky."

The quack doctor didn't seem to see it in that light, and, turning to Chipper, said:

"Come, 'nuff of this fooling, hand me the money," at the same time grabbing at the two bills, which the boy held firmly in his hand; but Chipper was too smart for him and wouldn't give them up.

"I've won my bet, ain't I, fellers?" calmly remarked Cheeky.

"That's so!" cried one.

"Hand over the stakes!" piped another.

"Don't cheat der boy!" roared a third.

Now the corn doctor had not the least idea of parting with his stamps; indeed, he intended to bluff Cheeky. Unfortunately for him, he didn't know his crowd.

Cheeky and Chipper were very popular in the ward, and "der b'ys" would not allow any one to fool them.

"Come," once more observed the quack, placing his stock in trade in a big basket, "I was only joking. I don't pretend to say that I can take a big corn off anybody's heel. Hand over that bill of mine, sonny!"

He was a powerful man and could mash an ordinary size lad, but *Our Boys* weren't scared.

"Give me der bills, Chipper!" quietly observed Cheeky; then, addressing the corn man, added, "I'll settle wid yer, mister."

Chip handed his chum the money; meanwhile the quack whistled to himself and watched them out of the corners of his eyes, as much as to say: "Go on; when I like I can stop this."

Holding the two bills high above his head, Cheeky shouted:

"One ob dese yere belongs ter me friend, who lent it to me. Where are yer, boss?"

"Here," cried the grinning countryman, thrusting his hand forward and receiving his money.

"Thank yer, boss," nodded the scamp.

By that time Chipper had descended from the platform, and was standing on the outskirts of the crowd.

Quick as thought, Cheeky slipped the other five dollar bill into his boot, which he still held in his left hand, then, tossing the article to Chipper, cried:

"Scud!"

His chum caught the boot and darted off with it; his departure being greeted with three cheers by "der by's."

"Where's my money?" roared the corn doctor, making a dash at Cheeky.

"In der stakeholder's hand," sassed the boy, throwing a back somerset and landing among the thick of the spectators.

The infuriated corn doctor made a grab at him, but missed, whereupon he got hold of the nearest big boy and pommelled him.

This was the signal for a general muss, and soon the pavement was strewn with little bottles of "Corn Liquidator," and the platform kicked over and converted into kindling.

"*Haw-haw-haw!*" roared the countryman who had loaned Cheeky the five dollars. "Well, ef this ain't good as a circus."

"Is it?" roared the corn man, as mad as a bull. "Well, take that!" giving him a dowse in the chops which made him grin on the other side of his jaws.

Seeing this, Cheeky rallied the boys, and soon the would-be "smart" was rolling in the gutter.

As they were punching him, Chipper rushed back, saying:

"Cheese it, fellers! Cops!"

Cheeky let up on the man, and, springing to his feet, ran off up the Bowery, followed by the crowd; leaving the quack doctor to be run in by the police, who swore that he was "rolling drunk."

This man had swindled thousands of poor folks by selling them stuff that not only burnt off their corns, but ate holes in their feet, laming them and causing great pain.

He fully deserved all that he got from the boys. Pausing before a soda-water stand, and waiting until his crowd came up, Cheeky observed to the old man who worked the fountain:

"Say, Mr. McGunn, wot will yer rent me der stand fur?"

"Fur to-day—five dollars," answered the old fellow, who owned several such stands, which he rented out to various persons. "If you can raise the stamps I'll let yez take hold right away. One fountain av soda-water is on and nearly full, and there's another in the box I'm sittin' on. It's dirt chape, an' if two av ye take it, ye kin make

double yer money by night. I want to kape the Fourth, so I'll sell out chape, fur the day."

"What d'ye say, Chip?" grinned Cheeky.

"Take it, chum," nodded Chipper. "Der bill is yours."

Handing the old man the fiver, and promising to deliver the fountain to a carman who would collect them about sunset, and to place the glasses and other articles in the store-box, which formed part of the stand, Cheeky took charge, and seizing the nozzle of the fountain, shouted to his assembled friends:

"Now, fellers, who says sody an' syrup? I'll stand two glasses all round."

"Rah!" cried the crowd, and while Cheeky squirted the soda, Chipper poured out the syrup.

The fountain was a very simple affair, being merely a strong rubber tube running from the fountain beneath the counter, and provided with a stop-cock, so as to regulate the flow; the ice being packed round the fountain.

At first Cheeky was a little awkward, fizzing the soda into the faces of his chums, but he soon got the hang of the thing, and served out the stuff like a little man.

When all of his friends were as full as balloons he wiped down the stand, and Chip washed up the glasses ready for their regular customers.

It was real fun for the boys, and the stamps came in lively.

When they had made two dollars, Cheeky told his pard to go and buy a lot of cakes.

This was a happy thought, and in an hour they had sold clear out and were obliged to send to Matthews for another fountain of soda-water.

They had just connected this when Chipper spied his aunt tearing down the street.

She was evidently upon the rampage, and the sight of her made her nephew tremble.

In one hand she bore a cowhide whip, while in her other was the nightcap, which the lads had fixed for Hunky Barnes.

Some kind idiot had told her of her nephew's luck, and, being half crazy with drink, she had sworn to lam him or die.

"Don't budge, Chip, old son," calmly observed Cheeky, as he glanced up at the cause of his partner's terror, "I'll stan' by yer *through thick an' thin!* I'll fix der bloomin' ole duck!"

Mrs. Morris advanced to within a yard or two of the stand, then halted, and, addressing the customers, held up the night-cap, saying:

"This here's his cussed work. See my best night-cap that I've saved to be buried in. I'm going to whip him," pointing to Chipper and raising her cowhide. "Yea, I'm going to whip him until his liver drops out," uttering which threat she gave vent to a scream and rushed at Chipper, but struck a glass of plain soda which Cheeky coolly thrust forward, as he did so, crying:

"Plain soda; yes, marm," while Chipper vanished under the counter.

The force of the blow knocked the tumbler clear out of Cheeky's hand, whereupon he calmly looked her straight in the eyes, saying:

"Miss Morris, I want fifteen cents of you—five for der plain soda yer've split, and ten cents for der glass."

Missing Chipper, and believing that he was under the counter, Mrs. Morris rushed around the stand, and was dragging her nephew from his retreat, when Cheeky placed the nozzle of the soda-hose between her neck and gown, and sent the cool fizz frothing and squizzling down her back.

Dropping Chipper, cowhide and night-cap, she gave vent to a howl of rage, and, rising, went for Cheeky; but he was "all there."

"Come on, me bloomin' duck," he cried, aiming the stream of soda-water for her gaping, savage mouth, "I'll give yer all der plain sody yer want."

The engagement was soon over, for the gas of the soda-water got up her nose and half stifled her; so, as she drew off, Cheeky said:

"Look here, Miss Morris, yer jes' drop attackin' my chum."

"I'll—I'll—I'll have the law on you!" shrieked the drenched woman. "I haven't a dry thread on me. You pumped your cussed soda-water right down my back, and—and—ough—I'll murder you!"

"G'lang!" grinned Cheeky. "I've give yer two quarts of iced sody free gratis fur nothing. Say, how's der ole black woman gettin' on?"

This so irritated the fury that she was about to make another dash at him; but Cheeky quietly pointed the nozzle of the soda-hose at her and calmed her down.

"You, Chipper!" she hissed, by way of a parting shot. "You, Chip—if ever you show your derved nose in my rooms agin', I'll—when Cheeky calmly observed:

"Don't blow, Miss Morris; Chipper's done wid yer; he don't have no truck wid folks who lives wid colored people."

"You sta—ap!" she screamed, backing off, "I'll



send my brother, Hunky Barnes to you. God dern you, he'll fix you."

"All right, Aunt Morris," sassed Chipper, who had crawled from under the counter, and was grinning at her. "Send him along here, and we'll give him some plain sody. I'll wash the black off his face."

Mrs. Morris vanished.

"Say, you boys," said a policeman, who had been looking on, "don't make such a noise, folks will complain of you."

"Take a sody an' syrup, mister?" laughed Cheeky, "won't charge you anything, put yer on der free list;" but the officer only laughed.

Cheeky's sassy ways, and Chipper's good-humor and spryness, made everybody like them, and by sunset they made fifteen dollars, quite a little fortune for them.

As the streets became deserted, through folk going to supper, a wagon came along and stopped for the empty fountains.

"Der wan dat's on is a third full," said Chipper. "Can't yer call for it arter yer been down der Bowery?"

"Very well," said the carman; "mind it's ready by then, for we want all we can collect to-night."

"Cheeky," said Chipper, "what shall we do with this here sody?"

"Go down to der Five Pints an' tell all der little kids yer meet to come right up here," laughingly answered the good-natured boy. "I tell yer, it will be a treat ter dem—a bully Fourth of July for der young uns." So away Chipper cut, and soon returned, followed by a crowd of thirsty little ones.

"Gals fust!" merrily observed Cheeky, as they swarmed round the stand.

For ten minutes the fountain went *fizz-floop*, and Chipper told the youngsters that it was out, whereupon they gave "Three cheers fur Chipper and Cheeky," then melted from sight.

"Come," said Cheeky, "let's pack up these glasses; der ole man's awful pertickular 'bout his traps. I've helped him stow them away many a time."

As they were speaking McGunn came along, and after examining the state of his plant, said:

"Wan glass missing!"

"Here's der tin cints fur it," said Cheeky, offering the old man a stamp, but he refused it, saying:

"Kape it, b'y. It's the glorious Fourth av July!"

As he said this, Hunky Barnes staggered up, and addressing the old man, demanded in a bullying tone:

"Say; who keeps this stand?"

It was quite dusk, and the rowdy failed to notice the lads, who were loading the fountains on the truck, and, as may be imagined, were not very anxious to meet him.

"You're Hunky Barnes, ain't ye?" said McGunn, wishing to avoid a muss.

"I'm Hunky!" returned the bully. "I can wipe out any man in this ward in five minutes! Look here, McGunn, lend's a dollar?"

"I haven't a cint wid me," quietly answered the old fellow; and he told the truth.

By this time the fountains were placed on the truck.

"You like!" shouted Hunky, advancing menacingly. "You old snoozer, ef you don't hand over, I'll knock yer head off!"

As he uttered these words, he drew a knife from his pocket, when Chipper picked up a stone from under the counter, and putting forth all his strength threw the missile with such force that it struck the rowdy under the ear and stretched him out on the sidewalk; at the same time Cheeky rushed in and disarmed the brute.

"Hello!" cried a policeman, running across the street. "What's this? Why, it's Hundy Barnes, he's wanted for killing a man over in Newark!"

Ere the wretch came to his senses he was secured hand and foot, while *Our Boys* prudently made off.

Entering a saloon, they ordered coffee and pie, and had a hearty supper, then divided their profits—six dollars and ninety-five cents each—their refreshments being paid for out of the full amount received.

"Now what shall we do?" inquired Chipper.

"Per—am—ber—late," laughingly replied Cheeky. "Dere's gwine to be a grand display of fireworks in City Hall Park ter-night. We'll be on hand."

"Cheek," said his chum, "I've got some clothes at aunt's—a new suit father bought me last fall—are yer game ter help me get me box?"

"Yer bet I am," said Cheeky. "Didn't I tell yer I'd go through thick and thin ter serve yer? I'm no derned slouch ef I do have fits."

"Let's git a copper ter go wid us?" suggested Chip. "If we don't she'll kill us."

"Oh, I don't want no bloomin' copper!" confidently returned Cheeky. "I'll go in an' bounce her—yer kin stay outside an' hear der fun!"

"She'll kill yer!" nervously remarked Chipper, who had had a bitter experience of his aunt's ill-treatment and did not wish to see his chum injured; but Cheeky only whistled, and led the way to the tenement house.

Mounting the stairs, Cheeky knocked on the door, while his companion, with a beating heart, awaited a rush and a struggle.

No reply to their summons.

"She's out!" said Cheeky, knocking again.

"Hello, who's there?" demanded a faint voice from the bed.

"It's me!" calmly answered the scamp, entering the room, which was dark as pitch, the blinds being closed. "How are you feelin', Miss Morris?"

Now the lady had been "keeping the Fourth" pretty freely, and had retired early to bed in order to sleep off her whisky and be prepared to enjoy the fireworks; so, when Cheeky entered she was in a half-drowsy state, and in reply to his question, growled out:

"I'm all O. K!" then turned her back upon him, and very impolitely told him to go to a certain warm place.

Now Cheeky was a bold boy.

He loved danger, and was never so delighted as when running some risk.

Creeping to the door, he said to Chipper:

"Come in, me son; der bloomin' old gal says she don't care whether school keeps or not. Don't be afraid, she won't hurt yer," with which he lighted a match, and started a kerosene lamp.

It did not take Chipper very long to gather his duds together, and in two minutes he had his trunk on his shoulder.

"Come!" said Cheeky. "Kiss yer ole aunt afore you go."

"Not much!" grinned Chipper.

The woman was lying with only a sheet over her, and offered a lively target for a spank.

Cheeky couldn't resist this, so, motioning his chum to turn down the lamp, he picked up the sleeve-board with which Mrs. Morris had operated upon Hunky, and, measuring his aim, awaited Chipper's exit.

"Go up-stairs," he whispered, as his partner crept towards the door.

In a few seconds he heard a low whistle from the landing above, when he set his teeth, swung the board back, and brought it *smack* against the rounded person of the slumbering virago, who straightened out, and uttering a loud *ah houp*, rose in the bed and shouted:

"Murder!"

Cheeky darted up-stairs, and the chums, peeping over the hand-rail, beheld and heard all the fun.

Half a dozen people from the front rooms rushed out in order to see what was the matter, and soon Mrs. Morris appeared at the door and said:

"Oh, it's that blamed Chipper. I know it. He struck me with the sleeve-board, the murdering young bla-guard, and he loosened all my teeth!"

"Did he hit yez on the head?" demanded one of the spectators, raising a lamp to her face. "I don't see no marks where he struck yez."

This was too much for Cheeky, who shouted down-stairs:

"He didn't hit her head. It was the *other end* that caught it."

"Oh!" shrieked Mrs. Morris, "le'me dress myself," with which she banged to the broken door and retired, leaving the folks laughing at her accident.

"Come, Chipper," grinned Cheeky, "we'd best git."

And in a minute or two they were safely landed in the street.

"Say," chuckled Chip, "free soda don't sweeten some folk's temper."

"No," laughed Cheeky. "But it's easy ter loosen their teeth by lickin' 'em with a sleeve-board!"

"Where shall we go?" inquired Chipper, who, for the first time in his life, felt homeless.

His companion mused a while, then said:

"I know an old woman who will give us a room for a dollar a week. Say, suppose we club together an' share all we get?"

"Good enuf for me," said Chip. "Anything is better than bein' licked by dat drunken aunt of mine. I kin read an' write, an' figure, an' I've got some decent clothes. There's my hand, old Cheeky; we will stick to each other, as you say, *through thick an' thin!*"

The boys solemnly shook hands.

In a short time they had engaged their room, a crazy attic on the sixth floor of a Pearl street

tenement-house, and were on their way to see the fire-works let off in the City Hall Park.

It was yet early, as the exhibition would not begin until the moon was down.

"Hi! say, boys," cried the fire-work contractor, as Cheeky and his chum paused in order to inspect a *set piece*, "do you want a job?"

"What is it, boss?" inquired the scamp. "Wnat us ter fire yer fakements off fur yer?"

"Well, ye—s," said the man, pointing to two platforms raised about five feet from the ground. "I want two smart boys to set them off."

"An' git burned ter death a-doin' of it!" replied Cheeky. "No, yer don't, Mr. Man."

"See here," laughed the fire-work exhibitor; "there ain't no danger, boys. Wet yourselves in that tub," pointing to a cut-down hogshead brimming with water, "and the sparks won't hurt you. I'll give you a dollar each."

"Why don't yer set two of yer own folks on ter der job?" demanded Cheeky.

"One is down with sunstroke and the other is drunk," answered the firework man. "Come, say the word; there's thousands of boys in the crowd who will jump at your chances."

"I thought it was a bloomin' game," grinned the scamp. "Well, we'll take der contract."

About nine-thirty they wetted themselves thoroughly, then assisted the man and his aids in firing the rockets—a business which suited them to a dot.

"Bully, ain't it?" shouted Chipper, as a plume of rockets flew into the air. "Say, Cheeky, this is working and getting paid for it."

In the front rank of the crowd stood Mrs. Morris, sober, but bent on vengeance.

"I've got my eye on you," she screamed, as the chums mounted the first platform.

They followed their instructions to a line, and, as the wheels revolved and reversed, stood with dripping garments and folded arms, grinning to think how mad she was.

When the set was burned out the boys descended, and as they marched by her, cried:

"Hello, Mrs. Morris, how are yer loose teeth?" when, breaking through the line of police, she went for them.

"Up yer git!" shouted Cheeky, giving Chipper a back on to the second platform and clambering nimbly after him.

In a rage the virago endeavored to scramble up by the fireworks, when Cheeky seized the port-fire and touched off the "set."

"*Fizz—whizz—siss—wuz-z-z,*" went the various arrangements, and amid a roar of laughter from the assembled crowd, Mrs. Morris cleared, glad to escape from the shower of sparks, while the boys stood smiling, amid the whirl of fire and clouds of smoke.

"Cheeky," shouted his chum, "ain't we had a bully Fourth?" to which the "sassy" fellow nodded, and bawled back:

"You bet we have, Chipper."

In our next we will relate some more of the adventures of *Our Boys*, Cheeky and Chipper.

## CHAPTER II.

### A VERY LIVELY DAY OF IT.

ON the night of that memorable Fourth of July, referred to in our last, our boys slept in the attic they had engaged, and on the following morning started out in search of adventures.

Passing a bird-store in Chatham street, they noticed a card in the window, on which was written:

"SMART BOY WANTED."

"Yer go fust, Chip," whispered Cheeky, and in went the boy, finding himself in a slip of a store, the walls of which were lined with cages containing birds of all sorts, sizes and colors.

"Hello!" cried the proprietor, a one-eyed man, who looked like a half-dried mummy. "Well?"

"Want'er boy?" smilingly demanded the lad.

"Yes," answered old One-Eye, in a soothing voice, "ye-es;" with which he came out of the dim light at the back of the store, and turning his head sideways, as a duck does when taking a squint at a gutter, repeated softly: "Ye-es, I want a good, strong, willing boy, who isn't afraid of work;" then, uttering a short cough, added: "I cannot give you any wages, but will pay you a commission on all you sell."

"How?" grinned Chipper. "Com what?"

"Commission," sweetly replied One-Eye, who, by the way, was about as big a gouge as you would meet with in a day's walk. "If you sell a bird for a dollar, I'll give you ten cents—ye-es."

"Say, boss," inquired Chip, "won't yer let me chum come, too? We kin work der biz between us."

One-Eye gazed at him for a moment, then said, in a soft take-you-in-and-do-for-you voice:



"Ye-es."

Going to the door, the lad beckoned to Cheeky, and soon the latter was inside, and both boys were hard at it cleaning out cages, while One-Eye, who never did any work, sat and smoked a cigar and bossed them.

Whenever a customer came in, he would set the lads at some dirty chore, and they soon understood that all the commission they would earn wouldn't hurt them.

About eleven o'clock a messenger came from a lady up-town, and One-Eye, who scented a big sale, started off, leaving our boys in charge.

In front of every cage was a tag, on which was marked the price of the bird, so if any customers dropped in the salesmen were posted as to what sum to ask.

Now, One-Eye knew precious well that no customers worth anything ever called between twelve and one o'clock.

"Chip, old son," muttered Cheeky, as One-Eye vanished out of the door, "this bloomin' ole Pincher is a fraud! Don't yer see? He sets us scrapin' der wax outer der bird cages an' does all der sellin' himself."

Just then an old lady arrived with a sick parrot, and the chums hastened to attend upon her.

"Do you know anything about birds?" she began, glancing first at Cheeky and then at Chipper.

"Yes, ma'am," said the scamps.

"My parrot's sick," continued the old woman, producing a cage containing a gray bird suffering from "pip" and overfeeding.

"Bad case," quietly observed Cheeky. "It would cost like forty to cure it!"

"Oh, I don't care, I'm rich," she said. "How much would you fix him for?"

She spoke just as though she thought the boys could put a new skin on the beast and find it new feathers in place of its ragged old quills.

"I don't know," solemnly answered Cheeky, glancing at his chum, who was almost bursting with laughter. "It's in a bad state."

The bird, which was about as homely a looking parrot as you ever set eyes on, turned its head and said, in a low, croaky voice:

"Mother!" hearing which, a handsome gray bird, in a cage behind Cheeky, began to repeat the same word; but ere it had uttered "mo," the boy cried "*Seisch!*" and choked it off.

"Your Polly says mother, does it?" calmly inquired the scamp, who had hit on a plan to "restore" the parrot. "Can it say anything else?"

"When I first had it," she replied, "it used to say a lot—Polly, and a number of words; but since the first day it's done nothing but eat, and eat, and swell and moult, until it's what you see."

"I can cure it for you, ma'am," coolly observed Cheeky, winking at Chipper, adding, "that is, if you don't mind paying for it."

"How much?" she demanded.

"Twenty-five dollars," he returned, as pleasantly as though saying a quarter.

"I'll give it you," she said. "When will it be fixed?"

"Chipper," calmly inquired Cheeky, of his choking chum, "how long will it take us ter put a new liver in the critter?"

"My Josh!" snorted Chipper, clapping his hand to his mouth; then, rising, rushed into the back yard, leaving his pal to attend to the old woman.

"He ain't quite right here, ma'am," said the scamp, touching his own forehead. "Idiot, runs in der family."

"Are you sure that you can fix my Polly for me, or are you foolin'?" snapped the owner of the parrot, looking Cheeky right in the eye.

"Lady," he coolly demanded, returning her stare, "do yer think I look like a boy dat would humbug yer—hey? If yer'll leave yer ole squawker wid me, I'll put in a new liver, fix his fadders an' scrape der nubs off his legs. I ain't foolin'. I'll give yer a bran-new bird for twenty-five dollars."

"Oh-oh-ah-ha-haw!" roared Chipper, from the yard. "I shall die!"

"You look like an honest boy!" said the woman, who was a mean old cat, worth thousands of dollars, but as ignorant as a Digger Indian.

"Yer bet I am!" grinned Cheeky. "Ef I don't fix up yer old Polly and give yer a new bird, I'll eat der critter."

She did not understand his artful speech, but bumped her head against the idea of his being able to "fix" her over-fed bird.

Some folks will swallow anything, and she had fully made up her mind to having a new liver and fixings for her Polly.

"I'll pay you fifteen dollars now and ten when you bring him home," she said, when Cheeky hinted that he wanted his pay in advance. "Will you have to cut him open?"

"Ah," knowingly returned the boy, "that's our secret. I'll bring yer der Polly, lively as an eel, to-night."

Handing him fifteen dollars, she gave him her address and quitted the store, fully believing that the boy could do what he said and fix her over-gorged pet.

When she was gone, Cheeky stood upon his head and proceeded to "cut up," while Chipper peeped into the store, saying:

"Oh, what a lark."

"What a bloomin', bleedin' lark!" screamed Cheeky, turning a backspring and landing upon his feet.

"How are yer going ter fix it?" panted Chipper. "Yer know yer kean't put a new liver inter der ole rooster."

Cheeky closed one eye, saying:

"See dat bird dere?" pointing to the parrot he had *schisched* at. "He's der moral, de pair, ob dis one; he's marked twenty-five dollars, now! our commission on sellin' him will be two-fifty. Yer trot home wid der old bird and put him inter our attic; starvin' him a little will cure him, an' we'll take dis one to der ole duck."

"Well, but perhaps One-Eye will want to collect the stamps?" queried Chipper.

"No fear," laughed Cheeky. "I'll put ten dollars of our money to this fifteen an' give it ter der ole man, and we'll take der bird home ter-night."

Chipper fastened a bit of chain to the left limb of the diseased bird, and carrying it to their attic, secured it to a cross-beam, while Cheeky polished the old woman's cage until it shone like gold, after which he shifted the healthy bird into it.

As he was thus employed a German waiter, from a neighboring restaurant, brought in a tray containing old One-Eye's dinner, and began to set it out on a little table at the far end of the store.

One-Eye was a great epicure, and every day at noon had a nice toothsome dinner sent in from a German restaurant on the Bowery.

Now, Cheeky couldn't speak a word of German, and the waiter only knew a few sentences of English, one of which was "dinner ready."

As Chipper entered, from taking home the bird to their attic, the German waiter placed a double stein of lager on the table, and said in German:

"Reed-birds on toast, fine sausage, lamb chops and green corn, shoo-fly potatoes, sliced tomatoes, peach shortcake, double stein pilsner," then looking at the boys, added in English: "Dinner ready," saying which he picked up his tray and skeedaddled.

"Well now," grinned Cheeky, "I call dis yer fust-rate treatment on der part ob der boss. He knows how ter please boys, he does. 'Birds on toast,' lifting the covers of the dishes, 'sassingers, mutton ribs, taters cut inter shavin's, pie, and blame his ole skin ef he ain't stood lager. Now, I call One-Eye a bloomin' ole buck."

"Well, but," began Chipper, "ain't dis yer the ole man's dinner?"

"Git out," sneered Cheeky. "Ole man be blowed. He's sent it in fer us. See deres two plates, he means fur each uv us, an' two knives an' forks," pointing to the pie plate and small knife and fork which the waiter had set by the shortcake. "Of course he means this fur us. Didn't der man say dinner ready? I see why he don't give no reglar wages, he finds us in hash. I tell yer, Chip, we've been mistaken in ole One-Eye; he's a white man. Come sail in an' punish der grub," with which he harpooned a reed-bird on his fork and began to get outside of his share of the good things.

It was a glorious feed, and the lager was just "topping."

"We're in luck," breathed Chipper, as Cheeky cut the peach shortcake fairly in halves and handed him a dose.

"Ye-th," murmured his chum, burying his teeth in his share. "Say, Chip, my stummick is so tight I kin scarcely breathe."

"Dat's good," chuckled his friend. "You ain't often troubled dat way Cheeky."

Piling up the platters, they covered the empty dishes with the cloth, and set to work picking their teeth.

In a short time another waiter arrived from the restaurant, and, without saying a word, snatched up the tray and scooted with it.

"Cheeky," murmured Chipper, closing his eyes, "I feel as if I could hug ole One-Eye."

"I could kiss him for his mudder," grinned Cheeky. "He's a bloomin' ole flower. Never take anybody by der looks. When I first saw him dis mornin', I t'ought—well, ob all der mean, pinched-up, snaky, sneaky, creepin', bloomin' ole cusses I ever saw, yer beats 'em holler, and now he's turned out a —"

As he uttered the last word, One-Eye entered from up-town, cross, dusty, hungry, played out, and as thirsty as a sand-bank.

"My dinner not come?" he snapped, glancing at the table.

"We've sold dis yer gray parrot fur twenty-

five dollars," said Cheeky, while Chipper felt all of a heap.

One-Eye took the money the boy handed to him, and after counting it, said:

"There's only twenty-two fifty here!"

"I've tuck out our *com-misshin*," calmly answered Cheeky. "Business is business, boss."

"Blame that restaurant man," said the old fellow. "Here you—what's yer name—go up to Humpenfeldt's, in the Bowery, and tell him to send me my dinner right away. I ordered and paid for it this morning, as I came down town."

Cheeky started, and presently returned, saying:

"Der man says he will have to cook it. He'll be here soon."

About three o'clock a waiter entered, bearing a tray, and when he had set a similar dinner to the one eaten by our boys, he placed a check, marked "\$2.75," by the plates, and vanished.

One-Eye did not notice the paper, but, bringing his good optic to bear upon the feast, released his jaws and buried his nose in the cool lager.

"Chip," whispered Cheeky, "take der old lady's bird round ter our lodgin', dere's goin' ter be trouble here."

Chipper seized the ring of the cage, and raising it from the floor, started off with it, saying:

"Boss, I'll take dis yer bird home!"

"Ye-es," softly replied One-Eye, hungrily attacking the lamb chops, "you can both go to your dinners."

"It'll never do ter take der old gal her bird afore night," grinned Cheeky; so, after locking the creature up in their attic, they sauntered round City Hall Park, then returned to the bird store.

One-Eye had just finished the last crumb of the peach-cake, and was draining the lager measure into his glass.

He felt good, for the boys had sold a parrot that had cost him five dollars, at a large profit, and, when the lads entered, One-Eye "didn't care whether school kept or not," and, giving one of his oily smiles, said:

"If you boys continue to do as well as you have this morning, you'll do."

Just then a waiter from the restaurant entered, and, as he cleared up the platters, placed the check before the old man, saying:

"Two dolla' seventy-five cents."

"All right," smiled One-Eye, "I paid for it this morning."

"Dat's vos for de virst dinner," replied the waiter, who spoke very fair English. "Dis check is for *dis* dinner."

"How!" snapped the bird dealer. "I've only had one dinner."

"Ve sent in one dinner like dese before," urged the waiter. "Hans prought it himself."

"Shoo!" chuckled One-Eye, "you're mistaken, my friend. Say," turning to our boys, "there ain't only bin one lot sent in, hey?"

"Ha—ha—ha!" roared Chipper.

"Haw—haw—haw!" went Cheeky.

One-Eye gazed at the waiter and began to get mad.

"Oh, my gracious," roared Chipper, "we've eaten the boss' dinner."

"What a bloomin' lark!" shrieked Cheeky, going off into another guffaw. "Oh, dis yer beats a circus."

One-Eye rose, paid the waiter, and bade him git; then, turning to our boys, he said:

"Of course ye'll pay for this?"

"Pay," yelled Cheeky. "Listen to him, Chip."

"You won't pay?" furiously shrieked the man. "Then, by the living jingo, I'll take it outer your skins!" with which he seized an Indian club, and raising it, went for them.

In the window were a number of bowls of gold and silver fish—big affairs, holding a bucket, or so, of water.

As One-Eye advanced in order to mash Cheeky, the boy bowled him over with a globe of fish, landing him in a corner on top of a pile of narrow cages, freeing the birds and crushing the structures into flinders.

"Ough! you little skunk!" he shrieked, as Chipper picked up his club, and the fish globe which had stretched One-eye went *smash* on the floor. "I'll kill one of you!" with which he scrambled to his feet, and was about to grab Chip by the collar when the old man stepped upon one of the dancing, *flipping* gold-fish, losing his balance, and falling backwards into a tank in which he kept water-snails, young turtles, and other kicks and wriggles prized by boys who have aquariums.

"Keep cool, boss," said Cheeky, tossing a fish into the man's gaping mouth. "It's no use, yer gettin' hoppin' mad over a trifle like dis! Yer told yer had got a couple of fools ter deal wid. Good afternoon; we've had nuff of yer! Yer dinner was hunk—tell yer!" Then, giving the wink to Chipper, scooted.



As they quitted the store, a shoemaker, who lived in the basement, rushed in, and collaring One-Eye by the neck, lugged him out of the tank, then began to punch his head, saying:

"Lettin' yer *water* down on my stock *agin*, blame yer! I'll give yer something for yerself this time!"

Our boys left them at it, nip and tuck, Cheeky observing:

"Didn't I say dere was goin' ter be trouble dere?"

About five o'clock they carried the old lady's parrot to the address she gave.

"Why, you've fixed him splendid!" she said; then, addressing the bird, cried "Polly!"

"Mo-ther!" shrieked the parrot, as she handed it a lump of sugar. "Polly wants a cracker!"

"It's my dear old Polly!" she said, taking it in her hands and raising its right wing.

"Now, any one who has examined a parrot, knows that on its sides are two lines of white dots that look like stitching. When she saw these she said:

"Is this where you put his liver in?"

Chipper choked a rising laugh, while Cheeky calmly looked her straight in the eye and answered:

"Yes, ma'am! I couldn't make no better job of him, he flopped his wings so; but them stitches will hold, yer bet! I'm *Lyin' Jack*, der *anemile masher*, I am."

"Did you make this all yourself," she demanded.

"No, ma'am," grinned Cheeky; "I didn't hatch an' raise der bird! I can't *lay eggs*, lady!"

"My goodness!" yelled Chipper, as the old woman handed his chum the balance due on the bird. "Oh, I shall *die*!" with which he rushed in to the hall.

"Don't mind *him*, lady!" observed Cheeky.

"You know what I told you?"

"There's fifty cents for yourself," she said; "I'm sorry that you have such a fool of a brother."

"Yes, ma'am," he calmly answered, pocketing the stamps, then, winking at Chipper, informed her that they had left old One-Eye's, and were looking out for a job.

"Would you like to go to Professor Snapem's, the dealer in animals?" she said. "I was at his place this morning, and he told me he wanted a couple of good smart lads."

"I rayther cotton to the *anemile biz*," replied Cheeky; then turning to his chum, who was peeping in at the door, asked: "Shall we go?"

"Of course," grinned Chipper. "We're out of collar an' must get a berth. *I like yer playin', Lyin' Jack.*"

"You ought to pattern by your brother," snapped the old lady, who had taken a great liking to Cheeky.

"Yes, ma'an," laughed the boy. "I know Cheek has der best ov it, he's real smart; put a new liver in yer poll parritan' sewed up der hole with white thread, with which he gave vent to another peal of laughter.

The woman handed them a note for Professor Snapem, and, jumping upon the cars, they soon arrived at his store, near Canal street.

"Professor Snapem was a down-east Yankee, as smart as a rat and as quick as a flash, but he had one weakness, he would drink too much.

By the time the boys arrived at his den it was nearly eight o'clock in the evening, and the professor, who had given over business for the day, was as drunk as a fiddler.

Marching up to him, as he sat on a chair planted in the doorway of his store, Cheeky said:

"Are yer der professor?"

"Ye-a," answered the man, "I am. What of it?"

"Jes' cast yer eagle eye ober dat," coolly replied the scamp, handing him the note.

The professor read the epistle, then scowling at the boys, inquired:

"Which ov yew fellers is it who kin put a new liver inter a parrot?"

Our boys laughed.

"Which ov yew is it?" snarled the man. "Come, this lady, who is a good customer ov mine, ses yew've put a new liver intew her Polly; now I want tew know how yew did it? Which of you is *Lyin' Jack*?"

"He's *squiffy*," whispered Cheeky to his pal.

"Say, let's have a lark wid him."

"Come," the professor went on. "I'm a practical nateralist an' I want tew know 'bout this. Kin yew put a new liver in tew *me*?" saying which he rose and invited the lads into his store—a large apartment ram-cram-full of birds and beasts.

In lieu of replying, Cheeky nudged Chipper, saying:

"Dis yer's a regular No-ey's ark? We'll play *Lyin' Jack* here."

Chipper nodded, while Professor Snapem light-

ed a lamp, and, steadying himself with the table, demanded in a hoarse voice:

"Air yew foolin', b'yes, or how?"

Now Snapem was just tight enough to have a glimmering of what was goin on, and, like most of his class, was sufficiently educated to be very ignorant.

He was the owner of a patent dog-medicine, which had killed more animals than it cured, and though he knew about as much of doctoring as a mule, called himself Professor Snapem, and gave out that he could do anything, from cutting the claws of a canary to cropping a puppy's tail.

Many a poor bird and beast had suffered torture at his hands, and any joke that our boys might play on him was only paying him out in his own coin.

"Come, Cheeky," whispered Chipper, noticing that the professor was more than half seas over.

"He's awful topsey—let's git an' call to-morrow? He may turn ugly. Don't play *Lyin' Jack* ter night."

"I'll put a head on him if he does cut up rusty!" quietly returned Cheeky, surveying the array of animals and birds, all of which were aroused by the light, and were watching the scene as though they understood it; meanwhile the professor swayed to and fro on his feet, and regarded them with drunken gravity.

After a lapse of several minutes, he said:

"B'ys air yew foolin' 'bout this liver biz? Which ov yew is *Lyin' Jack*?"

"How?" grinned Cheeky.

"My liver's awful bad," said the professor.

"Kin yew fix it?"

Cheeky looked gravely at him, then replied:

"Le'me look at yer old one, out wid it!"

"Heow!" snapped the man. "I don't unstan'."

"Lift yer old liver out, an' lets' have a squint at it," coolly answered the scamp.

"Mygosh!" ejaculated the man. "Dew yew take me fur a durned golumptious fool?"

"I do!" quietly replied Cheeky. "Nobody but a fool would get so tight as you are."

The professor eyed him in a stony fashion, then fell on top of him and endeavored to bite and gouge, but Chipper was on hand.

In one corner of the store was a cage containing a big baboon, a wild-looking brute that had often been ill-treated by the professor.

On seeing the fight the monkey became wildly excited, and grasping the bars of the cage shook them, finally releasing itself, and joining in the muss.

At first the boys were afraid of the critter, but they soon discovered that it did not mean to hurt them.

The professor fought like a wild-cat, making things hum again, and finally succeeded in knocking Chipper senseless, stunning the baboon, and giving Cheeky a lifter that made him hold his jaws with both hands.

A drunkard and a madman are fearfully strong, and our boys, for once, had "got hold of the wrong end of the stick."

"Dern you!" smiled the professor, who had both eyes blackened, his nose swollen and various bites on his person. "Dern your picturs. Come here an' attack me; I believe you're a gang of burglars."

"Yer wrong!" mumbled Cheeky; "I'm *Lyin' Jack*."

By that time the professor was quite sober, the fight having shaken the drunk out of him.

Taking a piece of cord, he bound Cheeky's arms behind his back, then quitted the store, and started for the police-station, intending to give the boys in charge.

As he vanished, the baboon came to its senses, and sitting up, began to scratch its back.

"Hello, Chummy!" chuckled Cheeky. "Yer helped us bully! Yer a bloomin' ole monk, yer are."

Just then Chipper came to, and said:

"Where am I?"

"In der perfesser's she-bang!" laughingly answered Cheeky.

"Come, ole Stick-in-der-mud, cast off dis line from *Lyin' Jack*."

Chipper rose, shook himself, and cut the bond, releasing his chum.

"Now let's get," said Cheeky; and they started for the door, followed by the baboon.

"*Seisch!* go back!" cried the boys, as the animal endeavored to escape. "Shoo!"

The poor old monkey turned back mournfully, then, as they closed the half-door, set up a scream of rage, and went for the cages all round the store, liberating canaries, mocking birds, wild cats, monkeys, Shanghai fowls, rabbits, toy terriers, and other lively critters, and starting a free fight that soon extended to the whole live stock.

Our boys peeped through the glass door, and saw the fun, while the baboon, the prime mover

of the mischief, seated himself on the table, and calmly scratched his thigh.

Parrots chawed at dog's tails, cockatoos went for monkeys, the wild cats sprang after the canary birds, and the Shanghai roosters flapped their stumpy wings and crowed, but nothing disturbed the baboon.

"Ain't he jes' too comical fur anything, Chip?" laughed Cheeky, wiping his breath off the glass, and peeping in. "I tell yer dis muss beats der fun at ole One-Eye's. Won't der critters clear out when der perfesser opens der door?"

Deeming it advisable to withdraw from the scene of action, our boys moved across the street, and secreted themselves behind some empty boxes that were stacked upon the sidewalk.

It was fortunate they did this, for just as they hid themselves, the professor returned with two coppers.

Throwing open the door, he shouted to the officers:

"Now, in you go! Them blamed young skunks are in there!" when out flew a cloud of birds, and a number of dogs, wild cats, and other animals darted between their limbs and escaped into the street, while the baboon sat on the table, with his chin on his knees, and his arms tightly clasping his lower limbs, chuckling like a human being:

"Who's the *dwarf* in there?" whispered the astonished cops.

Seizing one of the officers' locusts, the professor rushed in, and ere the grinning baboon could uncurl, dealt it a sounding crack on the skull, knocking it clear off the table, then, raising it in his arms, he carried in outside the store and pitched it into the street, after which he sent the officers away and set to work securing the wandering stock.

Our boys silently laughed to see him grab at the Shanghai fowls and ram them into the store, and felt half inclined to go out and offer to help him; however, the passers-by soon formed a crowd, and, in a short time, nearly all the lost ones were found and secured.

"I don't see what we have got by coming here," whispered Chipper, as the hunters dispersed.

"We've had a bloomin' lark," chuckled Cheeky.

"Say, the professor was a tough case, wasn't he?"

As he uttered these words, the baboon revived and crawled out of the roadway, evidently intending to hide among the boxes, but upon reaching them, saw the lads and moved towards them.

"Poor old feller!" whispered Chipper. "One of his legs is broke. Say, let's take him home; der professor don't want him."

The boys examined the damaged limb, then Cheeky raised the baboon in his arms, as you would a child, and carried him over to the Bowery, where they entered a drug store and placed the creature on a chair.

"Mister," said Cheeky, turning to the astonished drug-man, "we found dis yer poor feller lying in der street, wid a broken leg."

"It's a very fine baboon," observed the man. "I'll give you a dollar for it. It has been badly used."

"Oh, paste up yer mouth!" said Cheeky. "Yer think we don't know what he's worth? We've bin all day in the biz; yer kean't bluff us with no dollar."

The man bound the monkey's limb, and charged them fifty cents for doing it, which Cheeky paid; after which, taking the baboon on his back, he lugged him off to their attic, and placed him on the straw that formed their bed.

The parrot, overhead, woke and scratched its poll, then lazily croaked:

"Mother, *kiss me*!"

"You *dry up*!" grinned Chipper, lighting a candle and taking a look at their new chum. "Say, Cheek, what yer goin' ter call dis jockey?"

Cheeky took the candle and glanced at the baboon, then said:

"Call him—why—as he's so drefful handy wid *anemiles*, we'll call him *Lyin' Jack*! I don't hanker arter der name!"

Giving the monkey a drink of water, they stretched themselves out on the straw and soon fell asleep.

About eleven o'clock that night a thin vapor of smoke began to ascend from the basement of the house, and soon the attic was filled to suffocation.

Lying Jack awoke, sniffed, and began to screech.

All monkeys are afraid of fire.

"Hello!" cried Cheeky, awakened by the noise.

"What's matter?" with which he aroused Chipper.

"My gracious!" coughed the latter, "the house is afire!"

In one corner of the attic was the scuttle, through which the folks in the tenement passed to the drying-place on the roof.

"See ef we kin git down der stairs," hurriedly observed Cheeky, but upon going to the door the boy saw the flames flickering on the landing below.



"My God!" he cried, "we shall be burnt to death."

Just then the parrot, half smothered by the smoke, dropped from its perch, and began to flurry and struggle.

Seizing its chain Cheeky jerked one of the links in halves, and gave the creature its liberty; then, rushing to the steps leading to the scuttle, cried:

"Come along, Chip."

Unfortunately, the tenement house was five stories higher than the buildings on either side: so, upon reaching the roof, our boys found themselves face to face with a horrible death.

The roof was covered with posts, from which were strung clothes lines, while in the center was a tall mast supporting a mass of telegraph wires.

Rushing to this, Jack the baboon, despite his broken limb, clambered up, and uttering a cry of pleasure, began to descend—the wires slanting down to the poles on the front street.

"Did yer see dat?" shouted Cheeky. "I'm goin' ter try it, chum; come along."

As he said this, he caught the parrot, which had crawled up the scuttle, and advancing to the edge of the roof, gazed down into the street, where four fire-engines were smoking and roaring like devils, and two dense crowds were assembled to witness the conflagration.

The flames were beginning to burst out of the windows, and the lads had no time to lose.

Lying Jack had reached the telegraph-pole, and was seated on it looking up as though watching for our boys to follow him.

"Now for it, Chipper—up yer git!" cried Cheeky, and giving his chum a back, he helped him up the mast and on to the lines of wires.

By grasping several on each side of him, and sitting straddle on a number of lower ones, Chipper contrived to descend very gradually.

As he reached the telegraph pole in the street below the flames rushed up through the scuttle-hole on the roof.

"Hold on, Polly!" cried Cheeky to the parrot, and up he clambered; then, following his chum's plan, was soon descending the wires.

As he did so the mobs below saw him, and set up a rousing cheer.

Checking his descent, Cheeky leaned over and cried back: "Rah!" then relaxing his grip shot down the wires, and landed alongside Chipper and the monkey.

It was getting warm work, as, by that time, the front of the house was well in a blaze, so our boys slid down to the ground, and were received by the crowd with ringing cheers.

In a few moments the wires by which they had quitted the building were melted, and dropped like burnt threads into the street, and in less than a quarter of an hour the walls of the structure fell inwards, leaving it a gaping ruin.

Cheeky had saved the parrot, and Chipper was carrying the monkey.

Entering a saloon near by, the lads procured a glass of lager and a sandwich.

"Say," said a tall, seedy-looking beat, who was on the make, a fellow who lived by getting up subscriptions for people, and sticking to the money, "here's two boys who have lost their barrel-organ in the fire; they've saved their monkey; let's start a collection and buy them a new organ."

The saloon was full of people, and soon the bummer scooped in quite a sum.

When all had paid, he said to Cheeky:

"Come to my office to-morrow, and I'll get you a brand-new organ; hear?"

"No, yer don't, boss!" grinned Cheeky. "I knows yer! Yer der bloomin' duck as raised der subscrip'tin' ter bury me poor father, and den wouldn't give me mother der money. Come, pony up, yer ain't goin' ter fool us."

"You're mistaken. I ain't the man who did that," said the bummer. "It was my brother; we're awfully alike!" with which he tried to edge towards the door, but Chipper and Cheeky went for him, and, spite of his broken limb, the baboon got in a bite or two.

"Brave boys!" shouted the barman. "That man is a regular beat!" while the spectators, who enjoyed the muss, cried:

"Go it, little 'uns! Give him hot corn!"

In five minutes our boys had the bum at their mercy, and had emptied his pockets.

"How much?" demanded the barman.

"Eleven dollars!" said Cheeky, counting the bills.

"I only collected seven," sniveled the prostrate bummer. "I had four dollars in my pocket."

"You lie!" said the barman. "Just before them boys came in you borrowed ten cents of me."

"I tell you I had four dollars in my pocket," bullied the fellow.

"Yer did, did yer?" grinned Cheeky. "Well,

that's all O. K. Yer swindled me mother outer more'n that, so I'll stick ter it."

"I'll give yer in charge for robbing me," threatened the bummer, who was mad that he could not beat our boys out of something. "You didn't own any organ; it's all a stall."

"Oh, paste up yer mouth!" laughed Cheeky. "I ain't got no time ter chin wid der likes ob yer!" then, thanking the folks for helping them, he led the way out, followed by Chipper and Lying Jack.

The parrot, hidden in Cheeky's shirt bosom, faintly croaked, while both the monkey and the lads were tired out.

"Where shall we go, Cheek?" yawned Chipper.

As he spoke, Mrs. Morris, who had witnessed their escape from the burning building, came along, and on seeing her nephew, threw her arms about him, crying:

"Oh, Chipper, Chipper, I'm so glad to see you!"

"Oh, no," said the boy, releasing himself from her embrace. "Oh, no, I've had 'bout enough ob yer."

"But, Chip," she pleaded, "yer father's come home, an' he says if I don't find you in twenty-four hours, he'll put a head on me. Oh, do come home. You and your friend, Mr. Cheeky, can sleep on the floor. Your father's gone to Morris-town, and will be back this morning."

"We've got a monkey and a parrot," grinned Chipper. "Say, aunt, are yer teeth all right agin'?"

"Oh, don't tease me, but come right home," she cried.

In half an hour our boys and their pets were fast asleep on the floor of Mrs. Morris' room.

Cheeky and Chipper have many stirring adventures to go through, some of which will be given in our next issue.

### CHAPTER III.

#### FUN IN FULTON MARKET.

ON the morning after their adventure in the burning house, our boys were awakened with a rousing kick in the ribs, and, upon rubbing their eyes, they beheld Chipper's father, who was known among the canal men as "Drum."

The man was drunk, and when in that state was fond of what he termed "waking folks up."

"Stash it!" cried Cheek, as the man gave him a playful belt on the snout. "Say, what yer 'bout, hey?" while Chipper cried out:

"Hello, Pop!"

"Hello—yoo—young scamp!" responded Drum, in a husky voice. "Stand in an' le me knock yer down;" saying which he pitched, head foremost, on to the bed, and, striking Mrs. Morris fair in the stomach, awoke her.

"Ah-h!" she screamed. "Oh!" then, rising, gave the intruder "one on the conk," but Drum didn't even so much as wink, and in a few seconds was snorting like a fog signal.

As she continued to slip on her day garments, Mrs. Morris observed to our boys:

"Ain't it awful that folks will take mor'n is good for 'em?"

"Yes," grinned Chip, winking at Cheek; "you oughter turn Mother Stewart, an' go round an' pray der saloon-keepers inter fits."

"An' loosen der teeth fur 'em," chuckled Cheek.

"You boys never saw me the worse for liquor," sniffed the woman.

"Oh, no," laughed Chipper; "yer keeps der Fourth on water."

"Say," suddenly demanded his chum, "where's der bloomin' ole monk?"

"Lyn' Jack?" said Chip. "Why, he's here, ain't he?" glancing round the room.

"Mo-ther!" hoarsely croaked the parrot from the top of the stove-pipe, but Lying Jack was nowhere to be found.

"She's gone out maroonin'," laughingly remarked Cheeky, when an awful squawl, proceeding from the floor above, caused them all to remain silent.

"Oh, lordee mussy!" they heard some one cry, in an agonized voice. "De debbel come fo' me, fo' shua!"

"It's Aunt Polly," said Mrs. Morris, turning deadly pale.

"Let's go up and find out," suggested Chip.

The boys crept up-stairs and peeped into the old negress' room, the door of which was ajar.

Aunt Polly, in a short, white night garment and white cap, was standing flat against the wall, her eyes starting from their sockets, while Lying Jack was busily engaged in turning over her day garments, which were in a heap by the side of the bed.

It was quite evident that she took Jack for the devil, and believed he had come for her.

The monkey dived its paws among the rags, stopping every now and then to grin and gibe at

her; upon which she would close her eyes and moan:

"Oh, Mas'r Debbil, do go 'way, honey! Dis ole woman ain't ready yet. Take my puss, wid all de money dere's in it, good Mas'r Debbil, but don't take dis chile dis time, sweetness."

Just as our boys were on the point of laughing outright, Jack came across a piece of tobacco, and, putting it between his teeth, began to chew it.

"My laws!" shrieked the old negress. "Ki! De debbil chaw tobacco—de debbil chaw tobacco! Shoo—dis too come-cal!"

"Haw-haw-haw!" roared the lads.

"You!" savagely ejaculated the old woman, "yo' go 'way!"

"Pull down your vest!" grinned Cheeky.

"Say, Aunt Polly," yelled Chip, "der monkey is 'shamed ob yer."

"Oh-hoo!" snorted the old lady, just tugging at the before and then the behind of her one garment. Shoo, chile. Yo' go 'way! Wa' yo' talkin' 'bout?"

Jack gave the woman's rags a shake, then, crawling towards our boys, uttered a cry of pleasure.

As he neared them he held out his right paw to Cheeky, who shook it, saying:

"Well, ole son?"

"My law," solemnly observed the negress, "yo' mus' be a bad boy; yo' shook han' wid de debbil!"

"It's our monkey," he laughingly replied.

"Yo' sister," snapped Aunt Polly.

"My sister ain't got a tail," chuckled Cheeky. "Dis yer's Lyn' Jack, der circus monkey. I'm goin' ter write der history ob der adventures he hasn't had; tell yer somethin' about circuses an' odder cusses, an' how dey makes money; also gib some 'count ob squirtin' down a snake's throat, and spittin' in a hellerfunt's eye!"

"Wa'—wa'—wa'?" gasped the negro woman. "Wa' foolishness you talkin'?"

"You've hit it," chuckled the scamp. "If I was ter publish sich rot our boys would chuck stones at me. You're right, Aunt Polly, I won't try ter humbug yer. Dis ain't der debbil—it's a monkey. We've called him Lyn' Jack becose he's such a deuce of a hand scarin' ane-miles; not becose he tells lies."

"Can he talk?" demanded the old woman, hastily wrapping herself in a sheet. "Oh, my sakes, how he scart me!"

"No," grinned the scamp, "he can't talk; but, I tell yer, he kin chaw terbacker;" with which he took Jack in his arms, and, followed by Chipper, quitted the room.

"My laws!" murmured the old lady, as she nervously closed the door after them. "Dat Lyn' Jack's a big fraud; I thought he was a somebody, but he's turned out a nobody. Shoo! go 'way! You're a humbug right froo!"

They breakfasted, and, as Drum still snoozed after the meal was over, the boys started in search of adventures, leaving Jack, for security's sake, in an empty potato barrel, across the open end of which they piled several heavy articles.

When sober, Drum Morris was a very decent fellow, but every now and then he went on a bender, and during his spree was very difficult to manage. It may, from this, be imagined that Chip was by no means anxious to tackle his parent.

Upon reaching the street the boy demanded of his chum:

"Say, where shall we go?"

Cheeky sloped his cap over his right eye, and replied:

"Per-am-berlatin'!"

"What time is it?" said Chip.

"Le me look at my gole watch," gravely answered Cheeky, glancing in at a jeweler's window. "Say, all dese tickers tells different time. I'm goin' ter see about dis," with which he opened the door of the store, and, marching in, said to the astonished watchmaker, a fat German, who was busily engaged squinting into the works of a watch, "Say, old cock-eye, what d'ye mean by keepin' sich trash as yer've got in yer winder?"

"Vot?" demanded the man.

"See here," sassed the scamp, looking as grave as a young minister; "you don't do a rushin' biz, do yer? Money don't come pourin' in faster'n yer kin count it—hey?"

"Vot?" roared the watchmaker, dropping the magnifier out of his eye, while Chipper peeped in at the door and enjoyed the fun.

"See here," coolly returned Cheeky, "how do yer expect folks ter buy yer silver fryin' pans?" pointing to the watches in the window. "Them iz all keepin' different times—savvey?"

"Mein Gott! Vot you mean?" ejaculated the man. "Yous tink I've gott nottings to do but regulate dem vatches, hey?"

"Oh, paste up your mouf!" quietly answered Cheeky. "Wot yer gittin' waxy 'bout, hey?"



"Vaxy?" snarled the watchmaker. "Vell, I should tink I vos vaxy! You schust *trot* now!"

"Wot time is it?" calmly asked Cheeky.

"You git!" shrieked the proprietor of the store, starting to his feet. "If you don't I'll zend vor a boliecemans!"

"Come along, Cheeky," laughingly observed Chipper. "You'll hev der ole man bile over."

Advancing to the counter, Cheeky placed his chin upon his hands, and coolly demanded:

"Wot's der bloomin' time? Come, I shan't rekkemend yer derved store ter me Fifth avenue friends if yer don't improve things. What's der bloomin'—?" when the proprietor seized a heavy silver mug lying on the counter and threw it at the intruder's head.

Cheeky ducked, and the pot went flying through the window of the store; at the same time the man sprang over the counter and grabbed the boy by the collar.

The noise of breaking glass had collected a crowd, and soon a policeman entered the store.

Cheeky had not made any attempt to release himself from the clutches of the watchmaker, who held him as a fisherman does a live lobster.

"Well," inquired the copper, "what's the difficulty? Who has been shying things through the window?"

The watchmaker glanced at his prisoner, saying:

"You young plaggarts! vot vor you come into my stores, hey?"

When Cheeky quietly replied:

"Don't blow so, boss. In der fust place, I ain't no blaguard; an' in der second, yer don't call dis yer cut-off-slip-of-a-place, *stores*, do yer?"

The man looked puzzled.

"Come," demanded the officer, "what has that boy done?"

"He come in here an' ax me the time," growled the man, who began to see that he had made an ass of himself.

"There ain't no law agin that," observed the cop. "Who broke the window?"

"I did," surlily replied the watchmaker.

"What has this boy done, then?" inquired the policeman.

"He come in here und ask de times—he sheeky," sullenly returned the fellow. "Mein Gott! he too much sheeky vor anythings!"

"Oh, button up that mouth!" grinned the lad, shaking himself out of the watchmaker's clutches; then, turning to him, asked, in a quiet, sassy tone: "Say, boss, what's der bloomin' time? Dem watches ob yourn are all wrong."

The infuriated man raised his foot and was about to kick Cheeky, when the latter caught him by the heel and landed him on the floor.

"Officer, take him in charge!" shrieked the German. "You see dot great plaggarts *struck* me!" but the cop only smiled, while our boys, as they prepared to beat a retreat, cried to the discomfited watchmaker:

"Say, boss, what's der bloomin' time?" then sloped, leaving the man tearing his hair and vowing that the "poys of New York were the biggest rascals unhung."

"Cheeky," quietly asked Chipper, "wot made yer stir dat duck's bile like yer did, hey?"

"Well," grinned Cheeky, "in der fus' place he ought ter keep his watches in time; an' in der sekint he oughter keep his bloomin' temper! Come along, bub, it ain't more'n eight o'clock, let's go down to der market."

Entering Fulton Market, they sauntered round looking for work, until a fishman spoke to Cheeky, saying:

"Looking for a job, sonny?"

"Yea," nodded the lad. "Got a sitiuation fur me, boss?"

"See here," observed the fishman, whose name was James, "we have a number of thieves round this market; I don't mean poor folks, who steal for food, there ain't many of them; but white-livered, well-to-do people, who steal because they are too cussed mean to pay. Now we want a smart boy who can keep his eyes open and bowl one or two of those *things* out. Try it for a day?"

"I'm yer sort!" grinned Cheeky. "If I can get me chum a job, I'll fix yer fish-grabbers fur yer!"

"I'll take your chum!" said a burly-looking market man. "I want a boy for to-day, to wait on table in my saloon."

"I'm yer hairpin," laughed Chipper, and in two minutes the lads were on duty.

Cheeky, with his cap peak over his left eye and his mouth set like a bull-dog watching a rat, was quietly regarding a man who wore stout overalls over his pants and was sniffing round some live eels, while Chipper, who had donned a white apron, was shouting:

"Two scoops of fried an' two tobies ov ale."

Cheeky winked at his chum, then once more turned his attention to the sniffer.

The latter, a wealthy man, who owned a block

of houses up-town, slyly snaked an eel off the slab and slipped it into the pocket of his overalls; then, believing that Cheeky was watching the beams overhead, made another dart and secured a second fish, while the boy murmured:

"Wot a bloomin' ole hooker!"

The proprietor of the fish-stand, who had been very busy serving customers, seeing the man poking round among the eels, turned to him, saying:

"Eels, Mister? Shall I weigh you up a few pounds?"

Whereupon the thief nodded, and, while Mr. James was watching the scale, contrived to yank two more eels off the pile, and to secure them with the others.

Cheeky chuckled, for he noticed that the pocket of the overalls ran all round the seat of that garment; in fact, formed a "double-basement" to it.

"I'll fix yer, me bloomin' ole fish-jerker!" thought the boy, and, ranging up alongside the old man, tipped Mr. James the wink, then whispered to him:

"Say, boss, will yer len' me yer scissors?"

The fish-dealer handed him the required article, and, as the old thief was holding out his market-basket for James to drop in his purchase, Cheeky gave the man's overalls a nick behind, and in a second one of the eels wriggled out its tail and soon contrived to work the greater part of its length through the hole; sticking, however, as its body grew thicker, near the fins, and hanging down in a most comical manner.

In his anxiety to get away from the stall, the old thief never once troubled himself about the fish, while the overalls were so thick and strong that, though he felt the critters squirming, it never occurred to him that he had a tail.

Paying for his purchase, he was turning to depart, when Cheeky pointed out the thief's tail to Mr. James, who stepped forward, and, placing his hand on the hooker's shoulder, quietly observed:

"I'll trouble you for them eels you've *stolen*."

"How—eh?" ejaculated the old sinner. "I've *bought* some eels of you, friend, but I haven't *stolen* any! You're mistaken in your man!"

"Stick ter him, boss!" whispered Cheeky; "der rear part of his bloomin' over-hauls is chock full ob eels!"

"See here!" cried the fishman, raising the tail of the eel that hung astern of the old fellow.

"Say, what do you call this, hey?"

"Great Jerejerelorum!" howled the old rascal, placing his hand behind him and touching the wriggler. "Great Jerejerelorum! It's a tape-worm!"

"Say, boss," grinned Cheeky, "yer can't play dat on me! Yer tape-worm's good ter eat! yer've been hookin' Mr. James' fish—I saw yer do it!"

"Oh, what dreadful, awful young liar that boy is!" whined the old man. "If this ain't a tape-worm it's a *snake*."

"Oh, paste up yer' mouth," laughingly observed Cheeky, while Mr. James sent a boy for a policeman.

"Friend," whispered the old rascal to his captor, "I'm rich; I own a hull block of houses up town. If it ain't snakes it is one of them eels I jes bought of you got into the back of my overalls. Oh, lemme go! I'll give you ten dollars to lemme go. I'll give you *twenty, thirty, forty, fifty!* Oh, don't press this little matter!" but the fishman only shook his head, saying:

"Got you this time, old beeswax."

A crowd of people had gathered round the stand, and every time the eel hanging from the old fellow's pants squirmed, they cheered, crying:

"Bully for yer tail," ole rooster."

"Hello!" said Chipper, thrusting his head out of the window of the oyster-saloon; "wot yer got dere, ole chum?"

"A bloke wid a bloomin' tail," grinned Cheeky. "Say, come along, Cheeky, dere's goin' ter be some fun."

It being Chipper's dinner-time, he was able to join his pard, and soon our boys were guying the wealthy thief, who, after glancing wildly around him, suddenly picked up his basket and took to his heels; Cheeky and Chipper following like two young bloodhounds, Cheeky holding a lighted cigar tightly between his teeth.

Over counters of fish, across stacks of cabbages, and up flights of short steps, darted the old sinner; the nimble boys keeping him in view and shouting:

"Stop thief!"

At length they cornered him, whereupon he pulled off his coat and, rolling up his sleeves, said in a determined voice:

"Look here, you derved young whelps, I'm going to kill one of you."

As he said this the eel curled out like a tail.

Cheeky paused as he reached him, and withdrawing his cigar glanced up at the killer, saying:

"Oh, paste up yer bloomin' mouf. Yer kean't play Lyin' Jack on me, ole Buffalo," while Chipper panted up and, clenching his fist, shouted:

"Stand clear, Cheeky, le'me give der snoozer one on de gob."

Giving Cheeky a ferocious glance the old rooster sailed in, but our boys ducked, dodged, kicked, bumped, butted and pummeled, landing blow after blow and putting in him two licks for his one.

In five minutes, from the time they first laid hold of him, he was at the bar of the Fulton Market police court.

"Your honor," he said, when Mr. James had charged him with stealing several eels, "I bought them, and, having on my fishing overalls, was stowing them away, where I put my *trout* when out fishing, when that boy (pointing to Cheeky) accused me of theft."

"Too thin, me bloomin' hookist," calmly observed Cheeky. "Say, how many pounds of eels did yer buy, hey?"

"Six," nervously answered the prisoner, adding, "I mean seven."

"Scale up!" grinned the boy.

"You only bought *four* pounds of eels of me," said Mr. James. "I'll swear to that."

Scales were procured and the fish emptied from the fellow's basket.

"Four pounds," said the officer, who held the balance.

In vain the old sinner protested.

They turned out the contents of his basement pockets and, without the eels that served as his tail, found four pounds more.

"A month on the Island," said the police justice, and, spite of his protestations, the old fellow was sent up for thirty days.

"You're a smart boy," said the magistrate to Cheeky.

"I'll fix you when I'm free again," snarled the fish-hooker, as he passed the laughing boys.

"Oh, go an' get rid ob yer tape-worm," sassed the scamps, pointing to the limp eel, which still dangled astern of the thief's overalls.

On their way back, Mr. James told our boys that there was one woman, who always came to market about noon, when folks were at dinner, and several times after she had been round, they had missed whole fish, such as cod and ling.

"I'll fix der bloomin' ole sweet," chuckled Cheeky. "Say, Chip, come along wid me, chum."

Leaving Mr. James to return to the stall, the lads entered a store where fireworks were sold.

"Well," inquired one of the store boys, "what do you bootblacks want?"

"Ce-willity," calmly replied Cheeky. "We don't belong ter der honorable serciety ob bootblacks, but ef we did, wouldn't be ashamed ob it."

"Well done, my lad," observed the proprietor of the store, "what can we serve you with?"

"Boss," grinned the scamp, "hav yer got any cracker, wid a good long touch-paper to it, dat would burn under water?"

"We have marine torpedoes," said the man, exhibiting some articles that looked like mice with long tails. "You light this," holding up the tail of one of the torpedoes, "and if you drop it into the water it will burn down until the fire reaches this black lump, then explodes."

"Will it *kill* any one?" asked Chipper.

"If you lighted the touch-paper and swallowed the ball it would," laughingly answered the man.

"We make these things to export to the West Indies and Brazils; they use them there to kill alligators."

"Yer don't say!" chuckled Cheeky. "Ain't yer got no smaller ones den dese?"

"Abraham," said the man to one of his boys, "haven't we got some toy-marine torpedoes; them little things about the size of black marbles?"

"Yea," answered the lad, "we've got a couple of dozen left," saying which, he hurried up-stairs, and presently returned with a box of the explosives.

"What are you going to do with these?" demanded the proprietor. "They won't burn under water, but will do in a damp place."

Cheeky took the man aside and whispered his plan to him, on hearing which the proprietor laughed, saying:

"Oh, they'll do splendidly for that."

"How much are they?" asked the grinning Cheeky.

"Fifty cents," answered the man. "I'd charge any one else ten cents each for them, but you shall have them at cost. I'd like to see the fun?"

"Come down to der market," chuckled the lad. "I'm goin' to use one ob them right away."

"I'll step down to Dorlon's and take a stew," observed the firework man. "If you can use one of them torpedoes as you say, I'll give you a dozen for nothing."

"Bully for yer!" said the young monkey, and



soon our boys were on their way back to the fish-stand.

"Say," whispered Mr. James, beckoning Cheeky into his stall, "the woman I told you of is in the market. I'll wink and cough twice when she comes along."

"Come, Chipper, my son," said Chip's boss. "Want you inside," and soon both boys were hard at work again.

Taking half of his torpedoes, Cheeky forced them down the throats of as many fish, then loafed round until he received the signal.

Presently a tall, sour-faced, well-dressed woman came along, and, on seeing her, Mr. James coughed and winked twice.

In an instant Cheeky was all eyes and ears.

The plugged fish were the top of a lot of cod lying in a big tub of ice.

The woman, who, like the other thief, had a large basket, walked in front of James' fish-stall, and pointing to some canned salmon on the shelving behind, inquired:

"How much is your sammin a tin?" while, at the same instant, she whipped a fine rock-cod off the ice and slipped it into an oiled-silk pocket in her dress, the mouth of which was covered by her market-basket.

So quickly was this accomplished that Cheeky could scarcely credit his eyesight; however, he did not betray any surprise.

"Salmon?" said Mr. James, winking and coughing again, in order to draw Cheeky's especial attention to the woman; "salmon, lady? Why, the small tins are fifty cents, and the large ones are a dollar."

He hadn't the most remote idea that she had yanked a fish out of the ice tub.

"Not to-day, Mr. James," she observed, chuckling to think how nicely she had done him. "What's the price of cod?"

"Ten and twelve cents," he returned; while Cheeky grinned, and pointed at her in such a way that the fishman was completely nonplused.

After pretending to think for awhile, she looked him calmly in the face, saying:

"Well, guess I won't buy no cod to-day—my boarders are 'bout sick ov it;" then, crossing to Dorlon's oyster-saloon, ordered a double Boston stew and a toby of ale.

"Yes, ma'am," said Chipper, who was waiting at her table.

"Come along, boss," whispered Cheeky, and presently both of them were seated at the table by the woman, and at the same time the firework man entered the saloon.

After giving their orders they watched Cheeky, who made up to the woman, pretending that he wanted a boarding place.

By dint of getting close to her, he contrived to fumble in her oil-silk pocket, and presently pulled out the touch-paper, which he had tucked in the cod's mouth.

There was a foot of the fuse, and in a few moments it was peeping out of her pocket.

Striking a match, and directing her attention to a picture on the wall, Cheeky lighted the touch-paper, while Chipper, who was balancing her order on a tray, almost dropped the dishes.

Moving round to the other side of the table, where sat Mr. James and the firework man, he whispered to them:

"Stan' by fur der torpedo practice," then dived into a stew that his boss had ordered for him; while the woman sailed into her oysters, and chuckled to think how smart she was.

"So you wouldn't buy any cod this morning?" slyly observed Mr. James, attacking a saddle-rock fry.

"No," snapped the creature. "Your old cod don't suit my boarders! *Awgh! ugh!*"

As she said this, the torpedo inside the fish concealed in her pocket exploded, the percussion hitting her in the stomach and doubling her up like a book, while a faint curl of smoke, which escaped from her dress, caused Chipper to seize a bucket of water, which he dashed over her, and at the same instant Cheeky fished out the bursted cod, crying:

"Keno! Here's yer split cod, Mr. James!"

"Oh, my land," moaned the woman; "I'm found out!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared our boys.

Rising, the woman was about to make tracks, when Mr. James grabbed her, saying:

"Caught you this time, Mrs. Nipper."

Spite of her pleading, she was toted off to the police station, and, the justice being on the bench, was sent up for a week.

"You're a right smart boy," said the firework man to Cheeky. "If you'll come round to my place I'll give you the rest of them torpedoes."

Asking permission of his boss, the lad proceeded to obtain the articles, and having thanked the man for them, returned to the stand.

"See here, Cheeky," observed Mr. James, "we misses strings of clams just about this time.

Some fellers come here on their way from their business and hook our clams for bait."

Bunching up the balance of the torpedoes in threes, Cheeky hid them among the strings of fish and placed them where they could easily be hooked, then, lighting a cigar given him by Chipper, waited at the corner of the stand.

"Got through my contract," remarked Chipper, joining him. "Der boss says dat de regler boy is coming back ter-morrer, so I needn't count upon anudder day."

"All right," grinned Cheek. "Jes watch what I'm goin' ter do."

Presently the rush of folks from business came, and Mr. James was hard at it serving lobsters and breakfast fish.

In the midst of the excitement, a fat, puffy-faced man, who looked like a barber, came along, and, seeing that the fishman was engaged, quietly snipped a couple of strings of clams from the nearest nail, then, growing bolder, took three other strings.

Cheeky winked at his chum, and, as the man sauntered by them, contrived to touch off the fuses with his cigar.

At the corner of the avenue of stalls, the fat man was joined by an equally fleshy woman, who inquired:

"Got 'em, Johnny?"

"Yea!" he answered; "five strings. It's all O K!"

"Yer bet it is, me bloomin' lady!" whispered Cheeky to Chipper.

Just then a rush of people down the main avenue of the market caused the man and woman to pause.

"Johnny," grinned the latter, nudging her husband, "le'me see them there clams?"

The fat man lifted the "dose of bait" until it was on a level with her nose, when, seeing the smoke arising from the burning torpedoes, she cried:

"Look out, Johnny, them clams is a fire!"

Scarcely had the words passed her lips ere the torpedoes exploded, one after the other, scattering the bellies of the clams all over the fat man and his companion.

"Haw-haw-haw!" roared our boys.

"Johnny, you nasty feller!" screamed the woman, curling her fingers and making a scratch at her husband's figure-head. "What do you mean by slapping that stuff into my face?" with which she scored the clam-yanker down both cheeks and proceeded to grab tufts of hair out of his head.

"Hello, boys," laughingly inquired Mr. James, joining the convulsed chums, who were yelling with merriment, "what's up?"

"Here, Merriar Ann," gasped the clam-yanker, as his wife gave his hair a jerk and tore out a mass big enough for a chignon pad. "Say, what the deuce air yew about?"

"You dod-rotted, bull-headed, knob-nosed, weak-livered, screw-mouthed, flop-eared old bummer," she cried, making a final lunge at him, "what-chew mean by chucking yer nastiness on ter my dress, hey?"

"De clams busted," moaned the fellow, as with a desperate yank, she forced his head back into a barrel containing fishes' entrails and other market refuse. "Say, Merriar Ann—yer—smotherin'—me. Ough! my lor', I wish I hadn't stole them clams!"

"Come, my friend!" quietly observed Mr. James, rescuing the fat man from the garbage-barrel, "I want you for hooking my fish?" hearing which the woman jerked the fellow on to his feet, and shouted:

"Scoot, Johnny, scoot! I'll fix this rooster."

"Grab him, b'ys?" excitedly exclaimed the fishman, and at him went Cheeky and Chipper, while James, taking a dead eel from a neighboring stall, said to the infuriated woman, "now, my lady, if you want a slap in the eye, I'm ready to take the contract?"

The fat man hit, kicked, bit and otherwise behaved like a demon, but our boys were too much for him, while the woman, finding that she couldn't get near enough to the fishman to yank out his hair, took to her heels and cleared out.

"Got yer, me bloomin' bait-hunter!" laughed Cheeky, as they secured her husband. "Tell yer it would hev bin better fur ter hev bought yer clams?"

At the police-station the man resolutely refused to say who he was.

"Prisoner," observed the magistrate, "if you do not give your name, I shall commit you to the Island;" then, turning to the smiling witnesses, inquired: "Do any of you know who is?"

Cheeky laughed, saying:

"Guess he's Herr Bugg, der frien' of Lyin' Jack. I'll bring down me monkey ter see if he kin identify der feller."

This reply caused every one in the court to laugh.

"Who are you?" demanded the justice.

"Me?" grinned the scamp, "me, yer honor? Why, I'm bloomin' Cheeky, an' dis is me chum, Chipper. We jerked der prisoner in. We're two of our boys, yer bet."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A PICNIC AND A PATENT MEDICINE.

ON reaching home that night, Chipper found his father sitting at the table, as sober as a judge, while perched upon a chair near him was the monkey.

"Hello, pop!" cried the boy; "made friends wid Lyin' Jack?"

"Yes," quietly returned Drum, cutting a chunk of bread for the baboon, and adding: "Yer aunt's in der tater-bar'l, an' swears she won't come out till Jack's gone."

Going to the vessel, Chipper peeped in and saw Mrs. Morris there, fast asleep.

"Smells ov benzine," murmured the lad.

"Yea," nodded his father. "It's awful how some folks do drink. She's been like that since noon," then, nodding at Cheeky, who was grinning in at the doorway, inquired: "Who's yer chum, Chip?"

"Dat's me bloomin' Cheeky," laughingly answered Chip, as the baboon limped from the table and advanced, chuckling, to the merry young rascal. "Jack knows him."

"Pears to me I've seen you before, young man?" observed Drum.

"Saw yer dis mornin'," calmly returned Cheeky. "Don't yer remember doublin' der ole lady up, hey?"

"Is that boy crazy?" growled Drum.

"No," laughingly answered Chip, "he ain't crazy by a durned sight—he's my pard."

Just then Mrs. Morris started up from her barrel, and, rubbing her eyes, said:

"Is that you, Chipper?"

"Yes, aunt," he said, going to her assistance.

"Why, yer a regular acerybat; yer kin double yer-self up like a jack-knife;" with which he assisted her out, and laughingly inquired what ailed her.

"Yer father made me drink, she whispered, behind her hand, to Chipper. "I got into the bar'l to be out of his way."

Our boys winked at each other, and Cheeky murmured:

"Benzine makes folks forget der truff, hey?"

They took supper, after which, the night being sultry, our boys stretched themselves out on the floor and rested.

"Boys," said Drum, "we're going to have a target company to-morrow. Start at eight, sharp. All the employees of the Wilkesbarre Coal Association are going out to Jones' Wood in wagons, an' I want you to go, both of you, an' take your monkey—hear?"

"We'll be dere, pop!" said Chip.

"All right!" observed Drum. "Good-night, boys—good-night, sister, pity you're so fond of gin and sugar? I'll call for you to-morrow."

Mrs. Morris did not reply, but, when her brother-in-law was out of hearing, murmured:

"I'm a poor, persecuted, patient, long-suffering angel, that's what I am, an angel."

"Chip," whispered the convulsed Cheek, "do yer think der angels takes gin an' sugar?" whereupon Chipper responded:

"Cheese it, Cheek, if yer don't mind, aunt will hev a fit of der jim-jams!" so they held their peace.

The next morning, bright and early, the boys rose and combed Lying Jack's hair, while Mrs. Morris went out marketing.

"Say," said Cheeky, "shall we shave der ole feller an' pass him off as a Chineyman?"

"Now!" grinned Chipper.

"I've got a friend who used ter board Chineymen down in Baxter street," smilingly replied his chum. "He's got a lot ov deyr togs. I'll go an' borry a suit an' a tail!"

"Den Jack'll hev two tails!" laughingly answered Chip.

"Well, it will be a bloomin' lark. All right. But say, pard, s'pose, afore yer goes fur der togs, we see ef we kin shave Jack. He mayn't like it, yer know?"

Drum kept a razor at Mrs. Morris', so Chipper hunted up the article and strapped it on the leg of his pants, while Cheeky mixed some lather, and placing Jack in a chair, smothered his face with suds.

"If he takes to you, a tame baboon will stand anything," and as Jack was a particularly good-tempered cuss, Cheek rubbed in the soapsuds, singing:



"Der buster hadn't many clothes. Wore thick-soled covers ter his toes, Which made der picknickers suppose him ter be Der Chineyman wid der monker nose."

It was a comical sight to see Jack, lathered up to the eyes, sitting patiently watching Chip strap the razor; and still more funny to behold the lad take the baboon by the snoot and proceed to shave the hair off its cheeks.

"Bully!" cried the boy, as Jack curled out his tongue and licked the soapsuds off his lips. "Run away, Cheek, an' fetch der Chineyman's togs. We'll hev a bloomin' ole lark at der target company."

Jack bore the operation of shaving like a little man, and by the time Cheeky returned with the Chinese garments, was shaved as clean as a baby.

"Ain't he jes der bloominist, comicalist ole duck yer ever saw?" inquired Chipper of his chum. "I tell yer he'll make a sensation at the picnic."

They washed the soap off the monkey's head, then dried it, and dressed his limb, which was healing fast, and, when that was done, costumed the animal in the Chinese clothes, a loose pair of pants, and a big, blue cotton jumper.

"Now for his hat," laughed Cheek, producing a hat shaped like a muskmelon, and a tail, or queue, which had been cut from the head of some unfortunate Chinaman.

Sewing the tail inside the black braid of the cap, so as to make it look as though it grew from the head of the wearer, Cheek secured it to the shaven pate of the baboon; then surveying the creature's make-up, said:

"Wot a bloomin', bleedin' old cure he looks!"

Lying Jack certainly presented a comical sight, and looked as much like a Chinaman as could well be imagined.

"Ain't he bully?" roared Chip, as Jack vainly tried to get his right paw behind him in order to scratch himself. "Gol derned ef he ain't too comical for anything."

"Yes, he air bloomin' funny," chimed in Cheek. "Say, Chip, kean't we make a hole in his costoom so's he kin git his han' in ter scratch hisself?"

"Good idea," laughingly answered Chipper; "serve him de same as yer did der old eel yanker yesterday;" then, handing his chum the scissors, the convulsed boy watched Cheeky as the latter put a gash in the monkey's pants, and enabled Jack to indulge in a prolonged scratch.

"Chipper," inquired Cheeky, "wot's der diff between a man and a monkey?"

"Derned little," said Chip; "I ain't no han' at keynundrums. Wot is it, pard?"

"Why," calmly returned Cheeky, "when a man gits puzzled he scratches his head, but when a monkey is at a loss to decide about anything, he raises one of his legs an' scratches—"

Ere he could end the sentence, Drum shouted up the stairs.

"Chipper, come along, sonny," and taking Jack on his back, Cheeky led the way down-stairs.

The van was at the door, and was already two-thirds filled with canal men and their friends.

Upon seeing Jack they set up a roar, and one of the men shouted:

"Hello! we don't want no cheap Chinese labor here!" when Cheeky, helping Jack on to the roof of the van, which was solid, clambered up beside him, followed by Chipper, after which Drum Morris explained that the *Chinaman* was "der celebrated circus monkey, Lyin' Jack."

The rendezvous was in Baxter street, which was literally clogged with vans and wagons preparing to get into line of procession, while two bands of music discoursed wild discord and added to the Babel of sound.

Lying Jack was about as big as a boy of fourteen, so everybody saw him.

"Who yer got here?" shouted a bootblack to Cheeky.

"Dis yer's Lyin' Jack, der Buffeloe hunter; ain't yer heard of him?" grinned the scamp.

The authorities had been repairing the roadway, and a board marked "No Thoroughfare," was lying on a pile of stone, near the sidewalk; seeing which, Cheeky descended and taking the sign slung it up to his chum.

"Wot's dis fur?" demanded Chip, dexterously catching the article.

Cheek winked at him, then going into a dry-goods store, asked the proprietor to sell him a yard of glazed muslin, and to lend him the pot and brush with which he marked boxes, etc.

Supplied with these articles he quitted the store, and, climbing to the roof of the van, covered the "No Thoroughfare" sign with the muslin, then wrote on both sides of it:

HOLD THE FORT!  
THIS IS LYING JACK!  
THE ANIMAL SMASHER!  
POSITIVELY NO HUMBUG.

After which he hoisted the sign and gave it to Chipper to hold, then descended, and having returned to the store, delivered the marking-pot and rejoined his pard.

The sign attracted general attention, and it was exceedingly comical to see Jack scratch himself and make faces at the crowd.

About nine o'clock the procession got under way, and, followed by a big mob of boys, filed into Broadway, and started for their destination, but had scarcely proceeded a block ere Professor Snapem spied Jack, and seeing how the boys had fixed him, determined to recover the animal.

Running alongside the van, he shouted: "I want my baboon—here—stop that theer van?"

"Oh, paste up yer mouf," laughingly returned Cheeky; "wot yer a blowin' 'bout, hey? Dis yer's Lyin' Jack."

"It's my baboon," panted the professor. "I've got tew deliver him tew Barnum."

"Yer keant play dat on me," yelled Cheek, pointing up at the sign. "Don't yer see—positively no humbug?"

Finding words of no avail, the professor climbed to the top of the vehicle and made a grab for Jack, whereupon the monkey dropped down by the side rods of the conveyance and sought shelter inside.

"Yah—ha—whoop—ahoo!" screamed the women, and, as they tucked up their lower limbs, the professor laid flat on the roof, leaned over the edge of the van, and shouted:

"That's my ane-mile—that's my ane-mile!"

As he held on to the roof with his toes and hands, his body presented a lovely target, noticing which, Cheeky winked at Chipper to hand him the sign-board, meanwhile Drum Morris had secured Jack and was making the inside passengers laugh at his antics.

Raising the sign aloft, Cheeky brought it "crack" down on the professor's sit-upon, administering a whack that made the man's breakfast jump, and caused him to ejaculate:

"See here, young feller, yew dew that again, an'——" when the boy let him have another flop-fer, causing the crowd on the sidewalk to cheer and jeer, saying:

"Hit him again!"

"Flatten him out!"

"Give him another stern-chaser, sonny!"

"My everlasting sakes," moaned the professor, turning his purple features towards our boys.

"Yew jis dew that agin', an'——" thereupon cheeky shouted:

"Anyting to 'blige yer, boss!' and wired in two-forty.

At length the professor said:

"Give it up—le' me git! Blame yew, I dew believe yew'r them by's who said yew could put a new liver inter me! Yew've pounded my old one inter sassidge meat!"

Cheeky let up, and the professor scrambled from the roof, then, upon reaching the sidewalk, rubbed his winnowed part and yelled:

"Yew gol-derned young skunks, I'll hev the law on yew if it costs me a hundred," while the lads laughingly hoisted the sign and shouted:

"Oh, paste up yer mouf, ole Smell-ungus!"

"I'll follow yew and spoil yew'r fun!" snorted the professor; then calling a hack he drove to the police-station and swore a complaint against Cheeky and Chipper, after which, taking an officer with him, he set out for Jones' Wood.

Our boys' van rolled up town, passing through Central Park and making things lively as it went, finally arriving at the wood, where everybody alighted and crowded around Lying Jack, who was perched on a table and supplied with a mug of lager.

By that time the baboon had become very popular, the women finding he would not bite, voting him "dreadful cunning."

"What, me bloomin' ole Jack!" cried Cheeky, placing his arm about the monkey's neck. "Give us a drink ov yer lager, ole son."

To the amusement of the canal men, Jack gravely handed his mug to Cheek, and as the latter took a pull at the cool beer, the animal fumbled for the hole in the stern of his Chinese pants and calmly scratched itself.

"Haw-haw-haw!" roared the men, while the women, who were tickled to death, said:

"Oh, ain't he too comical for anything!"

When everybody had sucked down a good stein of lager, the shootists formed in companies and headed for the rifle ground, Cheeky carrying the monkey on his back.

The shooting was somewhat eccentric, not one of the canal-men contriving to hit the target.

Drum Morris was mad, and abused the shoot-ers like a true mule-driver.

"See here," he cried, "blame my skin if that monkey won't do better than any of you! Tell yer, I'll bet that my boy Chipper, his chum Cheeky, and Lying Jack, will shoot any three fellers in

your crowd. What's the use of raising subscriptions and buying silver pitchers and cruet-stands for such a gang as you are, hey?"

This nettled the canal-men, and three of them stepped out, saying:

"Put yer money up, Drum, we'll shewt yer crowd."

Monkeys are smart, and Jack was as cute as any of his kind.

A table was drawn forward and the animal placed on it, the prizes being ranged to the right and left.

Jack was exceedingly inquisitive, and crawling over to the prizes, hooked the vinegar bottle out of the cruet-stand, and placing it in his mouth chawed off the neck; whereupon Cheeky dealt him a slap on the side of the head and rescued the article from his clutches; then, taking a rifle, aimed at the target and made a center.

"Now, Chip, my son," whispered Drum, "make a bull's-eye, and I'll take you on the canal boat with me—miss, and here he lowered his voice still more, "I'll lam you until you keant stand!"

"Now or never!" thought the lad. "Father allus keeps his wud!" and leveling his rifle he took good aim and pulled.

"Bull's-eye!" roared the crowd.

Catching him in his arms, Drum shouted:

"Dern yer little skin!" and proceeded to give him a paternal hug, when Lying Jack, imagining hat his friend was being assaulted, uttered a cry and went for Drum, getting his teeth well in and drawing blood.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the crowd, understanding the animal's error, while Drum shook and punched Jack, but the latter would not let go.

"How d'yer like yer pet now, hey?" cried one.

"Pat him on the nose!" shouted another.

"Ye beef-stuffed, water-lined bog-trotters!" snarled Drum. "How'd ye like to hev a monkey on yer leg?"

It was some time ere our boys could make Jack quit his hold, and, even then, he appeared to want to make another dive at Drum.

At length Cheeky again got him on to the table, and Chipper handed the critter a rifle, but do what they could, Jack resolutely refused to touch the trigger.

In order to give the animal a chance, they had secured the weapon in a rest, so that he might easily discharge the piece.

"I'll fix yer, me bloomin' chum!" grinned Cheeky, taking the lace out of his right boot, and in a second or two he improvised a trigger-line, the loop of which he secured about Jack's wrist, while Chipper held the rifle on to the rest; this done, he asked one of the canal men to pinch the monkey's tail.

The man was about half-tight and full of the devil, so, in lieu of pinching, he grabbed Jack's wagging apparatus and nearly hauled him off the table.

As he did this, Professor Snapem and the policeman elbowed their way through the crowd and advanced toward the animal.

"Look out!" yelled the spectators, as the rifle slewed first one side and then up, down, and from right to left. "Look out, you'll get shot!"

Scarcely had the words been spoken when Jack, who was struggling with his tail-grabber, jerked to free himself and fired the rifle; the ball "ping-pinging" close by the professor's ear and burying itself in a tree.

Giving an affrightened howl, the animal dealer started for the fence inclosing Jones' Wood, and was scrambling over it when Lying Jack freed his tail from the canal-man's grasp, and limped after his old enemy.

Snapem was just topping the fence when the monkey sprang after him, and inserting his teeth in the slack of the fellow's pants, tore them clean away; then falling backwards and injuring his damaged limb, set up a howl of rage and pain, and tore his prize into smithereens.

Our boys rushed up and quieted their pet; while the professor, peeping through a knot-hole in the fence, shouted:

"You derned young thieves, where's the back of my pants, hey?"

"Oh, paste up yer gob!" grinned Cheek.

"I'll have that monkey," snarled Snapem, keeping his mouth close to the knot-hole.

Some of the picnickers were squatted on the ground, making egg-nogg, and Cheeky observed that they had put aside several eggs as bad.

"Give them rotten eggs ter me," he whispered, and taking one in his hand, he approached the knot-hole, which was as big round as a baseball, and slapped an egg between the professor's lips.

"Oh—great Je—rusalem!" gasped the man, turning and spitting out the foul slime.

As he did this, Cheeky, who had placed a short ladder against the fence, peeped over the top and, taking good aim, smashed a second egg in the



professor's earhole, then followed up his attack with a third and fourth.

Unable to stand these missives, the discomfited animal dealer took to his heels, leaving the policeman to have a good time with the canal-men.

Our boys rebound the monkey's limb, then securing him by fastening a rope around his body, carried him back to the rifle-ground.

"My gracious!" said one woman. "What a horrid smell!"

"It's your hands, Cheek!" said Chipper; finding which, the lad was obliged to retire and scour his hands.

While he was away the canal-boatmen fired at the target, making one hit and two blanks, so Drum awarded the prizes as follows:

First Prize.—Silver Ice Pitcher.—Chipper Morris.

Second Prize.—Silver Cruet Stand.—Cheeky.

Third Prize.—Silver Knife and Fork.—Rat Sammy.

"Sonny," said Drum to his boy, "I'll take you on the canawl next trip—start to-morrow night."

But Chipper did not make any reply.

He had no wish to go with his father and to have his "ear lifted" all the time.

Towards the middle of the day several other target companies arrived at the Wood, and Jack proving a great attraction, our boys determined to make a little something by him.

"Say," whispered Chipper to his pard, "der perliceman who came here wid der perfesser is in dat small tent," pointing to a marque used as a receptacle for "very drunks." "Let's take Lyin' Jack in an' show him."

After speaking to the proprietor, the latter rented the tent to them for a dollar, and this paid, they untied Jack, took him into the place, and gave him a feed of ice-cream, which made the monkey smile on both sides of his jaws.

Cheeky stood at the door and chinned, and Chipper took the entrance money, while the baboon, left to himself, began to overhaul the snoring policeman and to gnaw the buttons off the officer's costume.

"Here yar," shouted Cheek, "walk up and step right in an' see der mos' wonderful critter dat was ever manufactured—Lyin' Jack, der anemile smasher—der nineteenth wonder ob der world—der original and only gennawine Lyin' Jack—der only real and no humbug anemile smasher in creation! He's der most hyfalutin' cock-tailed, squint-eyed, rip-ram-roarin' hunter der country ever produced. Tickle his tail wid a fedder, an' he'll swim like a fish, dive like a turtle, hiss like a snake, an' shoot like Buffalo Bill! Walk right up, pay yer ten cents, an' go home an' tell yer mudder ye've seen Lyin' Jack!"

A big crowd soon collected in the tent, by which time the monkey had chewed all the buttons off the officer's garments, and if the latter had risen, his coat and pants would have dropped off him.

Forcing his way through the mass of people, Cheeky bowed, saying:

"Ladies and feller-citizens"—pointing to Jack, who was slowly chewing up the buttons he had secured—"dis yer's der gennawine an' original Jacobs—I mean der real Lyin' Jack! All orders is base imitations, got up ter humbug a confiding public! He kin kill der bounding buffalo by der dozen—knock seven different colored fits outer der massive African ellerphant, and fix Hottentots wid his eye, ter say nuffin' of squirtin' down a rattlesnake's froat and giving a tiger der convulsive belly-ache!"

Everybody laughed, and the monkey scratched itself and cried:

"Chook—chook—choo!"

"Yer see," grinned the scamp, "he un'stan's all I say."

"I'd like to see him do what you advertise that he can," observed one of the audience.

"He kin do it," calmly replied Cheek. "Which trick do yer want ter see?"

The man thought awhile, then said:

"I'd like to see your Lying Jack knock seven different colored fits out of an elephant."

Then, glancing round, nodded to the other spectators, as much as to say, "I've fixed you, anyhow."

But he didn't know Cheeky; for the latter, cocking his cap-peak over his left eye, waited until the laugh died away, then coolly returned:

"All right, mister; bring along yer bloomin' ellerphant, an' Lyin' Jack'll knock der seven different colored fits outer him. Der ain't no humbug about our monkey, yer kin bet yer pile on dat!"

This turned the laugh in his favor, and, upon a woman asking when Jack was going to perform some other of his tricks, Cheeky calmly answered:

"Well, yer see, lady, jes this minute Jack's studying how to make uniform buttons. We never like ter disturb him."

"This show is a fraud," snapped another woman, hearing which, Cheeky laughed, saying:

"Yer didn't expect Lyin' Jack was goin' ter do anything I said he could, hey? Course he's a bloomin' sell. Now go out and sell der ones dat don't know about it."

He was so sassy that folks fell right into the trap, and in a short time the tent was refilled with people who had been sent in by his first audience.

"He's a regular Barnum," observed a canal-man to Drum Morris, hearing which, the latter, who was solemnly guarding the lads' prizes, said:

"Barnum—pshaw! *Barnum ain't half as smart as our boys.*"

At five o'clock they returned to the vans, leaving the policeman to snore off his lager.

Soon after they were gone, the proprietor of the tent awoke the copper, who, upon rising, slipped out of his pants.

"My—Josh!" he cried, "I've shed all my buttons!" and the man actually had to hold up his garments with both hands, and to go hunting round until he found a tailor who lived two miles from Jones' Wood, his buttons costing him more than the value of his free lager.

Our boys always enjoyed tricks upon policemen, and, as they rode homeward, laughed at the monkey who still had a bunch of the officer's buttons, stowed like a chaw, in his right jaw.

The show had brought them a clear seven dollars, but during the day Cheeky's pants had split beyond mending.

"Say, chum," observed Chipper, as they neared home, "s'pose yer buy yerself a new suit."

"Right yer are," returned his pard, and when they reached Baxter street, Cheeky invested in the first whole pair of pants he had owned.

On rejoining Chipper at Mrs. Morris', he said:

"Strike me comical if dese leg-bags don't feel okkered."

"My best clothes is wet as weeds," smilingly answered Chip, who had resumed his old garments. "Why don't yer buy a coat, Cheek?"

"I like dis yer ole one," grinned the merry fellow. "Ef I had a new un I should get so all-fired prond yer wouldn't know me."

About supper time, Cheeky was seized with the cramps, and his pard ran out to the drug store to fetch some medicine.

"Try a bottle of this pain-stopper?" said the druggist; I sell dozens of it. The man who makes it has got a fortune out of it. He lives in a grand house up Fifth avenue."

"How much is it a bottle?" asked Chip.

"A dollar fifty for the white and a dollar for the pink label. White for man and pink for beast," answered the druggist, as though repeating a lesson.

Chipper grinned, then observed:

"Well, Cheeky ain't no *beast*. Say, are you sure it will work all serene? My chum has got der papshilalls in his rudimints. If dis ain't good we shall go fur yer, sure."

"I can warrant it to cure cholera, diarrhoea, cholera infantum, mumps, colic, liver difficulty, catarrh, saltrheum, scrofula, and any ordinary disease," said the man, rolling a bottle of the white label up in paper.

"He ain't got all dem fakements," said Chipper, handing the fellow a dollar fifty; and in a few moments he was once more with his pard, crying:

"Here yer are, chum, dis stuff will cure any ting from a broken nose ter a kink in yer innards. Open yer gob an' take it straight," with which he administered two teaspoonsful, "as directed."

In lieu of making Cheeky better, the pain-stopper turned him almost inside out; finding which, Chipper ran to the drug-store man, saying:

"Come ter me chum. Dat stuff has pisened him!"

The affrighted druggist hurried to Mrs. Morris' room, and found the lady, who had just returned from doing chores up-town, weeping over Cheeky and saying she knew that he would die.

"Look here, me bloomin' soda water squirter," gasped Cheek, "han' dat dollar an' a half back, or I'll ruin yer biz."

The trembling man poured some of the pain-stopper into a glass, then cried:

"My—good—land! This bottle has been wrongly labeled! This is for a beast."

"You gol dern fool!" moaned Cheek, relieving himself of the bottom contents of his stomach. "Is dat der way yer pisen our boys, hey?"

"I didn't make this pain-stopper," nervously returned the druggist. "It's manufactured by Smellmold, who lives on Fifth avenue. It's no use threatening me—go and see him," saying which, he sloped.

In a short time Cheeky was sufficiently recov-

ered to eat a hearty supper, and when he was as full as an egg, he said to his pard:

"Chip, make out a bill—Dr. Smellmold, debtor ter Cheeky an' Chipper, ten dollars fur pisinin' Cheeky. If he don't pony up I'll make him smell mold."

"His name is Smellmold," grinned Chip, taking a piece of paper and writing as directed.

About eight o'clock in the evening, our boys started up town, Cheeky carefully carrying the bottle containing the pain-stopper and the bill for damages.

On arriving at the doctor's house, they rang the bell and the door was opened by a girl.

"See here, sis," began Cheeky, "I've been pisened by some of der doctor's pain-stopper."

"What's that!" snapped a pointed-nosed woman, descending the stairs; "I'm Mrs. Smellmold."

Our boys walked into the hall, and Cheeky handed her the bill, saying:

"I've been pisened, lady; now, if der doc don't pony up, I'll bust his biz. Der pain-stopper made me so sick as a dorg."

"Nonsense," she tartly replied; the pain-stopper never made any one sick. You're a couple of young beats."

Cheeky winked at Chipper to get out of the way, then exhibiting the bottle, drew the woman's attention to the label, and having done that, swallowed a dose, murmuring:

"Yer'll see how der ole ting works in a minnit."

"Old thing works?" she echoed. "Why it will cure you."

"Hold der fort, fur der pain-stopper's coming!" he moaned, then, falling backwards, stretched out his arms, dropped the bottle and was violently ill.

The woman glanced first at the bill and then at Chipper, who was standing at the far end of the hall, after which she exclaimed:

"If the pain-stopper kills him we're ruined."

Chipper watched Cheeky, who spouted like a wounded whale, then Chip, placing his arms akimbo, said:

"Lady, yer'd better pay der bill and let me trundle the corpse off. He's dyin' fast."

The doctor, as he called himself, was summoned, and after a while Cheeky became better.

"I ain't going to pay you more than the value of the physic," said the quack. "It was simply a mistake in labeling."

"Yer won't?" shouted the scamp, seizing the bottle. "Le'me take *annuder dose*, I ain't bin half sick enough, hey?" when, finally, the man compromised by giving him six dollars and fifty cents.

As the boys walked home, Chipper said:

"Was it der stuff made yer sick, Cheek?"

"Stuff be deuced!" chuckled the scamp. "It was all a bloomin' lark! I felt sick, anyhow, an' when I found yer paid a dollar an' a half fur muck like dat I tort I'd hev a game. We scooped five dollars outer de ole smell mold."

That night the boys made up their minds to clear out from Mrs. Morris', Drum having sold their target prizes, and with the woman spent the proceeds in whisky.

## CHAPTER V.

### "SHOO-FLY POTATOES AND GHOSTS."

On the morning after their adventure with the patent-medicine man, our boys rose about five o'clock, and set to work hunting round for breakfast.

In the midst of their occupation, Drum stalked in, and seating himself on the bed, began to abuse Chipper, calling him a lazy loafer, and swearing that he would not pay another red towards keeping him.

The lad listened, but did not give back any sass, and Cheeky, though very anxious to say something, wisely held his tongue.

At length Drum cast off his suspenders, and swinging them over his head sprang to his feet, and would have thrashed his son had not Cheeky ducked his head and butted the canal man in the stomach, doubling him up and knocking him all in a heap on to the bed.

"See here, Mr. Morris!" cried the brave lad, "if yer think yer kin do as you please wid Chip when I'm by, yer bloomin'ly mistaken."

As he said this the baboon made a dart at Drum, and would have bitten him, but our boys grabbed him in time.

Drum partly recovered, and when his breath came, began to use very impolite language, whereupon Cheeky said:

"Oh, paste up yer mouf, Mister Morris. Chip don't want no help from yer; he kin keep hisself."

"Then, by —," he shall!" snarled the man.



"Git, you darned young snoozer — git, or I'll knock spots out ob yer."

"Come along, Cheek," urged Chipper, taking the parrot from its perch. "Come along. I don't want ter stay here another minute."

"Not till Cheeky's had his bloomin' brexfus!" grinned his chum. "Ain't we got Lyin' Jack ter keep yer ole man in his place?"

Drum wisely shut up; he did not want any more monkey bites.

Our boys ate their breakfast, and when it was ended, Chipper took the parrot and Cheeky hoisted the baboon on his back, then moved towards the door.

"Good-bye, pop!" said Chip, holding out his hand to his parent. "Le's part friends."

I will not return what Drum returned, by way of parting blessing, while his boy closed his ears and ran out of the room, and, as he followed him, Cheeky turned to Drum, saying:

"Oh, paste up yer mouf, yer bloomin' ole snoozer! What sort of a man d'yer call yerself, ter 'buse yer own flesh an' blood like dat—hey? For two pins I'd set dis monkey ter chaw yer ear off!"

With which he looked contemptuously at the canal man and quit the apartment, rejoining his pard on the street.

"Where shall we go, hey?" inquired Chipper.

Cheeky paused for an instant, then winking at his chum, replied:

"Oh, *par-am-ber-latin*, ole son—*per-am-ber-latin*!"

Chipper smiled, and, side by side, the boys set out to find a home, leaving Chip's brutal father and Mrs. Morris' for good.

After hunting round for awhile they came across a lodging—a basement room furnished with a stove, a bed, a table and three chairs. Then securing Lying Jack and the parrot, they set out in search of work and adventures.

Entering the Bowery, they sauntered along until a man, who was standing in front of a barber's shop, said to Cheeky:

"Sonny, vont a shob?"

"How?" grinned the scamp. "How d'yer sell yer shobs an' what are dey alike?"

"I mean a shob of work," said the man. "I vant two boys to learn the parber pushiness; two dollars a week, an' all you can make by prushing coats an' placking boots. Say, vill you come?"

"What yer say, pard?" grinned Cheek. "Will yer take der posish?"

"Yea," laughingly answered Chip. "I kin shave, count me in."

The barber's was a miserable, one-horse place under a tenth rate hotel, and was as dirty as it could be.

Their first job was scrubbing the floor, which they did to the proprietor's satisfaction, and when they had completed the work he said:

"Now you tend der saloon vile I go an' ket mine preckfast."

"S'pose a customer comes?" chuckled Cheek.

"Tell him I'll be in presently," answered the barber; then, taking his hat, he cleared out.

Spite of its dinginess the saloon did a good trade and the barber made money, but he was a scurvy fellow to his help, and never kept a man or boy more than a week.

"Say, pard," grinned Cheek, "let's dress in der barber's aprons an' have a bloomin' lark."

"I'm dere," responded Chip, and soon our boys were rigged with aprons, and each of them had a comb stuck behind his ear.

In a short time a customer entered, and shouting to Chipper:

"Shave me, right away," threw himself into a chair, and scarcely had his chin received a coat of lather, ere another man came in, and, addressing Cheeky, growled:

"Cut my hair. *Hear?*"

"Where?" calmly demanded the scamp, while Chipper, who was rubbing the lather into his customer's chin, began to titter.

"Where?" snarled Cheek's client, grabbing the hair on the top of his head. "Where—you darnation fool—why, *here!*" with which he held up a big handful, and adding, "Come, hurry up; don't gawk at me. Cut my hair, *dern* you!"

"Right you are, my bloomin' cocumber!" grinned Cheek; then winking at the convulsed Chipper, seized a pair of shears, grabbed at the blower's scalp lock, and, with one clip, cut it clear down to his skin.

"My—good—gracious! what the deuce are you about?" roared the man, turning scarlet with anger, whereupon Cheek grabbed him by the forelock, and mowed off another handful, shouting:

"Dere ain't no deuce about me, I tell yer. If I am a darnation *fool*, I kin yank hair off 'bout as good as here an' there a feller," then, making a grab at the man's soap-locks, he snipped them off without so much as winking.

The customer was one of the old Bowery boys, and very proud of his soap-locks, so, when he

found them gone, he began to cuss and carry on, swearing that he would kill Cheek.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Chipper, who had shaved one half of his customer's face; then, as the cropped man danced in front of Cheeky, who was flourishing his shears as a means of defence, he recommenced his shaving, and unthinkingly swept one half of his client's mustache clean off his face.

There were now two crazy men in the barber's shop.

One with his hair jagged, as if it had been cut with an ax, and the other with the left side of his face and mustache clean shaved, and the right lathered and drying in.

"Keep together," cried Cheek, dodging round the chairs towards a showcase, in which was exhibited a wonderful razor, about a yard in length, one of the curiosities of the saloon.

The men were crazy as loons, in their rage smashing everything they could lay their hands on.

Opening the showcase, Cheeky yanked out the razor, and at the same time Chip secured an old pepper-box revolver, which the barber kept in the till.

At the sight of these reinforcements the men turned tail; so, in order to quicken their movements, Chipper fired the revolver into the coal-box, which, for the summer, had been filled with sand.

As the customers made their exit they encountered the barber, who grabbed them, saying:

"Here, my friends, vot's der matter?"

"Look at my hair!" howled the first.

"Look at my *merstarchel*!" groaned the second.

"Mein gott!" moaned the barber, "who did dot ting, hey?"

"Them derved fellows of yours, they chorused."

While this was going on our boys had taken off their aprons, and they had returned the razors to the case, Cheeky taking care to retain the revolver.

In came the barber, followed by the customers.

"Here, you pig thief," said the proprietor, "vot you mean by doing dese sort of things, hey? I'm going to kick you. See!"

There were two doors to the saloon, one opening on to the street and the other into the hotel.

Backing against the latter, and covering Chip in order to enable him to open the door, Cheeky coolly said to the barber:

"Wot yer blowin' 'bout, hey?"

"Blowing?" snarled the man, feeling in the till for his weapon. "Vot do you mean by shaving my customers, hey?"

"Oh, paste up yer mouth," calmly returned the lad. "I didn't shave the bloke."

"Yer lie!" roared the barber, doubling his fists.

"Mine gott, I'll blow your nose!" with which he rushed at our boys, but upon Cheeky leveling the pistol at him, drew off.

"Say," calmly observed the lad, "take back what yer said about my lyin'."

"Wh-y?" nervously asked the man, who felt scared of the pistol. "Wh-y?"

"'Cos we're two ov our boys," grinned Cheeky, "an' we never take der lie from anybody, un stan?"

"Didn't you shafe him?" said the barber, pointing to the half-lathered individual. "Mein gott, he say you did."

"Den he lies!" quietly returned the scamp. "I'll tell yer how it was, boss. Me an' my pard was waitin' for yer ter come back, what dat bloom-in' duck," pointing to Chipper's victim, "came in an' heaving hisself inter a chair, shouted, *shave me right away*. Of course my pard lathered up and was a raspin' away lovely, fus' class, when dat oder duck dropped in," pointing to the rowdy with the jagged hair. "I was goin' ter tell him I didn't un'stan der biz, when he says, *cut my hair, hear?* vereupon I give him der bloominist clip I knowed how."

Then ducking his head, Cheeky followed Chipper, covering their retreat with the empty revolver, which he saucily tossed back as soon as they were out of the saloon.

They had to run for it at first, but finally the barber gave up the chase and returned to his saloon, where for two hours he was busily employed fixing the men.

"Dern bein' a barber," grinned Cheek, as they paused in order to regain breath; "ef dat feller hadn't cut up so rough I would have cropped him like a trottin' hoss. One would ha' t'ought, I'd ha' cut his bloomin' ole ear off."

"Yer sliced away putty slick," chuckled Chip; "I luffed so dat I moved my feller's mustache 'fore I knowed where I was. My word, didn't he git mad?"

They rested for a while, when Cheeky, cocking his cap-peak over his left eye, observed to his chum:

"Say, pard, let's *per-am-ber-late*."

New York is a large place, and it contains an

immense number of unemployed persons, so our boys found work scarce.

Sauntering down to the wharves, they looked out for a job and soon came across one.

A Long Island farmer was unloading a sloop laden with vegetables, and seeing our boys, he said:

"Here, want suthin' tew dew?"

"How much will yer give us?" demanded Cheek.

The man gazed at them a while, calculating how he could best get their work without pay, then said:

"I'll give yer a bag ov pertaters and a couple ov watermelons, if you'll empty an' clean the boat up."

"That'll suit us," said Cheek, winking at Chip, and in a few minutes they were hard at work hoisting out potatoes and stacking the bags on the wharf.

At noon they rested and had a feed of melon, then turned to and sweated away at the potatoes.

As the five o'clock bell struck they deposited the last bag of spuds on the wharf.

"Now!" cried the man, who had been busily engaged in loading his freight on the drays he had hired to take the truck to an up-town hotel; "now, my lads, jump aboard an' clean out the hold. Give her a good scrub down, an' make her ship-shape."

Our boys turned to with a will and soon washed the garbage out of the hull, and by six o'clock it was as clean as water could make it.

On reaching the deck they found the old man smoking a pipe.

"Well, boss," said Cheek, "where's our pay?"

"On the wharf," quietly answered the fraud, pointing to the smashed potatoes and rotten ones that he had heaped in a pile, and two suspicious-looking watermelons.

"Go an' git a baskit an' load up. You'll find more'n a bag ov taters there."

Cheeky glanced at Chip, then tipping him the wink, quietly observed:

"Kim along, old man, let's go an' look at our pay."

Chipper followed him, and presently they were standing on the wharf by the side of the bruised mass of rotten and crushed potatoes.

"Say, me bloomin' boss," savagely grinned Cheeky, "yer've given us bully measure?"

"Yea!" answered the old man, calmly sucking at his pipe, "I allus duz."

"Le's go aboard an' put a head on him," angrily urged Chip. "Gol dern his pictur—them melins is as rotten as punk."

"Wot are ye smellin' round fur?" chuckled the old man. "Ain't them *good enough* fur yew?"

"D'yer tink dey are, boss?" calmly asked Cheek.

"Yea," grinned the man. "When I was a b'y I used tew think myself lucky if I got so good as them."

"I tort yer was brought up in a hog-sty," murmured Cheeky; then, addressing the old fraud, said: "I'll go an' fetch a basket;" and, nudging Chip, added: "Come 'long, pard."

"My gracious!" began the latter, as they walked up the now almost deserted wharf. "Say, Cheek, yer ain't goin' ter stan' dat, are ye? We've worked like two men histin' out his derned spuds an' truck, an' now he offers us garbage fur pay."

"Oh, hold yer hosses," said Cheeky, winking knowingly. "I'm goin' ter fix der bloomin' ole Long Island nip-cheese. Jes wait, me son."

Going into the market near by, Cheeky sought out Mr. James and told him how they had been served.

"We're honest boys," he said, as the fish salesmen gathered around. "We've worked like two dorgs ter clear dat craft; now yer jis come down, boss, an' say if yer tink dat we's bin used right."

"Well, come," cried a score of the fishermen, who liked our boys; and in a few moments Cheeky was heading a procession for the wharf, while Chipper, who had by his direction borrowed a bag, brought up the rear of the body.

The truck-farmer never moved a muscle but smoked on, while the indignant lads pointed out the heap of foul-smelling garbage.

"By gosh," said Cheek, spurning at the muck with his right foot, "der bloomin' old skunk calls dat pay for nine hours solid work."

"Say," cried Mr. James, addressing the unmoved Long Islander. "ain't you been rather rough on these boys: this stuff," pointing to the heap, "ain't fit to give to hogs."

"How!" demanded the farmer.

"It isn't fit for human beings," said the restaurant keeper, who had employed Chipper; "Come, pay these boys for their labor."

"There's their pay," chuckled the old screw.

"I didn't promise to give them the first quality



potatoes; I could get two or three pecks ov—fair—stuff—outer that heap."

"But these melins are rotten," angrily urged Chipper. "You wouldn't eat them anyhow."

"I ain't hungry 'nuff," grinned the farmer, adding, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and slowly began to refill it. "You can just clear out an' take that truck with you."

"How!" yelled our boys.

"Yew heard what I said, didn't yew?" snorted the man. "Gol dern yew, don't yew think yew kin bounce me. Some of these taters is good 'nuff tew eat."

"Then, by gosh, yer shall eat 'em," roared Cheeky, jumping aboard; while Chipper hove the bag of rotten garbage after him and followed his pard.

In lieu of showing flight, the farmer retreated to the cabin.

"Come on, Chip," shouted Cheeky, as the man disappeared below. "Come along, we'll give der bleedin' fraud a feed ov taters."

The farmer drew to the scuttle, but our boys hit him over the knuckles, and made him leave go his hold.

"Go it," shouted the spectators. "Give him Jessie!"

"Yer bet we will," nodded Cheek, diving in his hand and grabbing the farmer by the collar. "Come out, yer bloomin', bleedin' fraud. I'm goin' ter give yer what yer likes."

"Yew, dar tetch me," snapped the fellow, slipping from his grasp and retreating into the den of a cabin. "I'll hev the law on yew."

"Yank him out," cried the fishmen.

Cheeky pulled off his ragged coat and dived into the hole, but quickly caught a "shooter" administered by the now thoroughly scared truckman, who kicked wildly and swore like forty firemen.

As his pard backed out and leaned his bleeding nose over the side of the craft, Chipper gave a grin and shot in right a-top of the farmer, knocking the wind completely out of the man's carcass; then, drawing back, gave him a butt under the ear.

"Wuff," ejaculated the fellow.

"I'll wuff yer," said Chip, who was mad because the man had kicked his chum on the nose. "Come outer dat, you face-grinding, mean-gutted, scrimping, sniveling, snifty, snooty, snorky ole skin. Come outer it or I'll ram yer inter concrete. If yer tink yer kin do as yer like wid two ob our boys yer mistaken," with which he tugged and hauled at the truck farmer like a little man.

As he was yanking him out, Cheeky sniped his nose with the back of his hand and went to Chip's aid.

"Ge-ho-hoy!" they cried, but, do all they would, the old man stuck in the scuttle-hole.

Securing the farmer's arms behind his back, Cheeky slipped in and getting under him inserted a pin in the superstructure of the truck man's pants; whereupon the old fellow lashed out again and caught Cheek another lick on the paste-horn.

This made the boy doubly mad, and lowering his head he butted the fellow, then at the same time, grabbed his hands and secured them with a piece of cord.

"Murder, murder!" shouted the farmer, but Chip hoisted and Cheeky booted until old ram-foozle was landed on the dock; meanwhile a big crowd had assembled upon the wharf.

Luckily for our boys, not a cop was in sight.

"Murder!" once more ejaculated the truck man, when, seating him over the scuttle-hole, Cheek emptied the bad vegetables out of the bag, and, clapping one of the rotten melons on the critter's bald head, cried:

"Oh, paste up your mouf."

The soft melon broke and sunk over his forehead, giving him a Jakeyish look.

"Don't kill me," he groaned.

"Don't you worry," grinned Cheek, scooping some of the soft potatoes from their "pay" and slipping a dose into the fellow's mouth. "Say, how der yer like shoo-fly taters, hey, old skunk?"

"Ugh—ugh!" spluttered the farmer. "My gosh, hain't them nasty?"

"Tort yer said dey was good 'nuff fur our boys?" grinned Chip, whacking a rotten murphy in the man's left eye.

"Don't der taste make yer tink ob when yer was a boy, ole Slumkins?" demanded Cheek, cramming a half-decayed tater into the farmer's gaping jaws. "Don't yer tink yerself lucky we don't make yer eat der melin, hey?"

"Yea" grinned Chip, pasting up the old man's right eye with more "shoo-fly," as he called it. "We knowed ye'd like a little ob dis," with which he slammed a dose into each of the truck man's ears, and hauling off let drive at him with the other melon, which landed on his nose and scattered its ill-smelling contents all over him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd. "Give him fits—he deserves all he gets!"

Taking the balance of the decayed potatoes, our boys threw them all over the craft, ending by emptying the refuse in the cabin.

This necessitated the recleaning of the hold.

During the time they were throwing the spuds round, the truckman sat as still as an image with the melon slewed over his left eye, like a cocked hat, and the rotten potato between his set teeth.

He had sworn to die rather than pay the boys anything.

"Now, me bloomin' ole truck-raiser," observed Cheek, as the crowd roared itself hoarse, "where's our pay?"

The fellow refused to reply.

"Say, Chip," laughed Cheek, "pull out dat spud from his jaws; it ain't cooked nicely, an' gib him anudder dose of shoo-fly."

Chip hooked out the potato, and was about to slam in some more soft stuff, when the man growled:

"Give us a rest; I'll pay yew."

"Three dollars," demanded Cheeky.

"Three helleriunts!" snarled the man. "I'll see yew da-unted fust," when Chipper scooped up some "shoo-fly," and was about to "administer it as before;" however, the farmer caved, and agreed to pay what was a very just demand.

Had he employed men it would have cost him twice as much to unload his craft.

Our boys cast his hands adrift, then, receiving their pay, jumped ashore, where the fishmen patted them on the back, saying:

"You're bully lads, so you are," while the farmer cut the lashings of his lower limbs, and cursed in Long Island Dutch.

"See here, boss," grinned Cheeky, as they prepared to depart home, "yer know what yer kin do now?"

"How?" snarled the man, picking up a rotten potato and tossing it overboard. "I know what I'd like tew dew wi' yew, gol—tarnal—dern—yew!"

"Well," chuckled the scamp, "yer kin dew dis, me bloomin' ole pertater-flower. Yer kin paste up yer gory ole mouf wid some ob dat shoo-fly—hear? So-long, ole Slumkins. If all der boys yer tries to fool treats yer as we did, yer'll soon want a six-foot coffin. So-long."

"Oh, go to—" began the truck-farmer; but our boys never knew to what place he referred, as a rotten spud, well-aimed by a bootblack in the crowd, cut short the old beat's eloquence.

"Come, pard," said Cheek, "let's *per-am-ber-late* home!" and in five minutes they were on their way.

Lying Jack was asleep in a corner, and the parrot was dozing on its perch.

"Here, rouse up all hands!" cried Cheeky, hearing which Chip unchained the baboon, and gave him an apple.

"Say, chum, what shall we have for supper?" demanded Cheek.

"Fried steak an' onions," said the other. "You go out an' buy a pan an' grub. We're goin' ter live, pard, yer bet?"

While Chipper built a fire with some wood and coal they found in the cupboard, Cheeky went out marketing.

Lying Jack watched Chip's movements, and, when he was lighting the fuel, the monkey seated himself on the stove and helped him.

In vain the lad drove him off; no sooner was his back turned than Jack again climbed on to the stove; the heat of which did not seem to hurt him.

"Well," chuckled Chip, "sit dere an' try cookin' yerself, if yer like it?"

Gradually the heat began to affect the monkey, and to burn the skin of his "sit upon."

Jack sniffed suspiciously, then placed his right forefinger under his tail as though desirous of finding out what was cooking.

Of course his finger got burnt.

This made him mad with the stove, and springing to his feet, which had hitherto been raised in the air, he quickly brought the soles upon the hot plate.

Giving vent to "yoo-up!" of pain, the baboon sprang from the stove and retreated under the table, howling like a dog with its tail mashed.

Just then Cheeky returned, his arms loaded with various articles.

"Hello!" he cried, "wat's der bloomin' row 'bout?"

"Lyin' Jack's bin tryin' ter sit on der hot stove," grinned Chip, adding, "guess he's burnt his ole corn?"

Dragging the squealing baboon from under the table, Cheeky buttered the animal's burns, which relieved it of its pain.

From that time Lying Jack fought very shy of a hot stove.

"Well," said Chip, turning over the purchases, "wot yer bought, chum?"

"Sum beef, sum toke, sum butter, sum tea, sum sugar, sum taters an' sum bakin'," replied his pard. "An' I've got a fryin' pan, an' sum canvas for Jack's boots an' pants."

"Wot's dat fur?" inquired Chipper, slicing the bacon, and placing the pan on the stove. "Wot does Jack want wid pants an' boots?"

"I'm goin' ter train him ter perform," grinned Cheek, washing the potatoes. "Yer know it would never do ter show him bare necked ter der ladies."

"Dat's so," laughed Chip. "He ain't a sary-to-ger rowin' man, hey?"

Like all baboons, Jack was hairy to the waist, while his hind limbs were only scantily covered.

About eight o'clock our boys and the monkey sat down to supper.

"Dis is der way ter live," chuckled Chip—"sassy and independent, an' don't care a dern!"

"Yea," grinned Cheek. "Hev sum fried shoe-flies, Chipper?"

His pard laughed at this.

"So yer goin' ter teach Lyin' Jack ter perform, hey?" said Chipper, as they finished their repast. "When yer goin' ter begin?"

"Right away," answered Cheek; "soon's I've made his bloomin' accenterrymints."

"How much?" gasped Chip.

"His bloomin' ole ac-cen-terry-mints—his clothes, an' his wot der actors calls properties," chuckled Cheeky. "We're goin' ter make a fortin' by Lyin' Jack."

"How?" inquired Chip.

"Well," smilingly returned the lad, clearing the table of the food and hoisted Jack on to it, "I kin teach him ter perform, an' when he's well up in der biz we'll rent him out to a circus," adding to Jack, "Come, me bloomin' flower, slew roun' and let me measure yer fur yer centerrymints."

The monkey sulkily submitted. He evidently did not relish clothes, and thought that the measuring operation would lead to them.

After taking his dimensions, Cheek cut out a pair of canvas boots and set Chip to sewing them; then shaping a pair of pants, started to work himself.

As they were stitching they heard a tap on the door.

"Come in!" cried Chip; but the tappist did not reply, so they worked on.

In a few moments more they heard a second tap, whereupon Chip rose, and peeping through the keyhole into the lighted passage, said:

"Who's dere?"

No reply.

"Keant see any one," he observed.

"Oh, skylle!" laughed Cheek; "some feller's foolin'!" adding, in a loud tone: "I'll come out presently an' bust his snoot fur him!"

Chip returned to his work, but no sooner was he seated than the "tap-tap" was once more heard, so he again rose and half opened the door peeped into the passage, then said:

"Nary a soul here, Cheek."

"Come back and tend ter yer work," growled Cheeky, who was very superstitious, afraid of ghosts, etc.

The boys worked until ten o'clock, every now and then hearing the mysterious noise, and getting more and more scared each time.

At length Lying Jack's lower limbs—or rather hind legs—were secured in the canvas shoes, which were tied at the knees, and when that was done, he was installed in his breeches.

"Say," murmured Cheek, "we must put an apron or coat-tail on him behind, or he keant wag his old steering-apparatus!" so they made a swallow-tail, which served as a protection to the gap in the stern of the pants.

Jack didn't like it, and the parrot, which had climbed on to the table, laughed, saying:

"Oh, mother, what a lark!" meanwhile, the "tap, tap" was constantly heard.

Twice our boys glanced out at the door, but the gas had been turned out in the passage, and they could not see the tapper.

"Blest if I like dis," observed Chipper.

"Oh, dern der tappin'!" growled his pard, who was shaking with fear. "Come an' tend der bloomin' monkey. I'm goin' ter teach him ter smoke afore I turns in."

In vain Cheeky coaxed, patted and praised; Lying Jack only bit the pipe in halves, and sat all a squat, with his hands on his knees looking as sulky as a bear at each tap, while Polly laughed and cried:

"Come in, mother!"

Every now and then came the ghostly noise at the door.

"Come, Jack," said Cheek, "come, ole man," but Jack wouldn't come worth a cent, and sat and grinned as though he meant bite.

At length, losing all patience, Cheeky fetched the baboon a slap on the head, saying:

"Dern your ugly mug, smoke, won't yer?" when the monkey snapped at an apple in the boy's



hand and bit it in halves, making a fierce noise, as much as to say:

"Don't you hit me again or I'll bite you next!"

Just then, tap-tap-tap-tap" went the mysterious visitor.

"Gol dern it, devil or ghost," cried Cheeky, "I'm going to know what it is."

Chipper once more opened the door, whereupon Cheeky clenched his right fist and holding the bitten apple in his left, shouted:

"Who der blazes is tappin' at our door?"

To their astonishment, in walked a big, fat goose, which, upon seeing Lying Jack, set up a sturdy hiss.

Chipper glanced merrily at Cheeky, and the latter slyly said:

"Wot a bloomin' ole *ghost*! Ter-morrer's Sunday; we'll hev him fur dinner."

Grabbing him by the neck, they soon fixed it, and were busily engaged in picking the creature.

"Der bogaboe knowed we hadn't bought no ex-tree provisions fur ter-morrer," grinned Chip. "Ain't it bully, Cheek, ter hev yer grub come tappin' at yer door, like dis?"

"Yea," chuckled his pard. "Shove der fadders in a bag, an' put der inside wid dem; den take 'em an' heave 'em inter some one's ash bar'l."

"Why?" asked Chip.

"Well, becos," laughingly answered Cheeky, jerking the pin-feathers out of the bird, "der proprietor of dis bloomin' gewse might come along."

"Then you think it's a tame one?" demanded Chip.

"Do I tink?" merrily returned Cheeky, patting the fat breast of the bird. "Yer don't imagine dat dis gewse flowed down from der sky—hey?"

Chip did as he was directed with the bag, then returned to his room, and our boys went to bed.

"Say, pard," Chip inquired of Cheeky, just as the latter began to snooze; "s'pose der owner ob dat *gewse* comes along, what shall we say—hey?"

"Say," drowsily murmured Cheeky. "Why, tell der bloomin' ghost proprietor ter paste up his mouf."

## CHAPTER VI.

### HOW OUR BOYS SPENT SUNDAY.

"DERE's der gewse," said Chip, as he rubbed his eyes and sat up on the bed, "dere's der *ghost*, Cheek."

"Where did yer tink it was?" drowsily demanded his pard, tickling Lying Jack, who was making a pillow of the boys' bed, and adding: "Did yer imagine it would git up an' vamoose in der night?"

"I dreamed dat der owner called fur it," observed Chipper.

Cheeky chuckled.

The monkey went:

"Chook-chook!" as though joining in the laugh.

"Wot yer grinnin' at?" asked Chipper.

"Der idea ob der bloke gettin' his gewse back," merrily returned Cheeky, springing out of bed. "I'd like ter see him walk in an' ax—have yer seen me ole bird? I'd tell him ter up an' dust."

"But s'pose it's a woman?" suggested Chipper.

Cheek thoughtfully scratched his head, then said:

"Well, dat would be ock-kard, chum, but it ain't a woman; dey don't leave dey're gewses roamin' roun' loose; bet yer it's a man!"

"Bet yer five cents," said Chip.

"Pony up der nickels," laughingly demanded his pard.

"Who's ter hold der stakes?" inquired Cheek.

"Oh, Lyin' Jack!" chuckled Chipper.

Each of them gave Jack a five-cent piece, which the monkey crammed into his mouth-pouches.

"Takes ter stake-holdin' real natural," grinned Chip.

"Yea!" laughed his chum; "we all do dat. Come, Chipper, les' cook der breckfus?"

When the meal was over they heard the church-bells tolling, and Cheeky said:

"I wish I had good togs, I'd go ter church."

"Yer kin hev my best shewt," replied Chipper.

"Der coat an' shirt will fit yer, an' yer kin grease yer hair wid some ob dat butter an' comb it. You'll look's good as any Fif' Avenoon swell."

"What yer goin' ter do, Chip?" inquired the other.

"I'll stay at home an' cook der bloomin' gewse, an' teach Lyin' Jack ter chuck hisself heels ober head," said Chipper.

"Good 'nuf," nodded Cheeky, and soon he was dressed in his pard's shirt and coat and his own cap and pants, and, with his hands in his pockets, was sauntering up-town.

Leaving Chipper to teach the monkey and at-

tend to the dinner, we will follow Cheeky in his attempt to go to church.

Walking leisurely onward, he presently arrived at the open doors of a building into which people were crowding like a swarm of bees.

"Dis yer shebang will suit me," thought the boy, and giving his cap-peak a slant over his left eye, he joined the crowd.

Everybody drew back from him, as though he were a wild beast, and, presently, as he was entering the body of the church, the sexton grabbed him by the shoulder and said:

"Come, out you go!"

"Ain't dis yer a church?" said Cheeky, boldly.

"It ain't no place for the likes of you," quickly replied the man. "Come, dust, or I'll make you."

"I ain't doin' no harm," doggedly answered the boy.

By that time one of the deacons, who had seen Cheeky's entry, and had slipped out in order to fetch a policeman, returned with a copper.

"Come," said the latter, grabbing Cheeky, "out you trot. This church ain't for the likes of you."

Giving himself a shake, the lad freed his coat of their grasp, and, ducking, dashed outside and put for home.

Leaving Cheeky to growl over his failure to get fashionable religion, we will return to Chipper.

Chip wasn't much of a cook, but he knew that if he kept up a good fire and basted the food it would bake O K, so he went out, purchased a bucketful of coal, and soon had the room as hot as a furnace. Opening the windows, he let out the smoke and smell, then placed the goose on a platter, slipped it into the oven of the cook-stove, after which he lighted his pipe and turned his attention to the monkey.

Cheeky had tried pounding the brute, but Chip believed in petting.

Jack liked this, and licked Chip's hands and face by way of expressing his delight, but nothing would induce him to smoke a pipe.

"See here, Jack," cried the boy, who had a firm faith in the monkey's understanding all that was said to him, "see here, me bloomin' chum," saying which he threw a handspring.

To his delight, Jack clumsily imitated him, then sat up, chuckled, and scratched himself.

"Dat's a bully b'y," cried Chipper, renewing his lesson, and soon Jack could do almost as well as his instructor.

Chip was teaching Jack to turn handsprings, and the monkey was chuckling and scratching itself, when a head was thrust in at the door, and a voice exclaimed:

"Mine lively young friend, haf you seen mine *peautiful* goose?"

"Hello, Nosey," cried Chip, springing to his feet, and confronting the speaker, while the parrot flapped its wings, and said:

"Oh, mother, what a lark!"

"Haf yew seen mine lofely goose, mine friend?" demanded the big-nosed man, sniffing suspiciously at the odor that came from the oven. "Mine goose vondered away last night."

"Yer don't say," cried Chipper. "Wot sort of a gewse was it—a he or a she?"

"A he!" snapped the man, giving another sniff.

"Vot you got in dot offen, hey?"

"A *ghost*," grinned the scamp.

"You lie!" cried the man with the big nose. "You lie! So help me Shakob, it's a goose—mine goose!"

"Bet yer a dollar it's a *ghost*," grinned Chip, who had made up his mind to pay for the bird.

"Mine Gott!" shrieked the man, rushing to the stove, and endeavoring to yank the goose out of the hot oven. "Mine Gott, dot's my go-o-o-se."

"Come," roared the boy, who was tickled to death, "you leave our *ghost* alone, Mister Man."

"I von't—I von't!" screamed the fellow, foaming at the mouth like a mad dog. "Gife me mine *peautiful* goose."

"Oh, paste up yer bloomin' ole mouf!" cried Cheeky, swaggering in with his cap-peak over his eye. "Wot yer blowin' at, Nosey?"

"Mine go-o-o-se. Mine lofely go-o-o-se, dot I raise from 'im leetle chicken!" yelled the man; making frantic efforts to yank the hot bird out of the oven. "S'help me Gott, dot goose pelonks to me. Mine name is Abraham Skimmelhorn, und I'm 'an honest man vot don't tell no lies. Oh, mine *peautiful* goose! Good gracious! I purn mine fingers."

With which he turned and caught the grinning Chipper a vicious back-hander on the nose.

"Here, cheese dat!" shouted Cheeky, forcing the man into a chair and preventing Jack from making a dab at him. "If I lets my monkey git a grab on dat paste horn of yours, he'll chaw it off afore yer kin say skight."

"Mine tear young friend," pleaded the man,

"will you gif me mine *peautiful* goose—mine Tommy, vot I hatch out from a leetle shicken?"

"Oh, pooh!" chuckled Cheeky. "Yer kean't stick dat inter us, yer know. If yer had a *chicken* it would never turn into a *gewse*. You know dat we've got a *ghost* for dinner, an' yer want ter beat us outer it. It's too thin, Mister."

"Yer said yer *gewse* was a he, Mister," quietly observed Chip.

"So he vos," moaned the man, tears trickling down his big nose. "He vos a he, an' his name vos Tommy. I vos fattenin' him up to eat after three weeks, and now you haf stole him."

Going to a cupboard, Cheeky produced an egg that he had taken from the inside of the bird.

Addressing the man, he said:

"See here, Mister, dis yer egg cum outer dat *ghost* in der oven. Now ain't dat proof enough dat it ain't your'n?"

"No!" snapped the man. "Dat is Tommy—mine *peautiful* vite goose dot I puy ven he vos a shicken, und feed until he got so cunning dot he used to knock at mine door mit his pill!"

"Oh, pshaw!" grinned Cheeky, "yer never heard of a Tommy laying eggs; besides a *he* bird is a *gander* not a *gewse*. Come, Mister, rise an' dust outer dis?"

"But that's mine goose that's cooking," moaned the man. "Mine *peautiful* goose, s'help me goot nefer, vot's vort seven dollars."

"Oh, rise an' dust!" once more observed Cheeky. "Yer kean't plant your Tommy gewses on to two ob our boys! We're too fly fur dat, Mister. I tell yer dat's a *ghost* dat's roastin' in our oven. It come tappin' at our door last night, an' we tuck him in an' did fur him."

"Dat's mine Tommy, den, s'help me Shakob!" excitedly cried Nosey. "Mine gott—if you don't plank over ten dollars I'll haf you 'rested and put in prison for two young thieves."

"Oh, past up yer mouf," roared Cheeky, letting Lying Jack go; whereupon the gooseman got like a shot.

"Say, Cheek," observed Chip, as he basted the roasting bird, "hadn't yer orter paid der bloomin' ole nosegay?"

"Not no ten dollars," said Cheek, merrily, adding, "tain't his *gewse*."

Just then the door partly opened and the man thrust in his bill, saying:

"Five dollars, my tear poys, dat goose vos vort dat?"

"Oh, paste up yer mouf!" cried the boy pitching a damp rag at the man, which lodged across his nose. "Five dollars be derned."

"I paid dot for him dish mornin', s'help me Shakob," howled Nosey, tearing off the cloth and withdrawing in a hurry, then presently returning, and, in a pleading tone, saying: "Gif me three dollars, mine tears! Mine gott, de goose vort dat."

"Git!" yelled Cheek. "Yer don't play none ob yer Tommy gewses on me," with which he set Jack on to the fellow and soon cleared him out.

"Don't yer tink yer was ray-ther rough on him," grinned Chip, as he spooned the fat over the bird.

Cheek placed his right thumb to the tip of his nose and spread his fingers out, saying:

"Shoo! der bloomin' nosegay's a *fraud*; der *gewse* don't belong to him, hear?"

While they were chatting a timid knock came at the door, and a little old woman entered.

Cheeky motioned Chip to secure the monkey, then, rising, said:

"Well, lady, what can I do fur yew?"

"Excuse me," she began, "but I've lost my goose."

"Yer don't say?" quietly returned the unmoved Cheeky.

"Yes," she continued. "I picked it up cheap in Fulton Market, because it was suffering from some disease!"

Chip looked at his pard and then at the stove, and Cheek inquired:

"What sort of a *disease* did it hev, lady?"

"The goose pip," she replied, adding, "but it's cured now, and is as sassy and chipper a bird as you ever saw."

"Wot d'yer value it at?" asked Cheeky.

"Well," she said, "two dollars would satisfy me."

"Could it lay eggs?" put in Chip.

"Yes," she nodded.

Cheek handed her two dollars and told her about Nosey's visit.

"He's a regular fraud," she exclaimed. "He's a peddler, and lodges in the next room to mine! This morning he heard me inquiring for my bird and said he thought he could find it."

"Scshish!" cried Cheek. "Here he comes."

The old lady hid herself behind the table and Chip held the monkey.

Slowly opening the door, Nosey intruded his beak, then said in a soft, persuasive voice:

"My tear poys, von't you kive me the three



dollars? So help me, Shakob, I pay more'n dem vor it."

"Come in, friend," grinned Cheeky; "les talk it over."

"Say," urged the fellow, "you ain't up to no pleading games, hey?"

"Oh, come in," said Chipper, whereupon Nosey sneaked in, saying "how nice that peautiful goose smells."

"Chip," quietly observed Cheek, "close der door an' put der monkey on guard."

"Vot for? vot for?" demanded the man, but Cheeky would not reply.

When all was secure the little old woman rose, and, shaking her fist at Nosey, said:

"You're a nice sort of a feller, ain't you?" while Cheeky pulled off his Sunday-go-to-meeting coat and began to roll up his sleeves, observing:

"Yer a nice hump-backed, hooked-nosed, crooked-legged, hoss-eyed cuss, ain't yer, ter try ter deceive a poor little orphan boy like me?"

"Oh, mine gott," shrieked the fellow, "let me go."

"Not till we've introduced yer to a derved good pounding," grinned Cheek, sailing in and giving the fellow one on the conk, while his pard held back the monkey, and cried:

"Go it, old chum. Make Tommy lay eggs."

All of a sudden, as Cheeky was batting the peddler's nose, the old woman cried out:

"The goose is burning—quick, boys!"

Cheeky let up on his attention to the fraud, and seizing a cloth, yanked the goose out of the oven, during which process Nosey sloped.

The bird was done to a turn.

"Come, ma'am," politely observed Cheeky, to the old woman. "Won't yer jine us an' take a taste of *ghost*?"

"If you'll let me bring a pot of taters over that I've got boiling on my stove," she replied. "Do you know, boys, you ain't got no vegetables to eat with your bird."

"Blame it, more we have!" laughed Chip. "Dat old hooknose made me forget all about der spuds."

The old lady trotted off and presently returned with a big potful of potatoes, and soon our boys and their guest were polishing the food at the table, beneath which Lying Jack was accommodated with a heaped plate of good solid grub; whereupon he surrendered the nickels in his mouth to Chip, who had won his bet.

The old woman quite took to our boys, [and when the meal was over she told the lads her history.

She was from France, but had married an Italian organ-grinder, who was killed during the war, and whose pension she drew.

"How d'yer make out?" inquired Chip, who knew that she could not live on the pension.

"I rent out hand organs for a big house," she said. "They don't care to have anything to do with the dirty Italians who hire the instruments, so I attend to the business for them. Come over and see my stock."

The boys crossed the hallway and entering the opposite room, in the basement, saw several hand-organs, which were carefully protected with covers.

"Wot d'yer charge a day fur dem ma-chines, lady?" inquired Cheek, who longed to have a grind at one of them.

"All the way from five to fifteen cents an hour," she replied. "You boys have treated me well, now I don't mind doing you a service. I'll rent you a machine on wheels for a dollar a day. If you teach your monkey some tricks you will make a lot of money."

"Wot yer say, chum?" said Cheek, grinning at the prospect.

"I tink it's jes' hunkey," said his pard.

The old lady impressed on them the fact of her being poor, but our boys were wide awake.

The truth was she owned the instruments, and was very well off; they guessed that.

Selecting a handsome organ, mounted on a sort of cart, they paid her a day's money in advance, then dragged the machine over to their room.

At first Jack was awfully scared of the organ, evidently taking it for some new kind of cook-stove; but after a while, when the boys had played several tunes on it, the monkey settled down by the instrument and scratched himself to the music.

Our boys were so delighted with ther new biz that they ground on until Nosey, who lived in the back room behind the old woman's apartment, rapped on the door and said:

"Mine gootness, poys, ven vill you stop?" when they toned down and turned in.

About two o'clock the next morning, Chip awoke and hunted round for a drink, finally opening the door and groping his way to the hydrant in the passage.

As he was returning he thought that he heard a moan proceeding from the old woman's room.

Creeping back to the bed he aroused Cheek, saying:

"Wake up, chum; suthin's wrong wid der ole organ woman."

"Gewse don't agree wid her, hey?" grunted Cheeky, rising and yawning.

Chipper lighted a candle and our boys crept across the passage.

Some one was struggling with the old woman, who was evidently half choked.

Rushing in at the door, the lads beheld two undersized Italians, one of whom was choking the old lady, while the other rifled the place.

Each selected his man.

Cheeky caught the fellow who was ill-treating the woman a ding on the snoot.

Chipper grasped the other about the waist and dropped on top of him.

As soon as she was released, the old girl shook herself and went for the man who had throttled her.

"Good fur yer, ma'am!" cried Cheeky, letting the fellow up.

The Italians drew their knives, and one of them uttered a shrill whistle.

The upper part of the house was inhabited by organ-grinders, harp-players, and other perambulating musicians.

The man who had given the alarm was about to repeat it, when Cheeky lifted him under the ear and stretched him, and, at the same instant, Chipper contrived to knock the senses out of the other robber.

Grasping a bag containing her clothing and money, the old woman cleared out, crying:

"Run! run!"

Our boys, not understanding her warning, merely retired to their own room and secured the door.

Presently, down from the upper floors swarmed the Italians, who, finding their countrymen laid out, proceeded to wreck the old woman's organs, and otherwise raise Cain.

In the midst of the fun the two men came to their senses, and told their countrymen what Cheeky and Chipper had done, whereupon they rushed into the hall, surrounded the door and cried:

"Come out, you young tiefs."

"Nice quiet Sunday, eh?" said Chip. "Though s'pose this is Monday morning?"

"Yea," nodded Cheeky.

"Come out! come out, you ploody young rascals!" yelled the enraged mob.

"Ain't dere no coppers around?" asked Chipper.

"No," grinned Cheeky, "an' if dere was, dey'd tink it was only dem Italians amoosin' themselves."

Luckily for the lads the door was strong.

The noise awoke Lying Jack, who rubbed his eyes, sat up and scratched himself.

"Wot's ter be did?" ejaculated Chipper, as the Italians whispered outside.

"Fight," muttered his pard, breaking a leg off the table and passing it to his chum. "Dey tink de ole woman is in here."

With a demoniacal yell the Italians threw themselves against the door.

Arming himself with the second leg of the table, Cheeky stood ready to resist boarders.

Presently crash came the door, and in poured the savage crowd, all of whom were armed with knives.

Cheek aimed his weapon at the head of the foremost man and dropped him like a bullock.

Chipper selected his man and knocked him silly.

Lying Jack went for a half-naked, fat Italian and made him howl again.

The fight became lively, and in the dark—for Cheeky blew out the candle—knives were used alike on friend and foe.

Jack did fearful execution, and really scored the victory for our boys.

He had a knack of chawing off noses and ears, like an old-time fireman.

After a desperate fight the Italians retreated and the chums struck a light.

The stove was upset, their frying-pan stolen, their table wrecked, and their chairs knocked into kindling.

"Dis is a bloomin' old game, ain't it?" murmured Cheeky, as he glanced around the room. "See," pointing to the organ, "they've busted that."

Upon examination they found that instrument was not damaged internally.

On the floor they discovered eleven long, sharp knives, which they at once appropriated.

"Lyn' Jack was too many for 'em," grinned Chip, as they secured the door and put the monkey on guard. "We ain't goin' ter stay in dis shanty."

At daybreak they trucked out their organ and

started for new diggings in a house inhabited by Germans.

"I don't mind der kraut," whispered Cheeky, as they drove a nail in the wall for the parrot. "Dern dat ole gewse; if we hadn't touched it we should hev bin all O K."

"Gewse never did agree wid me," chuckled Chipper; "it's too fat fur my taste."

They went round and saw the old woman, who was in a half-distracted state.

"Oh, my good gracious," she moaned, "I'm ruined," then rocking her body to and fro, added: "but they didn't get my money."

Cheek winked at Chipper, and having assured the old lady that they would take care of her organ, they started up town with the instrument and Jack.

About eleven o'clock, when playing in a side street above Union Square, an old lady beckoned them to bring Jack into the house.

"Leave your machine outside," she said; "nobody won't touch it."

Our boys entered the basement and followed the lady upstairs.

The place was elegantly furnished.

They were shown into the front parlor, where the mistress of the house seated herself, saying:

"What can your monkey do?"

"Here's a bloomin' lark, Chip," whispered his pard, as he started Jack on the tumble.

"Ain't he lovely?" murmured the lady. "Will you sell him?"

"Wot yer say, Cheek?" whispered Chipper.

"He's wallyable, marm," said Cheeky.

"I'll give you fifty dollars for him," observed the old hag, stroking Jack's hairy arms, "I want a pet. What is his history?"

"Yer'd best write ter P. T. Barnum 'bout dat," grinned Cheeky; "he's takin' ter writing monnies' histories; leastways, so they say. He kin catch lions, tie snakes inter knots, toss bufaloes like base-balls, and do a variety of oder wonderful tings—according ter Barnum;" here he paused and winked at his chum. "He's worth a hundred dollars, lady."

"Well," she sighed, "I'll give you that sum, Jack is so much like my poor, dear, dead husband."

"Yer hubby mus' hev bin real handsome," said Cheek, as gravely as though he was not poking fun at her.

"Oh, he was," she said, counting out the bills. "What do you feed dear—what-do-you-call-him—on?"

"His name is Lyn' Jack," answered Cheek. "We called him dat becos he's such a cuss ter kill cats. He lives on small Italians."

"How?" she gasped.

"Any of dem little fellers yer see playin' der harps or der violin," calmly answered Cheeky, pocketing the money. "Dere's a good supply of dem roun' New York."

"My God!" gasped the lady; "is he a cannibal?"

"How much?" grinned Cheek, who didn't know the meaning of the word.

"Does he eat human flesh?" she moaned.

"Give me back my money!"

"When he gets mad he dew," said Cheeky, adding: "otherwise he likes fruit."

Then turning to his chum, he whispered:

"Come, Chip, let's dust."

Upon reaching the street they found that the organ was gone.

"Where's der ole masheen?" said Cheeky.

"One of dem Italians has hooked it," murmured his chum.

"Kim along, Chip—we'll find it or bust!"

On arriving in Union Square they found a man with their organ, while hanging round, as though they had no connection with the organist, were a dozen scowling Italians.

"Let's git a copper to help us," suggested Chipper.

"Yer wait," chuckled Cheek. "I know what'll lick Italians worse nor a bloomin' cop!"

"Wot?" demanded the other, but Cheek only winked.

Seeing our boys, the Italians drew together and talked angrily.

The organist was standing on the concrete near the fountain.

One of the park-keepers was sprinkling the grass with a hose.

Presently he turned off the tap, and, placing the hose on the grass, went away to get a drink.

It was a blazing hot day and few persons, but the Italians, were in the park.

Whistling "Hold the Fort," Cheeky sauntered up to the hose, seized it and turned it full on to the organist, who dropped his hold of the handle of the instrument and fled; whereupon Chip rushed in and took his place, and Cheeky sent a drenching shower over the scowling Italians, who scooted like deer, yelling:

"Murder! We shall get our deaths!"



Nothing licks an Italian lazzaroni like cold water. It kills their fleas and sets all their other insects kicking.

When the conspirators were out of sight, our boys dried the organ, then toted it down to the lady's house.

"We'll give Lyin' Jack a farewell tune," suggested Chip.

"I feel sorry ter part wid der ole man."

Anchoring before the door, Cheek ground out "Silver Threads Among the Gold," while Chip sang shrilly, making the words up anyhow:

"Mudder, I am bloomin' cold!  
Wot der blazes makes yer scold?  
B'ys will hev der gay larks  
Playin' roun' der city parks.

Mudder, I am bloomin' cold  
Silver threads among the gold,  
Smile on us an' pony up,  
We ain't sellin' yer a pup.

"Where der goodness did yer learn dat?" grinned Cheeky, as his chum paused before beginning a second verse.

"Learn," chuckled Chip. "Why I makes it up as I sing. It's as sensible as the o-riginal, anyhow."

Jack's owner was filling him with bananas, and had already changed his name to Alfonso Montague.

"Come, dear Alfonso Montague," she said, "take another banana."

Just then, Jack heard the well-known sound of his old chum's organ.

His stomach was full, and he also felt full of the devil; so he started round the room on all fours, trying the doors and making frantic efforts to get out.

"Come, dear Alfonso Montague!" she coaxed, as though talking to a baby. "Come, *duckey-wuckey!*"

But the monkey didn't see it in that light. He wanted to rejoin our boys.

Cheeky and Chipper played and sang as hard as they knew how, driving Jack almost wild.

Just as Chip began to yell for the tenth time, "Mudder, I am bloomin' cold," the monkey made a dash at the window, shivering the panes, and, in crawling through, leaving his breeches in the gap.

Springing on to the 'organ, he caught Cheek round the neck, crying:

"*Chook-chook-choo!*"

"Oh, bring him back! Bring back my Alfonso Montague!" screamed the old lady.

Cheek secured the animal with a chain and returned it to its owner; then proceeded up one street and down another until, finally foot-sore and weary, they arrived at their lodgings and settled down to cook supper.

"Say, Cheek," said Chip, "how much hev we made, chum?"

"Twenty-five cents by jerkin' der bloomin' masher," answered his pard. "It don't pay, Chip—dern grindin' moosie!"

"Cheek," merrily observed Chipper, "we've made a little something by Lyin' Jack. S'pose we buy some good clothes an' step roun' among der swells?"

"I'm dere!" merrily assented the scamp. "Clothes does it in dis world. We'll have a hummin' old time!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### OUR BOYS RISE IN THE WORLD.

AFTER breakfasting, our boys started out to purchase clothes, and presently arrived in Chatham street.

Sauntering along, they were soon accosted by a young fellow whose business it was to solicit trade for the clothing store of Abram Combem & Ikes-son, "the well-known merchant tailors."

"Say, boys," he whispered, as though he had just seen the lads pick a pocket, "have you made a strike?"

Cheek winked at Chip, then replied:

"Yer bet we hev. Now, we want a regler, first-class, A1 fit-out. Kin yer tell us where we kin git it?"

"Right in *here*—right straight in *here*," said the young man, grasping Cheek by the arm and running him into the store, the door of which was decorated and draped with suits marked "Cheap," "The Style," "Broadway Cut," etc.

Noticing that Chip hung back, Cheeky signaled him to follow.

"We shall be taken in and done for," thought the boy.

Inside they found a crowd of big-nosed men and women, who, upon seeing our boys, smirked at each other, as much as to say:

Now, we'll *skin* these follers."

They all looked alike, and if the women had whiskers you wouldn't have known them from the men.

Four of these served the customers, one acted as floor-manager, six yanked down clothes, and eight kept the accounts and saw that there was no cheating.

They were so smart that they sometimes took themselves in.

The boss was a venerable nose, who looked like Mother Flannagan's billy-goat.

"This gentleman wants some clothes," said the roper-in, introducing Cheek.

"Yes, ma tear," said the floor-manager; "how mooch do you want to spend?"

"'Bout a thousand dollars," calmly answered the scamp.

"Made a coot pig haul," greasily insinuated the grinning clothier, who bit at once and thought that Chip was some successful young thief, so it would not matter about plundering him.

"I haven't been haulin' pigs!" coolly returned the boy. "I'm a dealer in annemiles!"

"You ton't say?" gasped the fellow. "Here, Vashington," addressing one of the noses, "come and fix dish shentleman's—he takes our N. G. O. coat-size, our D. B. vests, and our P. O. pants!" with which he handed Cheek over to a young fellow with a nose like a yellow cockatoo.

"See," quietly remarked Cheek, as Chipper endeavored to signal him not to buy. "We wants a full rig-out! Under-clothes fust, den I'll talk to you about your no go coats, dern bad vests and played out pants!"

"Oh, s'help me gott," returned the young man, "you make a pig mistake! N. G. O. means new goods ordered—that is, dey isn't slop work. D. B. means decidedly pest, and P. O. means particular ornamental—s'help me gott!" then signaling to a young lady nose, he said: "Martha Vashington, dese shentlemans vants shirts."

"Seuse me!" said Cheeky, turning to the young lady, "but I couldn't let a gal measure me for under-linen. I'm too modest. My ma has brought me up so particular."

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed the girl, who was secretly pleased with his sass. "How big are you round the waist?"

"Well," merrily replied the boy, "in dis ole pair ov pants I'm *considerable*, but I couldn't guess how many inches. Say, wot's yer fightin'-measure, miss?"

She was very fleshy, and quite as bulky as Cheek.

"Come, young feller," she replied, taking down some colored shirts, with cheeks about two to the square mile. "Come, I guess your size is forty or forty-two," mentioning the measure of the shirts before her; "let me pass a tape round your waist."

The firm left the selling of under-garments to the girls, because they could talk the rubbish into the customers.

"Oh, my!" chuckled Cheek, placing his forefinger in his mouth and pretending to be very much shocked. "Oh! I couldn't let you pass a tape roun' me; yer might want ter hug me. Measure Chip fust."

This made all the noses laugh; they thought that they had a nice soft thing on our boys.

"Come then, let me measure you," merrily observed Martha Washington, turning to the amused Chipper, who had hitherto held his tongue. "I won't hurt you, my dear," then, passing the tape about his waist, she was stooping in order to see the exact size, when Chipper fell back on a pile of coats, crying:

"Oh, my *modesty*. I was never so shocked in my life."

The act was so sudden that the plump girl, losing her balance, fell right on top of him, and for some moments was struggling like a newly-caught crab; but finally one of her brothers came to her assistance, and set her on her feet, her mishap causing roars of laughter.

With a chance of selling a thousand dollars' worth of clothes, it did not do for the noses to be very particular, so they wagged their jaws, and the old man said:

"Oh, tam funny, s'help me gott."

When the laughter died away, the fat girl said:

"I got your size anyhow. Now, how many dozen of these shirts would you like?"

"How many, Cheek?" grinned Chip, who felt as though he would die of laughing. "I've got a pain in my stummick. Jes yer give Martha der order."

It was nothing uncommon for successful thieves to spend several hundred dollars in clothes, so the noses jumped at Cheeky's talk, and thought it was all O. K.

"Well," said the wag, as though calculating, "say two dozen each of dese, an' two dozen under-pants, wid under-shirts an' stockings to match."

"Anything else?" said the girl, smiling at Cheeky.

"Ye-a," he gravely answered. "Yer can sling in six silk ties—red and green—an' some snowt-rags."

"Now!" gasped the girl, pausing in penciling the order; "what did you say last, mister?"

"Snowt-rags," calmly answered the boy, adding, "we're gentlemen; we wants ter use nose-wipes."

"Now for your suits," said the floor-manager. "This way, captains," with which he introduced our boys to a nose with a bristly mustache and a soft, oily voice.

"You vant a morning suit and an afternoon suit, ma tears," said the salesman, as Cheeky flashed his roll of money. "Just try this on, ma tear," helping him into a slop suit.

Our boys liked the fun, and tried on garment after garment, finally nodding when pressed to take six of the "darndest cut things," as Chip termed them, that ever came out of Chatham street.

Every now and then Cheeky would flash his money in their faces, and each time they smacked their lips and whispered among themselves:

"Say, won't we pleed the young fools?"

All the things our boys had selected were piled on a separate counter, and there was a big heap of them.

"Von't you puy a gold vatch an' shain?" said the floor-manager, after the lads had agreed to take rubber suits and a lot of fancy dresses, hauled in from a costumer's, next door.

"Vot yer say, Chip?" said Cheeky. "Shall we buy a few cold watches?" Then, turning to the man, gravely inquired, "Say, Mr. Noses, what d'yer charge for hot uns?"

"Oh, mine gott, you must haf you're leetle shoke," laughed the man. "Come across the street to our shewelry department. I'll fit you vit a vatch and a diamond ring."

This was just the slant that Cheeky required.

He had no intention of taking or paying for any of the clothes.

"Come, mine tear young frien," said the man, hooking his arm into Cheek's right and running him out of the store. "Come and see our shewelry department."

Once outside Cheeky hung back, saying:

"Look a-hea, mister, guess I'll change my mind."

"Don' vant no vatches? All right, then," said the fellow, as sweet as you please. "Come back an' pay for vot you've pought."

"No, guess I've changed my mind 'bout that too," calmly answered Cheeky. "Yer keant stick yer dern rubbish inter our boys."

"Vot!" shrieked the fellow. "You *von't* take um?"

"I guess not ter-day, mister," grinned Cheek. "Good-mornin'. Love ter Martha Washington," with which they shook him off and started toward Broadway.

In vain the man begged, prayed and threatened.

"You pought de clothes," he yelled. "Mine gott, you pought 'em!" with which he made a final grab at Cheeky.

"Oh, paste up your derned mouf," cried the boy, fetching him a back-handed wipe and landing him in the gutter. "Go back an' stick yer N. G. O. coats, yer D. B. vests an' yer P. O. pants inter some drunken sailor; but don't yer try ter play dem on our boys."

"Mine gott," groaned the man, as he picked himself up. "If I'd haf knowed who you vos I'd ha' seen you funder before I showed you dem coats. I hafent had such a shock since I left Hengland."

When he had reached the store he called in the man who had introduced the lads, and, after relating how Cheeky and Chipper had sold him, closed the door and fell upon the touter, all the noses joining in.

Unfortunately for them their victim was a prize-fighter out of luck.

Grabbing two of them by their beaks he rammed their heads together, until they howled again, then let drive right and left, waltzing the male noses round the place and sending the females into kicking hysterics.

"Blame yer," he panted, as, with a final blow, he landed the floor-manager on top of the prostrate Martha Washington. "I'm derned glad yer was fooled by two ob our boys. Serves yer right. I knows dem chaps—dem's Cheeky and Chipper. Yer couldn't play none ob yer Hinglish games on dem;" with which he demanded his pay and sloped; the noses rubbing their battered organs and cursing him in seven elaborate languages.

Even the smartest folks sometimes get sold.

"Now, Cheek, where shall we go fur our clothes?" inquired Chip, as they entered Broadway.

"*Per-am-ber-latin*," said his pard.



Cheeky was smart and meant to have the worth of his money.

Entering a big clothing emporium, he bought two neat suits. This cost them fifty dollars; but the clothes were good and well made.

At another place they purchased shirts and under linen to the tune of twenty-five dollars; then, returning home, had a scrub, combed their hair, slapped on some oil, and, dressing themselves, looked real elegant.

"Now, what yer goin' ter do?" asked Chipper.

"Buy a newspaper an' answer der advertisements," said his chum.

Making their way to a news-stand, they purchased a *Herald*, and, while Chip cooked the dinner, Cheeky read the ads.

"Hello!" he cried; "here's somethin' fur us, Chipper. Listen" (reading from personals): "The two boys, who sold the monkey to the lady, are earnestly requested to come and take it away. They can have it."

"Guess Jack has raised Cain," grinned Chip, turning the meat in the pan. "See anything in our line, ole son?"

"Two young men required to learn pher-togger-y; apply at once, Crinkum's stewjeo, Bowery," read Cheeky.

"Les go," urged his pard. "We kin hev a good time nights. If we kin learn to take pictures we kin travel round der country an' make a fortin'."

"Yer on der make, Chip," said his pard. "Well, I tink yer idee is good. What a bloomin' lark we could hev if we did as yer said. Cheeky and Chipper, fer-togger-y-fers—well, who knows."

After eating dinner, they walked up to Crinkum's and found the proprietor hard at it taking pictures.

"I shall want you to work six months for nothing," said the artist. "In that time I'll teach you all about the biz, and, if you're worth anything, can give you good employment."

"What yer say, pard?" said Cheeky, "shall we invest?"

"I'm willin'," said Chipper, who was smart as a rat and saw that the business paid. "Count me in."

Crinkum's wasn't a swell photographer, the principal customers being poor Germans and Bowery boys, but he did a good stroke of business.

"Come to-morrow," said the man. "Excuse me, I have sitters waiting for me."

Our boys withdrew and walked up town to the old lady who had bought Jack.

They found the windows smashed and a heap of furniture chips piled on the green sward in front of the basement window.

Being well-dressed, the lads were at once admitted to the house and shown into the parlor, which apartment looked as though it had been shattered by an earthquake.

"Excuse the muss," said the girl who attended the door; "it's madam's monkey who's done this," adding, as Cheeky winked at Chip: "Where's your cards?"

"How?" they exclaimed.

"Your cards," she repeated, in a choking fashion.

"Oh," calmly answered Cheeky, "I savvy;" with which he dived into his pocket and fished out a greasy euchre pack and, selecting the two bowers, said:

"Der right bower is my keard, my dear, and der left's Chip's."

"How?" ejaculated the girl. "Ain't you foolin'?"

"Not sich a sweet little duck as yer are, Mary," grinned the scamp. "It's all hunk. Tell der ole gal dat der right and left bower wants to see her."

The convulsed girl rushed off, and presently our boys heard her laughing on the floor above.

In a few minutes down she came, saying:

"The lady wants to know your business."

"Tell her we've come about the advertisement," said Cheeky. "We're der late proprietors of Lyin' Jack, der monkey."

"Oh, that creature!" exclaimed the laughing girl. "It has knocked Mrs. Guminedge about and danced on her, and now it's up in the attic emptying the feathers out of a spare bed."

"Yer jes' tell her dat Cheeky and Chipper hev called," said the boy. "We've come ter relieve her of her monk."

In a short time the old lady came, groaning, down the stairs.

"Oh," she moaned, on seeing our boys. "You ain't them young rowdies who sold Alfonzo Montague to me?"

"No," calmly answered Cheeky; "we're Fifth avenue swells."

"I see," she spitefully observed, recognizing the voice, "you've been spending my money on clothes."

"Don't yer think we look han'some?" sassed Cheeky, adding: "Seuse our keards, Miss

Guminedge. We're goin' ter buy a new deck ter-night."

"I want you to take your nasty brute of a monkey away," she said. "He's done a thousand dollars' worth of damage."

"Dat ain't our fault," said Chipper.

"Did yer give him der small Italian I told yer 'bout?" inquired Cheeky.

"I don't want any sass," said Mrs. Guminedge. "Just you go up-stairs, secure that animal, and clear out of my house! I thought Alfonzo Montague would be a nice pet, but he's gone back on me. This morning, when I tried to soothe him with a banana, he knocked me down, and danced a hornpipe on my stummick."

"That was rough on him," grinned Chip.

"Who spoke to you?" snapped the old lady.

"He's my pard, ma'am," said Cheeky. "He's got a right ter hev a say. Well, we'll take Jack away."

"And give me back my money?" she asked.

"Lady," calmly asked Cheeky, advancing towards her, "d'yer see any green in my eye?"

"No," she faltered.

"Oh, I tort yer *did*," he said.

"Well, but you can sell him again," she pleaded.

"See what damage he has done."

"Yer shouldn't ha' bin such a duffer as ter make a pet ov Lyin' Jack," laughingly observed Cheeky. "If yer'd bin a man, instead ov dancin' on yer stummick, he'd ha' chawed yer ear off."

"Well, take him!" she cried.

They found Jack in the attic, busily engaged in smashing a set of china he had yanked out of a box, while the floor was ankle deep in feathers that he had turned out of the bed.

"Well, me bloomin' sprig!" cried Cheeky; but at first, not knowing them in swell clothes, the monkey would not go near them.

After awhile they chained him and led him out of the house.

"Good-bye, Alfonso Montague," said the old lady, coming out on the sidewalk. "Let me pat you;" but Jack would not allow her to touch him.

"How are we goin' ter git him home?" inquired Chip.

"Why, walk him down Broadway!" grinned Cheeky. "Der folks will tink we're two swells doin' it for a wager;" so, starting the monkey ahead, they linked arms and walked into Broadway.

It did not take long to collect a crowd, and soon they had a thousand people following them.

"Here—what's this?" said a policeman, but seeing that our boys were well dressed, he toned down and asked:

"What are you young gentlemen doing this for?"

"Oh, Christopher!" murmured Chip. "Yesterday we were common street boys!" while Cheeky took the cop aside and whispered:

"We're young English lords doin' dis fur a wager fur a million dollars wid James Gordon Bennett, sir;" then, hooking his arm into Chip's, walked on.

"Wot a bloomin' lark!" chuckled Cheeky as they came to A. T. Stewart's up-town store. "Le's go in an' buy Jack a pair ov suspenders; his pants is coming down."

"I'm game!" laughed his chum.

In they went, and were immediately confronted by a floor superintendent, who requested them to withdraw—meanwhile the doors on Broadway were besieged by a crowd of lively boys and inquisitive women.

"Couldn't you sell our monkey a pair ov suspenders?" demanded Cheeky. "His pantalettes is so loose dat I'm 'fraid dey'll come down an' den der ladies will be scart!"

"We d.n't deal with monkeys!" returned the shopman. "If you will not leave quietly I shall be compelled to send for an officer to put you out!"

"Where's der boss—Stewart?" inquired Cheeky.

"He's dead!" answered the man.

"Yer don't say!" observed the scamp—who knew all about it. "He's dead, is he? Well, who's running der masheen now?"

By that time all the customers had deserted the other parts of the store, and were crowding round our boys.

"Say," once more inquired Cheeky, "now der boss is dead who's running der ole masheen?"

"Here, you get out of this!" angrily returned the man. "If you want anything come without your monkey."

"Well—I want'er know!" said the boy, turning to his chum. "Since der ole man died dey're got so uppish in dis store, dat dey can't sell a monkey a pair ov suspenders! Come along, Jack," jerking the animal's chain. "Come along, Chip," with which he made his way through the laugh-

ing crowd, walked out of the Fourth avenue side of the building, and proceeded down town.

On arriving at the Cooper Institute, Cheeky wanted to take the monkey in and show him round, but Chipper said:

"No, ole man—Peter Cooper is a good frien' ter poor folks—don't hev no bloomin' larks in dere!" so they again turned into Broadway.

By that time the merchants and clerks were beginning to move up town, and everybody paused in order to stare at our boys.

Cheeky wore light pants, a cut-away coat—vest to match—a loud-patterned shirt, and a red tie, while his head was surmounted by a college hat.

Chip was dressed in a light gray suit with a green tie, and wore a shirt and hat like his pard.

About Canal street the crowd became so dense that the lads could neither move backward nor forward.

"Make way, dern yer," growled Cheeky, who was getting as mad as a hornet, with which he struck out right and left, and Chipper following his example, they soon cleared themselves; meanwhile they let Jack look after his own affairs, trusting him to follow them.

As soon as they were free of the mob, Chip said:

"Where's Lyin' Jack?"

Just then a terrible yell came from a fruit stall situated on the corner of Broadway and Canal, and turning they beheld the monkey on the counter, his cheek-pouches distended with peaches which he had stolen, and with a jar of candy tucked under each arm.

He evidently meant fight, as his mouth was savagely agape and his eyes flashed angrily.

So did those of the old woman who ran the stall. Seizing a rousing big umbrella she caught Jack

a sounder on the snoot, then gave him one, two, ding-dong, on the chops.

The monkey kicked out, scattering the fruit right and left.

"Rah!" shouted the crowd—closing round.

Jack made a charge at the woman, but received such a slugging with the gingham, that he backed to the fire-alarm-telegraph pole and began to climb it, when the old girl made at him again and gave him such a rouser, that he dropped the jars of candy and grabbed the umbrella by the ferrule.

"Rah—h!" went the delighted crowd, while our boys, who had mounted a wagon, standing in front of a dry goods store, wisely remained silent.

"Wuff—wuff!" went the monkey.

"Shoo—ye—devil av hill!" shrieked the fruit-woman, tugging at the umbrella handle.

For ten minutes it was nip and tuck with them, but, finally, the woman's daughter, a red-headed girl of sixteen, sailed into the room with a broom-handle and compelled Jack to let go his hold; after which mother and child waltzed round Jack and gave him Hail Columbia.

Finding that he was getting the worst of it, Lying Jack scrambled up the pole and, when about half way, paused, and grinned at his tormentors in a way that made the crowd "haw-haw" and the old woman swear like a soldier.

It was exceedingly comical to see the monkey, who evidently meant sass.

At this moment, when everybody was laughing, a policeman arrived upon the scene.

He was a big bully of a fellow, with a smudge of beard on the under side of his lower lip which stuck out like a billy goat's.

"Rist dat monkey!" screamed the fruit-woman.

"Come down!" shouted the copper, shaking his staff at the animal; but Jack only grinned more comically than before.

This made the crowd laugh worse than ever.

"Shin up after him, yer big galoot," shouted one.

"Now's yer chance ter distinguish yerself," cried another.

"Go it, ole fat belly," roared a third.

The copper looked as mad as a wild-cat.

Glancing up at the monkey, he said:

"Shoo! come down."

Jack's mouth pouches were full of peach-pits, and as the copper shook his fist at him, the critter gaped and spat the slimy pits all over the man's face; then, chuckling like a human being, climbed the balance of the pole, and began to walk along the wires.

"Come," whispered Cheeky to his pard, "les' dust outer dis. He'll see us presently an' come down."

But Jack was on the perambulation, and did not seem to care about rejoining his chums.

The crowd followed, yelling and hooting, at which the monkey took not the slightest notice.

As they straggled down the sidewalk he every now and then paused, in order to scratch himself, but never so much as once winked at the mob.

On arriving at Chambers street, Jack concluded



to quit Broadway, so, taking the right hand wires, he changed his route.

About half-way down Chambers street he saw a branch wire, which led up on to the roof of a hoop-skirt factory, where upwards of a thousand girls were employed.

It was just about knock-off time, and the girls were changing their costume and washing their hands preparatory to quitting the building.

Every door, window and scuttle of the factory was open in order to catch the breeze, so Jack had no difficulty in finding his way into the place.

Entering by a roof-scuttle, he descended to the top-floor, where a number of girls were changing their factory dress for their out-door garments.

"Oh, wa-houp!" they cried, rushing to the window, and screaming at the top of their voices. "Help! help! The devil's up here! Fire fire! fire!"

Uttering a cry, the monkey proceeded to the floor below, where, taking him for a dwarf who used to sell peaches to them, the factory girls seized sticks and anything handy and went for him.

Most of them were undressed, so they felt mad at his intrusion.

For a while he caught it hot and heavy, but presently he dived among their feet, and contrived to climb up on to a cross-beam, where he unbuttoned the belt of his now tattered pants and dropped them among the gaping girls.

"Oh, my gracious!" they shrieked, "he's stripping his clothes off!" then made for the door in a body, while the monkey, freed from his garment, sat and enjoyed a prolonged scratch.

Just then our boys ascended the stairs.

"Ough!" gasped the girls, whom they encountered on the steps. "There's a horrid, nasty man on the fourth floor, and he's pulled off his pants—ough!"

"We'll save yer!" gallantly responded Cheeky. "Put yer trust in us, gals; we'll catch der bloomin' cuss fur yer."

The girls took to our boys right away, and followed them up to the floor.

Entering, Cheeky and Chipper closed the door upon the ladies, then coaxed Jack to descend.

Taking a bag they found on the floor, they drew it over the monkey, and, before Jack knew it, he was slung over Cheeky's shoulder.

Somebody had sounded the alarm, and as the boys emerged upon the street, a fire-engine and hose-reel dashed up, followed by an excited crowd.

"Wot a bloomin' lark!" said Chip, as they quietly walked across Broadway.

Upon arriving at their room they tumbled Jack out, and set to work preparing supper.

"Say, Chip," observed his pard, who left the cooking to Chipper, "s'pose yer go out an' buy some fresh eggs—I feel like eatin'."

Chip trotted off, and Cheeky opened the window and seated himself like a lord.

Just then a boot-black—a boy named Nipper—went by, and seeing Cheeky's fine clothes and dusty boots, and, in the half-light, not recognizing his features, said:

"Black yer boots, boss? Gib yer a shine?"

"Josh!" grinned Cheeky, "ain't it bully to be well dressed?" then nodding to the boy, added, "come in, bubby, an' give me butes a lick."

As the boot-black entered, Cheeky rose, held his cigar between his fingers, and puffed out the smoke from his cheeks and said:

"Well, me bleeding young Nipper, how yer gettin' 'long, hey?"

"Why, Cheek, I didn't know yer!" said the boy.

"No," chuckled Cheeky. "Oh, yer should see me bloomin' pard."

"Who yer bin robbin'?" demanded the lad, perfectly astonished with Cheeky's magnificence.

"Nobody!" returned the latter, placing his foot on the boot-blackening apparatus and bidding Nip "Shine away."

As the boy finished, Chip entered with the eggs.

"Wot!" he cried to Cheek, "havin' yer bloomin' boots blacked? Well, ef yer ain't goin' in for luxuries!"

Nipper fixed our boys, and after admiring Jack, said:

"Is dis der cuss dat played ole Sam wid Miss McFadden's fruit-stan' on Broadway dis afternoon?"

Cheek nodded, then inquired:

"What about it, bubby?"

"Well, der ole woman has got a sick husban' ter keep, an' keant afford ter lose der wally ob dem peaches," said the boy. "If yer've made a lift yer orter pay her for der damage done by yer anermile."

"That's so!" whispered Chip.

Our boys were good fellows, and though fond

of a joke would not allow any one to suffer through them.

"Stay an' take sum hash, Nip," said Cheek. "When we've filled up our bilers we'll go an' see der ole duck. I tell yer she wired into Lyin' Jack like a little man. She's a bully ole gal, she is."

There was nothing mean about our boys.

When the meal was over they secured Jack to the leg of the table, and started out, Nipper piloting the way to Mrs. McFadden's.

Cheeky didn't tell the old girl that the monkey was his, but asked how much damage had been done.

"Two dollars an' forty cints," growled the woman. "An' may the devil fly away wid de owner av the baste," a remark that made Nipper laugh.

Lighting their cigars, our boys strolled round to see New York by gaslight.

In our next we will give some more of the adventures of Cheeky and Chipper.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FUN IN A PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, ETC.

THE next morning our boys started for Crinkum's portrait gallery.

"Chip," whispered Cheek, as they neared the place, "no bloomin' larks wid ole Crink, hear?"

"All serene!" answered his pard. "I see yer wants to learn der biz."

Cheeky nodded, saying:

"Yer've got it ter a fly-dot, chum. Once we knows how to take pictures, we kin make our bloomin' fortunes."

Crinkum welcomed them, and set the lads to work right away, keeping them at polishing glasses and other duties usually performed by beginners, the lads taking to it readily and proving smart and quick.

One day the boss said to Cheek:

"Look here, my son, I'm going to put you in the operating-room."

"Bully for you!" thought Cheeky.

"I've an order from my club to make a lot of political pictures," continued the man, "and I want some one in the skylight who can keep the crowd quiet."

"Let Chip help me," said Cheeky.

"I shall afterwards require you in the dark room to help bathe the negatives," observed the boss. "You see, when I take the frame from the camera, the folks are sometimes so anxious to have a peep at themselves that they rush after me into the fixing-room—now I want you boys to stop this!"

"We'll lift der bloomin' ears off fur dem ef yer gives der word," grinned the lad. "Say, boss, I've got a monkey home—he's a heeler ter fight; shall I bring him along?"

"If he won't raise Cain and smash things," answered the photographer.

"Oh, he's real good," chuckled Cheeky.

"Bring him round then," said the man, and presently Chip fetched in Lying Jack.

About noon, forty-odd rough-looking bummers, headed by Alderman Rumtum, a fat old politician, rushed up the stairway leading to Crinkum's gallery.

The photographer trembled for his pictures.

The roughs overturned his scenery, smoked and spat like a lot of wild Indians, and otherwise amused themselves.

When he remonstrated with them, they told him to bag his head and pull down his vest.

It was with great difficulty that he succeeded in getting them to group for a picture.

Just as he fixed it and capped the glass, one of the rowdies hit him in the eye with an apple, and it was only by dodging that he escaped into the dark room.

They all wanted a "look" at the picture, so rushing after him, they endeavored to open the door.

As they were knocking on the panels and shouting, Cheek shoved his head out of a curtained hole, over the entrance, saying:

"Wot's der bloomin' row, hey?"

"Who de blazes are you, any how?" demanded the roughs. "We wants to see our picturs."

"Oh—paste up your moufs?" grinned Cheek.

"Yer tink we can turn out photo-gruffs by mar-sheenery, besides yer so cussed homely, all of yer, dat yer've cracked one ob der plates;" then noticing an old acquaintance, who wore a white tie, Cheeky winked and nodded at him, observing: "I say—Chawley, yer looks well in a white tie!"

This turned the tables for awhile, and the roughs began to grab at the man and to shout:

"Chawley—yer looks well in a white tie!"

Charley wished that he had not put on a white tie.

They tore it off, tossed it around, and hustled him about, saying:

"Chawley—yer looks awful nice in a white tie, yer does!" until he was forced to retreat. Meanwhile Cheeky kept his eye on the crowd, which was evidently ripe for mischief.

"Come," they shouted, "trot out them pictures!"

"In one minute," cried the photographer.

When the negative was ready, Cheeky withdrew his head from the curtained hole, and, opening the door, started Jack ahead of him.

At the sight of the monkey the roughs drew back.

"Who's that?" said one.

"It's a Chinaman!" said another.

"Yer'll see in a minute!" grinned Cheeky.

"Where's our blarsted pictures?" growled a third.

"We don't make no blarsted pictures here!" answered Cheek, placing the negative on a black background so as to show it.

"You've got too much cheek!" said Alderman Rumtum.

"Yer've got too much stummick, boss," calmly returned the scamp, alluding to the alderman's fat body. "Gol derned ef yer don't look bloomin' in a white tie!"

"Why, alderman, you've got one on," shouted a bully they called Snoozer Muggins, making a grab at the fat man's neck, and securing the trophy.

Some of the boys sided with the alderman, and others with Muggins, and it looked like a muss.

"Say," shouted Cheeky, "do you like dis photergruff, hey?"

"Yes, bully!" they cried, beginning to plunder the pictures off the walls.

"Go fur 'em, Jack," said Chipper, who had hitherto remained silent.

The monkey cocked his tail, set back the hair off its forehead, and rushed in.

Down-stairs they tore, in a crowd, Jack biting first at one and then at another.

The only one left was Alderman Rumtum, who shook in his pants and piteously begged our boys to save him.

"Go right in dere along wid de boss," said Chip, who had enjoyed the retreat of the crowd.

The alderman slipped into the dark room and closed the door.

Crinkum and a boy were bathing some pictures—that is, they were poking about in a sort of sink, filled with what the alderman took for water.

"Nice rough crowd you brought with you," grumbled Crinkum. "I don't want no more of such custom. Hear?"

"My lord," ejaculated the man, looking round, "can I wash up?"

"Yes," snapped the photographer, adding: "the next time I agree to take a group of Bowery roughs it will do you good, Mr. Alderman," with which he slipped out, taking his assistant with him.

By that time Cheek had secured the monkey, and the rowdies had reached the street.

"Cheek," said Chipper, "s'pose I take Lyin' Jack home?"

"Wait a minute," grinned his pard, winking at Mr. Crinkum. "Say, boss, won't yer take der ole man's pictur'?"

"Yes," smilingly replied the photographer, and in a few moments the monkey was seated in a chair and the camera was pointed at him.

"Go into de operatin'-room," whispered Cheek to his chum. "Dere's a pipe in dere ob mine. Jerk it out."

On entering the darkened apartment, Chip beheld the alderman washing his face in the sensitive bath stuff, which looks white, but will, if applied to the skin, gradually turn it a deep brown.

The boys saw the joke at once, and, having secured the pipe, returned, chuckling, to the skylight.

"Wot yer laffin' at, Chip?" demanded Cheek.

"Yer know dat sensitive bath," grinned the boy. "Well, der alderman has bin an' washed his face in it."

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared Crinkum. "Why, though it don't show at first, it stains like ink; he'll be black when he exposes himself to the sun."

"Serve him right," said Cheek. "He's a loafer. Say, Chip, didn't he look well in dat white tie?"

"Yer bet he did," winked his pard. "Yer looks well in a white tie, Cheek."

The monkey's portrait was a success, and when it was secured, Cheeky observed:

"I'm goin' ter change Jack's name."

"Wot for?" demanded Chip, glancing at him inquiringly. "Ain't Lyin' Jack good enough?"

"No, it's played," grinned Cheek. "I'm goin' ter call him Jack on der Jingle—ter hev a pictur"



taken ov him on a jumpin' hoss as big as a house, wid a lot ov dwarfs lookin' on."

"Oh, dat will be a darned *humbug*," said Chip. "Yer kean't stuff der by's wid a forty foot hoss, not even Barnum kin do dat."

"Anyhow, I'm goin' to alter Lyin' Jack's name," said Cheek, with a knowing wink. "Ef yer tink Jack on der Jingle is *humbug*, we'll call him Jinglyng Jack, or, ef yer'd like ter copy from der *English*, call him Billy Barlow, arter dat song yer've heard dem fakers sing at Castle Garden, don't yer know?" with which he sang:

"Oh, young Lunnon gemmen,  
How do yer do?

I'm here before you, wid  
One boot an' one shoe;  
I don't know how it is, but  
Somehow 'tis so.  
Now isn't dis hard upon  
Billy Barlow?

Oh, dear, raggetty, oh,  
Now isn't dis hard upon Billy Barlow?"

"I remember dat *howl*," said Chip. "For gracious sake don't jerk any more ov it? It makes me sick in der stummick."

Just then the alderman came out of the room, saying:

"Can either of you boys get me a towel?"

"Step right inter der skylight-room, boss," calmly replied Cheeky. "I'll fetch yer a wipe," then winking at his pard, he took the frame containing Jack's picture and carried it into the developing-room.

In a few moments Mr. Crinkum returned from below, whither he had been summoned soon after securing Jack's portrait. Seeing the alderman, he said:

"Excuse me, but I must go up-town. If you would like a cabinet-sized picture, my assistant will take you."

"I'd like a towel," said the politician; "that water in your sink stings and burns my face and hands."

The photographer cleared out, leaving our boys to attend to the alderman.

In a short time the hands and face of the latter began to turn a deep brown.

"Good land!" he ejaculated, "I'm mortifying!"

"Don't worry yourself, boss," coolly observed Cheeky, coming out of the dark room, "yer all O. K.; it's der fertoggerfy coming out. Yer'll be all serene if yer sets in der sun awhile."

"Shall I?" nervously returned Rumtum. "Do you often see such cases?"

"Yea," nodded the scamp; "Henry Ward Beecher came here one day last week, an' after he was photo-gruffed, everybody took him fur der debbil, but der ole man came out all right in a little time, though fur awhile things did look dark wid him."

The alderman seated himself in the sunlight, then, turning to Chip, said:

"Fetch me a white tie."

"I ain't yer nigger," sassed the boy. "Don't yer know how ter say, if yer please, Chipper?"

"If you please, Chipper," said the now rapidly coloring man.

Chip went to the nearest dry-goods store and purchased the article required. Meanwhile the sun had affected the stuff upon the politician's face and hands, and had turned them a deep brown color.

Our boys enjoyed the lark of dyeing an alderman.

Returning to the gallery, Chip handed the man his tie, and, as he put it on, said:

"Would yer like ter look in der glass?"

"I would, my son," replied Rumtum.

Chipper nodded to his pard, upon which the latter went into the ladies' dressing-room, and brought a mirror, which he held before the astonished gaze of the alderman.

"My good gracious! My land alive! Jumping Jerusalem!" ejaculated the fat man. "I'll be cussed if ever I have my pictur' taken again. My Lord, the photography has turned me into a blarsted nigger."

"It's your foul langvidge," returned Cheeky. "A nigger, as yer calls our colored citizens, ain't no more blarsted den yer are, hear?"

"Oh, I'm ruined! My Lor, I'm done for," moaned the alderman. "How can I get this gol dern stuff off?"

Cheeky winked at Chip, then said:

"Guess yer'll hev ter be *scraped*!"

"Scraped?" roared the politician.

"Yea!" coolly replied the scamp. "Eider scraped or rubbed ober wid emery paper."

The alderman thought for awhile, then, catching Chip laughing, sprang to his feet and made for the boy, crying:

"You young rascal, this is a trick of yours. I'll whip you into jam," when Cheeky shoved his fist under the man's nose, saying:

"Yer jes' stop. Dat's my pard, hear?" whereupon Rumtum gave him a left-hander from the shoulder and knocked him clean through the glass side of the room on to the roof of the house. This act aroused the monkey, who had been hiding in a corner, and springing out he froze on to the alderman, while Chip sailed in with a stick, crying:

"Dern yer, hit my pard, hey? I'll knock silver currency outer yer, yer pig."

Finding that he was getting the worst of it, Rumtum took to his heels, followed by Jack, Chip and Cheek, the latter having escaped with only a few scratches.

Fat as he was, the alderman "got" faster than our boys, and reached the street a minute ahead of them, while Jack, in endeavoring to run down the banisters, had got his chain jammed hard and fast.

The alderman's carriage was at the door, and his coachman, a big, sturdy Irishman, was standing on the sidewalk.

Giving a hop and a skip the politician landed in the vehicle, but was immediately yanked out by the driver, who, during his master's absence, had been sucking down benzine at a neighboring gin mill.

Cheeky and Chipper arrived on the street just as the Irishman landed his employer on the pavement.

"Mick," roared the alderman, "are you drunk? Don't yer know me? I'm your boss."

"Oh, kiss me hand," snarled Mick. "Do yez take me for a fool, ye dirty naygur. Begorra, an' it's come to something wan a crayter av yez breed wants to ride in me master's kerridge."

"Right yer are, Mick," cried Cheeky.

"Yer head's level," observed Chip. "He's an impostor."

"Oh, now, boys," pleaded Rumtum. "This ain't no joke. Just tell him who I am."

"Who is he, anyhow?" demanded the coachman, grabbing Cheeky by the shoulder.

The scamp took Mick aside, then whispered:

"Boss, he's a crazy barber from Baltimore. Fancies dat he's Alderman Rumtum, savvy? Let him get into der kerridge, den drive him ter der police-station an' hev him secured. He's dangerous."

While he was saying this the politician had re-entered the vehicle.

"It's all right, boss," grinned Chip, who had overheard what his chum had said. "Yer coachman is drunk, but Cheeky has fixed him."

"Oh, go to blazes!" snarled the alderman, who was hopping mad. "Tell Crinkum that I won't recommend any more custom to him."

"Boss," sassed the scamp, "yer looks well in a white tie."

The politician uttered an oath and the coachman touched up his horses, then drove him to the City Hall, where, in spite of his pleading, he was locked up as a drunk and disorderly colored man, Cheeky and Chipper looking on and enjoying his rage.

After that Crinkum had no more political portraits to take, and he was so well pleased, for the bums drove away other custom, that he gave our boys special lessons, and they rapidly learned the art of photography.

The alderman was released that night, and a chemist gave him some stuff that restored his skin to its proper color.

One day, Cheeky was standing in front of the studio, when a man, driving a water-barrel, went past, and seeing the boy, jerked the valve and drenched him to the skin.

"Here, say!" cried Cheek, glancing up: "Wot's yer bloomin' little game, hey?" when he noticed that the driver was Mick, the man who had been coachman to Alderman Rumtum.

"Be gob, I've had me revinge on yez!" grinned the fellow, securing the valve. "Yez got me sacked from de alderman's."

"Oh, paste up yer mouf!" said the boy; "yer've only given me a shower bath." But he kept his eye on Mick.

The next morning our boys got round to their work early, and found Mick's water-barrel standing near the door of the picture-gallery; the man being absent taking his morning dram.

Mounting up on his driving-seat, Cheek started the horse, and Chip jerked the valve, letting the water fly at full speed.

They drove on, turning out of the Bowery and halting in a quiet side street, which they watered from end to end, then, halting, unscrewed the distributing pipe, plugged the hole with rags, and re-screwing the sprinkler, walked off.

Presently Mick hove in sight, mad as a cat.

Springing up to the driving-seat he lashed the horse and started for the nearest hydrant to fill up the barrel.

Cheeky and Chipper walked round to Crinkum's, and taking their places at the front window, awaited developments.

Presently Mick came driving up the Bowery, swearing visibly.

Just as he arrived opposite the boys, his boss shouted to him:

"Late again, Mick! If you can't get your first sprinkle on before eight o'clock, I'll discharge you."

"Sum b'ys stole my water-keart," snarled the man, backing his horse into position, on the right side of the road, and jerking at the valve.

Not a drop of water came.

Mick tugged and tugged, and swore and raved; but it was all without avail.

"What have you done to the machine?" sneered his boss.

"I?" shouted Mick, snatching away at the valve, as though he were cod-fishing and had just got a bite. "I—I haven't done anything to it."

"Say, Mick!" shouted Cheek, from the window above.

"Say, Mick!" echoed Chip.

"Hello!" yelled the driver, giving a final yank and breaking the valve handle. "What der deuce yer want?"

"Mick," sassed Cheeky, "yer looks well in a white tie!"

"I'll tie yez when I ketch yez!" howled the man, then, throwing down the reins on the horse's back, added: "Begorra, Mr. MacFadden, yez can drive yez own owld water-bail. Mick's done wid yez," saying which he sprang from the seat and, landing on the pavement, tore down the Bowery.

The man who owned the machine mounted to the box and jerked the broken handle of the valve, till it was no go.

Cheeky and his pard descended to the sidewalk, and addressed the man, jeeringly, saying: "Boss, yer kean't work dat ole ting, hey?"

"Thunder, no!" snarled the man.

"I'll fix it fur yer fur a dollar," said Cheek.

"All right," said the proprietor.

"Jerk yer stamp over, den," grinned the boy.

"Me pard will hold der stakes."

The man handed Chip the bill, and in five minutes Cheek had the distributor off, and had removed the rag plug.

As he rescrewed the affair, the water-cart man observed:

"Strikes me you boys stuffed that pipe."

"Yer tink so?" chuckled Cheek.

"I'd give a dollar to know, anyhow," said the man.

"Pony up an' I'll tell yer!" smilingly replied the boy.

The man handed Chip another dollar, saying:

"Now tell me."

"Vy we did, me bloomin' sunflower," calmly answered Cheeky; then, slewing the brim of his hat over his left eye, he thrust his hands into the pockets of his pants and demanded: "An' now, me gay prophet, what yer goin' ter do about it, hey?"

"Give you in charge!" shouted the man; then, grabbing our boys by their collars, he yelled: "Police—police!"

Cheek smiled, and Chip laughed and held on to the bills.

Presently up walked a cop.

They're always dreadfully handy when a boy has to be taken in charge.

"Hello!" he cried; "bin picking pockets?"

The water-cart man told his story, and when he had ended the cop said:

"Oh, you can't charge them for that. The boy engaged to fix your machine, and you agreed to pay him," saying which he released the lads.

"Say, boss," grinned Chip, as he turned to enter the photographer's, "won't yer come in an' hev yer pictur taken? Yer looks so well in a white tie."

"You're two derned little beats," growled the man. "I'll find Mick again. I see he wasn't to blame."

"Then take back yer money, boss," said Cheek, "Mick ain't a bad sort, an' our boys never want ter histe any one out of a billet."

The man looked at him a moment, then said:

"Wot's yer name?"

"Cheeky," he answered.

"Cheeky what?" demanded the boss water-cart man.

"Dere yer licks me," said the boy. "I ain't only got one name."

"Is yer chum named Chipper?" inquired the man.

"Yea," nodded Cheek.

"Well, read the personals in the *Herald*," said the other; "you'll find something that will interest you. Keep them two dollars. Good-morning."

"Good-morning," echoed our boys, and Chipper added:

"Say, boss, yer won't forget ter give Mick back his employment?"



"All right, my son," answered the man, winking at Cheeky.

"One moment, boss," grinned the latter as their new friend started the horse.

"Hello!" what is it?" he replied, pulling up short.

Cheeky winked knowingly back at him, then sassily said:

"Boss, yer looks well in a white tie."

Pretending to make a cut at him with his whip, the boss water-cart man drove down the Bowery, and was soon out of sight, while our boys re-entered the gallery and turned to work.

Half an hour afterward they saw Mick in the old seat driving the water barrel.

"Hello, Mick!" shouted the scamps. "How does der ole ting work now, hey?"

Mick gave them a broad grin, and tipping them a wink screamed back:

"Beggorra, b'ys yez ties well in a white look!" then drove on.

When the photographer came Cheek borrowed his paper and read the following:

"Cheeky and Chipper, the boys who saved the life of an old woman who hired out organs, are requested to call at the New York Hospital and to ask for Mrs. Brown, the nurse, who has something for them."

Obtaining Mr. Crinkum's permission they waited upon the advertiser, who, after questioning them, handed Cheeky a sealed bag containing clothes, saying:

"The old woman died here three days ago, and made me promise that you should have this."

"Thank you, mam," they said, and taking it home they overhauled its contents.

"Stinking ole clothes," murmured Cheek.

"Money!" shouted Chip, tearing out the lining of one of the garments and disclosing a roll of bills.

They carefully examined the rags and discovered a number of similar packages of currency.

When they ended Jack began, and he seemed to enjoy himself among the duds.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars!" shouted Cheek.

"What a bloomin' ole flower she was. Say, Chip, won't we see life?"

They burnt the rags, stowed the money in a safe place, and returned to the gallery.

Mr. Crinkum was busy, and did not ask them any questions.

That evening they dressed in their best and went up-town, or rather across into Broadway, to see the elephant.

"Say, Cheek," said Chip, "we've never been in a dive. Shall we go? They say the music in some of dem is fust-rate."

Just then they came to one situated in a basement beneath a dry-goods store.

Outside was a big frame filled with pictures of pretty girls, and above was the notice:

"Centennial Hall. Five Hundred Beautiful Ladies. Free."

Down the steps they dived and found themselves in a big saloon, the tables of which were crowded with thieves, hard cases, and corner grocery politicians.

The so-called pretty waiter gals consisted of a score of homely, scraggy women.

The sight of our boys caused quite a commotion among the crowd, and they pressed forward, saying:

"Sit right down here, young fellers, and have a good time."

"We shall be skinned in this den, Cheek," whispered Chip.

"Don't yer worry," murmured his pard. "I'm goin' ter play a trick on der man who runs dis," with which he seated himself and called for champagne and cigars.

The proprietor, a flashily-dressed man with a big stomach, came forward and said to him:

"I'd like to see the color of your money?" when Cheek handed him a ten dollar bill and exhibited a roll of others.

"Pay when you go out," said the now servile landlord, who made up his mind to drug and rob the lads. "I know you'll excuse my asking, but there's so many well-dressed dead beats round that I'm obliged to be careful. Order all you like."

Just then a man, seated at a piano at the far end of the dive, began to play and sing: "Mother, I'm Dreaming of Thee."

"Say," nervously whispered Chip, "this is a regular thieves' den. They'll murder you for your money."

"Hus-sch," said his pard. "Here comes der boss wid der sham-pag-nee. Yer wait, Chip."

In a short time a crowd of bummers gathered about our boys, and the champagne, as the proprietor termed his bottled cider, was liberally served out to all.

"Oh, I'll treat," grinned Cheek. "Call for what yer like, boys, I'm a rich man. I've made a ten strike and have got lots of sugar."

"What are you?" demanded a sport.

"I'm an actor at a variety theater," said the scamp, as the landlord opened more wine.

"Act something?" they asked, as they sucked down the rotgut and chuckled to think what a green fool he was.

"Stand clear," cried Cheek, who had not touched a drop of the so-called wine. "I'll give yer a celebrated engine act;" then, whispering to Chip to slip out on the quiet, he began to make a noise like a train of steam cars and to run round and round the dive.

"Quff! quff! quff!" he puffed, imitating the puffing of an engine to perfection. "Stand by," with which he made them fall back until he had an oval track round which he tore "Quffing" and "Schooing," all hands looking admiringly on.

As he puffed round by the door, he noticed that his pard had cleared out, so, after pausing and hissing, as though letting off steam, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I will now give you my celebrated imitation of a railway train leaving the depot—getting up speed—entering a tunnel and vanishing in the distance."

"Rah," cried the bummers. "More drink?"

"Oh, certainly," he grinned. "Landlord, serve it out!" then waiting until every one had swilled more wine, he started, hissing and whistling in his hands, giving a splendid imitation.

Round and round the dive he rushed, playing at engine like a professor, while the landlord, who thought he was a green fool, served out the drink and cheered him.

Presently, as he came to the steps leading on to Broadway, instead of turning he sloped up-stairs, and, on reaching the top, he puffed faintly, then took to his heels, leaving the dive proprietor to pay for the drinks which he had so liberally supplied to the bummers.

That night, as they prepared to retire, Chip said to Cheek:

"No more ob dem dives, old man. Yer was lucky to git out alive."

"All serene, me bully," laughingly answered his pard, saying, with a dry chuckle: "Say, didn't dat bloomin' landlord tink he looked well in a white tie?"

## CHAPTER IX.

### OUR BOYS GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

ONE morning, as Cheek was waiting upon a sitter at Crinkum's Portrait Gallery, who should walk in but the lady to whom they had sold the parrot.

Some boys would have felt abashed, but Cheeky "wasn't that sort of a codlin."

The lady's face was sour-looking, and, on seeing Cheek, her lips trembled.

She evidently meant mischief, but, ere one could say a word, the scamp advanced, and, shaking her unwilling hands, cried:

"Why, how do yew do? I'm real glad ter see yer, lady. Why, yer looks as bloomin' as a mash-rose!" then calling to Chip, who was in the dark room, added:

"Here, Chipper, ole pard, here's der lady whose bird we re-livered, come ter hev her fortygraft took. Hurry up."

"Young man," she snapped, how dare you look me in the face!"

"My josh!" sassed Cheek. "Where would yer hev me look, at yer back, lady?"

The old woman folded her arms and glared at him until he was through with the sitter; to whom he had whispered:

"Don't yer mind her. She's got a slate off, ain't right in her old nut."

When the man departed, she rose, and confronting Cheek, said:

"You young fraud."

"Chip," he shouted, "come here, der lady has gone off her chump."

In rushed Chipper.

"Hello," he cried, "what's the matter?"

Rummaging in her pocket she yanked out a paper parcel, then opening it, exhibited a dead parrot.

"There," she snapped, "see that?"

Cheek seized a big magnifying glass, such as photographers employ to examine proofs, and Chip rolled up a sheet of paper and used it as he would a telescope.

This made the old lady hopping mad.

"See," she shrieked, "it's dead, dead!"

"It's dead," calmly echoed Cheek. "Say, Chip, dem stitches must hev busted."

"Oh, stitches!" she screamed. "You can't fool me no more about putting a new liver into that bird. I want my money back."

"Yer don't say!" grinned Cheeky. "Well, yer won't git it!"

"No!" she yelled. "Then I'll have the law on you. I'll have you imprisoned for swindling. Mr. One-Eye says you can't put a new liver into a parrot."

"Oh, sit down; sit down, lady," coolly observed the scamp. "Old One-Eye? Pooh! Who believes that old fraud? He says everything but his prayers. Glad yer've come ter see me, lady; I kin bring yer bird ter life!"

"How?" she ejaculated, sinking into a chair.

"How? You can bring him back to life!"

"Yes, ma'am," he quietly replied. "Fact, fact, I assure yer."

"My lov'!" she gasped.

"I'm not yer lov'," he said, winking at Chip, who was looking at him with open-mouthed astonishment. "If yer wants yer bird brought back ter life I'll do it for twenty-five dollars."

"Really?" she said, her eyes sticking out like a crab's.

"Strue's yer life," he quietly answered. "Bring yer ole cage roun' here, lock der dead bird in it, an' call ter-morrer mornin' about eight o'clock, an' when yer planks ober der stamps I'll hand yer der ole bird as live as ever."

"Oh, you're a wonderful boy," she cried, springing up, throwing her arms about his neck, and hugging him like a she-bear. "Oh, you splendid, you splendid young man!"

"Josh!" shouted Cheek, unhooking her. "Here, yer kean't hev twenty-five dollars' worth ov huggin' chucked inter der bargain! If yer wants dem luxuries, Chip will take der contract. He's der ladies' man."

"Not fur Chipper!" roared his pard, escaping to the dark room. "If I am hugged I wants it ter be did by a pretty gal," then, locking himself in, he resolutely refused to budge.

"All right, lady," grinned Cheek. "Do as I tell yer, an' der ting will work O. K."

The delighted woman quitted the gallery, taking the dead bird with her, and that afternoon the cage, padlocked like a prison, arrived.

"How yer goin' ter work der finnage?" demanded Chip.

"Take der cage home, an' don't ax no questions," chuckled his pard. "I'm goin' ter fix der dear ole lady. I mashed on her—money."

That evening, after supper, Cheek sent for a locksmith, and told the man to pick the lock securing the bottom of the cage.

The mechanic did the trick with a skeleton key, which he sold to Cheeky for a dollar, then quitted the room.

Taking out the dead bird, our boys carefully examined it.

The poor creature had been overfed, and had died of fat.

Under one wing was cunningly tied a red silk thread, which had evidently been placed there as a mark.

One-Eye used just such silk in his business.

"Dis yer's a trap ov dat bloomin' ole bird-dealer's," observed Cheek.

Untying the thread, Chip secured it to the fellow feather under the parrot's wing.

The bird had recovered its old health and strongly resembled the dead parrot, beside which it could say:

"Yer look well in a white tie! Ah—you there, old One-Eye!"

Placing Polly in the cage, they watched until a gutter-raker passed, then tossed the dead bird into the street.

In an instant the creature had his dirt-hook into the parrot, and they heard him say, as he examined it:

"Derned ef I won't cook this for supper!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" screamed Polly, who was mad at being caged. "Yer look well in a white tie! You there, old One-Eye!"

"Now, Chip, yer lock it," said Cheek, handing his chum the key, and soon the parrot was secured in its old quarters.

The next morning they carried Polly round to the photograph gallery.

Precisely at eight o'clock the old lady entered the operating-room.

One-Eye was with her.

Our boys exchanged winks, and Cheek, advancing to their old employer, said:

"Why, boss, how do yer do? Come ter have yer fortygraft took?"

One-Eye smiled a sickly sort of grin, and then softly replied:

"Ye-es. I want to see this bird you've brought to life."

"There it is, mister," cried Chip, bringing the cage out of the dark room and holding it up before their astonished gaze.

The parrot crawled to the side where the man stood; then uttering a hoarse laugh, screeched:

"Ah! You there, old One-Eye? Yer look well in a white tie!"

One-Eye simpered, then, asking the lady for her keys, unlocked the cage, took out the bird



and turned up its wing, discovering the thread, as on the dead parrot.

"Are yer satisfied, boss?" demanded Cheeky.

"No, I'm puzzled," growled One-Eye. "How did you contrive to revive that bird?"

"I tickled his tail wid a straw!" sassed the boy; then, turning to Chip, laughingly added: "Say, don't our bloomin' ole boss look well in a white tie?"

"Hunk!" grinned Chip.

"My everlasting sakes!" ejaculated the old lady, carefully examining the bird. "You're a wonderful young man!" with which she made a motion as though about to hug him again; whereupon he pointed to One-Eye, saying:

"Lady, if yer want ter kiss somebody fur deir mudder, freeze on ter yer chum, he looks like a ladies' man."

"Oh, shoo!" she returned, handing him twenty-five dollars. "Come, Mr. One-Eye, we must be going. Good-bye, Mr. Cheeky!"

"Good-bye, mam," grinned the lad.

"Good-bye, mam," echoed Chip.

"Who spoke to you?" demanded the old woman, as her companion vanished down-stairs with the cage and bird; "I don't want any of your sass—you're next door to a fool!"

"When I'm near you, lady," chuckled Chipper, bowing. "Say, would yer like ter buy one of Cheeky's portraits?" But she did not reply, and walked off after One-Eye.

"Anudder twenty-five," laughingly observed Cheek. "Say, Chip, 'spose we ask der boss ter give us a holiday."

"Good 'nuff," said Chip. "Glad we made a little suthin' outer der old Polly, an' I ain't sorry it's gone, fur it used ter make an awful mess in our room."

Mr. Crinkum gave them a day; so, selecting Wednesday, our boys started for Long Island.

After riding for a while they determined to get out at Jamaica.

"I've got a cousin here, a farmer," said Chip. "'spose we go an' see der bloomin' ole cauliflowerer."

"Right yer are!" cried his chum, and soon they were on their way to Farmer Morris's place.

Morris was at work yanking manure out of a hogpen, and the smell was something awful.

"Hello, cousin," said Chip, "how air yer, ole sweetness?"

"Hello!" snarled the farmer, driving his hoe savagely into the muck. "Well, what you want, hey?"

"Come to spend der day wid yer," smilingly observed Chipper.

"I ain't got nothing to spare for you," snapped the man. "I earns my bread by the sweat of my brow, I do; I ain't got nothing to give to bummers."

"Oh, we'll pay, me bloomin' ole beeswax," put in Cheek. "We don't want ter loaf on yer. We've came out for a day's holiday in the country, an' we'll stump up for all we eat."

"Pay first, then," snarlily observed the farmer. "Give me two-fifty each, and I'll let you eat and drink all you can until the last train goes."

"Dere's yer hard-earned money," calmly replied Cheeky, planking over five dollars. "Dere's nothing mean about us, boss."

The farmer paused in his ill-smelling work, took the money, and solemnly stowed it in his pocket, then said:

"Now run about and have a good time. Eat all you like."

Our boys loafed round, but failed to find anything to eat.

All the fruit was too green.

"Dis yer's a bloomin' sell," growled Cheek.

"Hang it," said Chip. "I guess dey'll make it up at dinner-time. Farm-house board is always high."

At twelve o'clock the farmer called them to the house, saying:

"Come and eat dinner, boys."

They entered the house, a dilapidated shanty, and seated themselves at the table.

Before them was a dish of greasy boiled cabbage, and a lump of quivering, fat pork.

"Pitch in," grinned the farmer, jerking a plateful of the garbage towards them. "I raised the stuff myself."

Our boys endeavored to eat some of the greasy muck, but it was no go; their stomachs wouldn't stand it.

The farmer ate like a hog, and his wife followed suit.

"My lor', I kean't eat dis," murmured Chipper, turning deathly pale.

"You're mighty particular," said the farmer, hacking off a slice of the jelly-like pork. "You New York boys don't know what's good."

Cheeky and Chipper rose from the table and fled to a quiet spot at the back of the barn,

where they parted with the contents of their stomachs.

"Ugh!" said Cheek, as he recovered from his sickness; "if that's der way Long Island farmers live, I'd a good sight rather be a New Yorker."

"It's all a bleedin' game," moaned Chip. "Say, chum, can't yer pay him off?" Then, raising his swollen face, he whispered: "Seshish! I hear him talkin' in dere."

Farmer Morris was in the barn laughing and chatting with his wife, and the lads heard him say:

"Dern 'em, they won't come out here again, that pork an' greasy cabbage stirred their stumicks fur them. We've made four dollars and seventy-five cents outer the blamed fools. I hope they'll heave their insides out."

Cheek shook his fist in the direction of the speaker, then murmured:

"Me bloomin' farmer, we'll get der best ob yer; jes' wait me bleedin' joker, we'll pork an' cabbage yer."

In a short time the effects of the sickness passed away, and our boys were ready to repay the farmer for treating them like dogs.

Walking round to the garden, to where he was at work, they kept their eyes skinned.

He was hoeing near a fence on which a number of paper-wasps had built a nest as big as a toy balloon.

Chip winked at his chum, and pointed to the wasps' nest, then calling him aside, whispered:

"Les' drop a noose roun' dat thing, an' when me noble cousin gits near it gib it a jerk and bust it. I tell yer it'll make him git."

Cheek winked back, then creeping round to the outside of the fence, cautiously dropped a running noose of string over the ball-like nest, and, paying out the line, retreated to a safe distance.

"Well, cousin," said Chip, "I guess we'd best be going; we feel awful sick."

The farmer chuckled, saying:

"Oh, don't go. Stay and take supper with us."

"Not much," cried Chipper. "Cousin Morris, yer tink ye've done us boys, don't yer?"

"Well, yes," laughed the farmer; "I rather think I've had the best of you. Thought you was going to beat me out of a dinner, hey?"

"Didn't tink anything ob der kind," quietly returned Chip. "Yer won't gain much by swindling two boys."

"I've gained over four dollars," grinned the man. "I don't want any of your sass, either."

"Oh, paste up yer mouf," cried the lad, who was mad at being beaten out of his money; then turning, he hurriedly joined his pard.

"Haw—haw—haw!" roared the farmer. "*Haw—haw! I've got the best of two New York boys.*"

In the midst of his merriment Cheeky and Chipper tugged at the string, whereupon the loop about the wasps' nest tightened, and presently cut the structure in halves.

Out flew the hungry wasps, who, taking the farmer for their assailant, swarmed around him and began to sting him furiously.

"Yaup—ya—ah! Oh, my lordy!" he yelled, tearing round and round the garden, and swearing like a demon; then, remembering a puddle filled with liquid manure, he rushed toward it and dived into the horrid compound.

This smothered both the wasps and his person. Emerging from the "stuff," he opened his eyes and beheld Cheeky and Chipper seated upon the fence.

"Hello!" cried Chip. "How do you like wasps, cousin?" while Cheek shouted:

"Say, mister, yer looks well in a white tie!"

"Pewgh!" moaned the farmer, endeavoring to scramble out of the stuff, but failing to withdraw his legs, which stuck in the bottom of the hole. "Pewgh! Say boys, go and call my wife."

"See yer hanged fust," they chorused.

"Oh, do call her," he pleaded. "I shall sink inter this muck and be smothered to death."

"Good end for such a dirty cuss as yer are," grinned Chipper.

"Tort yer was awful smart when yer jocked us outer five dollars, hey?" mocked Cheeky.

"Awgh! I'm sinking!" screamed the fellow.

"Aw—gh!" Yer *stinkin'*!" roared our boys.

"I'll give you five dollars to help me out!" moaned the farmer.

Near by stood a garden sprinkler, a big barrel on wheels, furnished with a force-pump.

Noticing this, Cheek said to his pard:

"'Spose we gives der bloomin' duck a wash down."

"Good idea!" chuckled Chip, and soon they dragged the machine close to the manure hole, and began to pump a stream of water over the farmer.

Chip worked the handle and Cheek manipulated the nozzle of the hose.

The first stream took away the farmer's breath, for Cheek played right in his eyes.

"Wash him down!" shouted Chip, excitedly,

pumping away at a two-ten rate. "Give him per-tickler fits!"

"Yer bet!" yelled Cheek. "We'll take our five dollars' worth outer him? Play away number one!"

In vain the farmer battled with his hands.

After a while he was nice and clean to the waist. "Let up, Chip," laughed his chum; then addressing the farmer, inquired: "Say, mister—how d'yer feel now?"

"U—ugh!" gasped the fellow. "U—ugh!"

"Our names ain't U—ugh, Mr. Man," sassed Cheek. "We're Cheek and Chipper, savvy?"

"Oh, great Au-gustus!" cried the man. "Let up. Say, help me out of this hole."

"Give us back our five-dollar bill fust," demanded Cheeky. "We ain't goin' ter let yer out till yer does."

"It's wet," pleaded the farmer.

But our boys would not listen to his explanation, so he produced the moist bill.

Placing it in the sun to dry, Cheeky and Chipper laid hold of Morris and yanked him out of the hole.

"Play on me again," he moaned; meaning for the lads to wash him down with the hose.

"Guess we've played on yer 'bout enough," grinned Cheek, adding: "Boss, yer looks well in a white tie."

"How d'yer like dem wapses?" said Chip. "We fixed yer almost as well as yer did us, hey?"

"Did you start that nest?" shrieked the farmer, making for them.

"You bet we did, me bloomin' pink," said Cheek, pointing the nozzle at him. "Play awa'f number one."

Finding that he only got the worst of it, the man waited until they washed him tolerably clean, then retreated, cursing and swearing like a lunatic.

As our boys picked up their money and made off, the farmer's wife started after them with a stout cudgel, overtaking them just as they reached the next farm.

Coming up behind Cheek, she dealt him a swinging crack on the nut, and stretched him senseless; then, turning upon the astonished Chipper, was about to serve him the same way, when he ducked and butted her.

She was a fleshy woman, and Chip's head struck her fair in the bread-bag, making her ejaculate:

"Wuff!"

"Keno!" cried the boy, as she hit the ground stern first; after which he relieved her of her weapon. "Now, yer sit dere, cousin, an don't exert yerself, or I shall hev ter give yer anudder lifter."

"My gracious!" she gasped. "You young devil!"

"Scuse me," grinned Chip. "How would yer like to be called an *old* devil, hey? Yer don't know manners, cousin."

Just then Cheek roused, sat up, scratched his head, and said:

"Josh! Wot hit me?"

"Dis yer bloomin' ole gal," grinned Chip.

"Sorry I didn't kill you," she snarled.

"Thank yer," said Cheek, rising and shaking himself. "Good afternoon, lady."

They walked off with her stick, leaving her seated, and saying anything but her prayers.

"Hang yer relations!" observed Cheek to his chum. "Dey don't sample well! Come, let's *per-am-ber-late*!"

They wandered on until they came to a wild place where a man was shooting birds.

He was a tall, lanky cuss, and had a sneaking sort of a way with him.

"Any luck, mister?" inquired Cheek.

"Putty good," drawled the fellow. "Where be you from?"

"New York," said Chip. "Kean't yer see our white ties?"

The men eyed them for a moment, then said:

"Would you like to have a shot or two?"

"Rayther!" said our boys, who liked gunning.

"I've got some wildish ducks on a pond near by," continued the sportsman. "You can have as many shots at them as you like, for twenty-five cents a fire."

"None ov yer bloomin' larks," said Cheek. "Der ducks are yours, ain't dey? Yer won't sell us?"

"How?" demanded the man.

"Well," chuckled Cheeky, "I've heerd ob a feller sellin' shots ter a boy who, when he'd killed a lot ob ducks, was hauled up an' made ter pay for 'em, as they didn't belong to der man. I don't want none ob dem bleedin' games—see?"

"Oh, you needn't be alarmed," said the gunner; "the ducks are mine."

"Kin we hev all we kills?" demanded Chip.

"Ye-a," grinned the man.

Now, the fact was this, the ducks were in a big,



deep pond, and the boat was locked to a stake, so any one killing the birds would have to leave them.

"Our boys followed the sportsman, and found the ducks as plentiful as blackberries.

First Cheeky and then Chipper had a shot, and soon two dozen birds floated around on the surface of the water.

The man received six dollars, then said:

"Now, how are you going to get them ducks, eh?"

"Borry yer boat," calmly returned Cheek.

"Not much," sneered the fellow, who thought that he had got them nicely, and that when they were gone he would be able to secure the birds. "I can't lend you no boat; that wan't in the agreement."

"Well, we kin hev the bloomin' ducks if we kin get 'em, eh?" said Cheek.

"But yer can't get 'em," snickered the sportsman. "Them ducks is worth a dollar an' a half a pair. Do you take me fur a derved fool?"

"Yer took us fur two, didn't yer?" quietly replied Cheek.

"I did," chuckled the man.

"Den yer bloomin'ly mistaken," said Cheeky.

"Mister, my pard an' I are goin' ter take dem ducks home wid us—see?" With which he stripped off his clothes.

"The water is full of weeds," said the sportsman, who, not being a swimmer, had never once thought of our boys thus procuring their prizes.

"Oh, paste up yer mouf!" jeered Cheek.

Chipper also had stripped, and was about to plunge in, when Cheeky stayed him, saying:

"Yer stop ashore an' take care ov my duds." So his chum dressed again.

In went Cheeky, like a regular water-spaniel, and in half an hour he had all the ducks landed.

The man, who had set out to sell them, looked quietly on and swore inwardly.

When Cheeky was dressed and was loading up the birds, the fellow started to his feet, saying:

"Drop them there ducks—they're mine!"

"Go ter blazes!" cried Cheek.

The man leveled his gun at them and, uttering an oath, growled:

"If you think I'm fool enough to let you walk off with them ducks, you're mistaken. Put 'em down; hear?"

Cheek winked at his chum, then dropped his birds.

Chip did the same, the sportsman covering them all the time.

When they had deposited the last bird, he said:

"Now dust."

Cheek smiled, then suddenly pointing up to the sky, shouted:

"My jook!—what a bloomin' big duck!—Jer-russellum!"

The sportsman, thrown off his guard, gazed innocently upwards, crying:

"Where?"

"Dere, yer golumptious jackass!" yelled Cheek, rushing in and grabbing the would-be smart's gun, while Chip leveled his head and butted the wind out of the fellow, who doubled up and landed on his back.

"Now, my bloomin', bleedin', bouncin', bustin', blowin' bumble-buster," laughingly observed the scamp, "hand over der key ob yer boat."

"Johanna!" cried the man, rubbing his stomach with one hand and pointing to the pond with the other. "There's a big flock of wild ducks just settled on the water."

"Oh, no, yer *don't*!" grinned Cheek. "Yer kean't play dat on dis child! Look here, me lively purp, han' ober dat key; hear?"

The fellow grumblingly produced the article. He found it was useless trying to bounce our boys.

"Now, Chip, ole son," said Cheek, "unlock der boat-chain."

Chipper did as he was requested, saying:

"She is afloat now, chum. Shall we hev a row?"

Cheeky did not reply, but ordered the coon to enter the boat, then bade Chip tie the sportsman's hands behind him.

His pard followed his instructions.

The fellow dared not refuse, as Cheek covered him with the gun.

"Now," said the scamp, when the man was fixed, "shove him off, chum. Let him dust roun' an' roun' in der pond."

"My gun?" said the sportsman.

"Yer kin take a dive fur dat," coolly answered the boy, pitching the weapon into the pond.

"You thundering young snoozers!" roared the fellow, as our boys laughingly gathered the ducks and tied them in half dozens. "You thundering young thieves, you've got the best of me this time, but I'll have the law on you, see if I don't."

"Oh, paste up yer mouf!" roared Cheek.

"You've got too much gab."

While Chip, who was tickled to death with his pard's smartness, shouted:

"Boss, yer looks well in a white tie."

They reached Jamaica in time for the last train, and soon arrived in New York.

"Wot shall we do wid dese ducks?" said Chip.

"Keep 'em til to-morrow," answered Cheek.

On arriving at their lodgings they found that Jack had contrived to snap his chain and clear out.

"Dern it," murmured Cheeky, "we oughter takin' der monkey wid us," with which he threw down his load and started round inquiring after the animal.

As he was hunting he heard a noise, proceeding from one of the top windows of the house, and a woman crying:

"Take dat, ye devil."

Then came a scream and a yell, and the monkey's voice, as though in pain.

"Hello," murmured the boy, "Jack's up in Mss Simmons' room stealing her fruit."

Miss Simmons was a lady who peddled peaches, and she usually kept her stock under her bed.

Mounting to the room, Cheek knocked at the door, saying:

"My lady, have you got my monkey?"

Instantly the door flew open, and the lad saw a sight which made him mad.

Jack, with a rope round his neck, swinging from a block fastened to a beam in the ceiling, with his stomach puffed out to twice its natural size.

He was so fixed, that all the poor creature could do was to grin and choke, while the infuriated woman proceeded to lambaste his back with a broom-handle.

"Here, stop dat," cried Cheeky, as soon as he could control his anger. "Dern ye, don't yer hit de monkey. Stop!"

"F'what fur?" angrily demanded the woman.

"Yez cussed baste has bin 'an ate a hull crate av paches!" with which she motioned to recommence her licking, but Chipper, arriving on the scene, she paused, saying, "Look at de beast's stum-mick, an' he a grinnin' as much as to say he'd like some more av me fruit!"

Our boys comforted her by paying her for the peaches, and Jack was lowered.

No sooner had he touched the ground than he made for the woman, but the lads stopped him; whereupon he pulled out a peach, which he had kept all the time in his cheek-pouch, and aiming at her, caught her square in the nose.

"Out on der las' base!" grinned Chip, and in another minute Jack was bundled below and re-chained.

"Mylor," chuckled Chipper; "wot a bloomin' size Jack is!"

"So'd yer be ef yer'd swallowed a bushel ov peaches!" said his pard. "I tink ef der ole cuss had wolfed anudder he'd ha' cracked somewhere."

In our next chapter we will relate how Cheeky and Chipper disposed of their ducks.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE CHUMS HAVE A HIGH OLD TIME.

THE following morning our boys rose about six o'clock and carried the ducks down to Fulton Market, where they sold them to a dealer at a dollar a pair.

"We didn't do badly yesterday," said Cheek, as he pocketed the money.

"No," grinned his pard. "I wonder how dat gunner got along? We shoved der boat well out inter der pond, an' he couldn't easly free his hands. Guess he's a sittin' dere now."

As he said this the man came along.

"Hello, me gory sportsman!" sassed Cheek. "So yer've got ashore again, hey? Say, we sold dem bloomin' ducks."

"Who to?" demanded the fellow.

"Come along an' we'll show yer, me toolip," politely replied the boy, leading the way back to the stall where the ducks were exposed for sale.

"Dere ain't nothin' small about us, boss. We fooled you though, didn't we?"

"Ya—as," snarled the young man, grabbing the boys by the collars of their coats. "You young thieves, I've got you now."

"Come, drop us," quietly replied Cheek.

"Into prison," savagely returned the sportsman. "Confound you, I'll put you through, if it costs me a hundred dollars."

"Never. I say, mister," cried the scamp, shaking himself free and squaring off at the man, "don't you go for to swear at our boys, 'cos we ain't goin' ter stand it—see?" with which he hauled off, then, diving in, landed one on the sportsman's konk. At the same instant Chip released himself and butted the man behind.

"Per—leece! per—leece!" howled the fellow.

"What's the row here?" demanded the burly-

looking cop, elbowing his way through the crowd.

Them young thieves came out to Jamaica and stole my ducks," said the sportsman.

"Hear him," cried Cheek. "Jes' as if a bum-mer like he ever had any ducks."

"We bought dem birds," said Chip. "We ain't no thieves. Folks here knows us."

"I know them boys," said Mr. James, coming to the rescue. "They're good, honest lads."

"You lie!" howled the sportsman, rushing at the last speaker.

James up with his fist, and knocked some of the man's teeth down his throat.

"Ough! take that bully in charge," raved the duck-raiser. "Didn't yese see the big snoozer strike me?"

"You hit him first," said the cop.

"Gol dern you—you belong to the crowd," snarled the sportsman, turning upon the officer and giving him one under the ear. "Take that!"

The policeman drew his locust and laid the man out, saying:

"Take that!"

"Boss," said Cheek, calling the officer aside; "yer don't want ter harm dat feller—hey, he's half-crazy—un'stan'?"

"I'll make him completely so if he hits me agin'," said the cop, rubbing his ear. "Dern him, he hits hard."

"Leave him to us," said the scamp; "we knows where he lives. Yer don't want ter run him in—hey?"

"All right!" said the policeman, who didn't want to be reported for clubbing a man. "You see him out of this," then turned and walked off.

Cheek winked, then going back to the sportsman, who was reviving, said:

"Look here, mister, yer in fur it. Yer've bin an' hit a per-leece-man, an' he's gone fur a squad ter help him. Dey'll club yer into fits when dey kitches yer."

"Great Caesar!" ejaculated the feller, who had read in the papers of folks being clubbed to death by the New York police. "Say, I'll forgive you that trick about them ducks, if yer'll get me out of this."

Behind Mr. James' fish stall was a space where the salesmen kept empty crates.

"Come in here," whispered Cheek.

In darted the sportsman.

All the bounce was out of him.

Our boys glanced around, and spied a crate made of wicker-work, such as is sometimes used to send big fowls to market.

It had a square lid, and would conveniently hold a man in a sitting position.

"In yer git," calmly observed Cheek, raising the lid. "Dere ain't no bloomin' time ter lose!"

The sportsman, believing that the cops would shortly return, quickly entered the crate.

Chip slammed down the lid.

"Now, ole pard," winked Cheeky, "yer get der big needle an' sew der lid on, jes' as if it was a full crate, an' I'll go an' get a tag fur it;" with which he slipped outside and told Mr. James the story.

In a short time this leaked out, and a number of Cheeky's friends entered into the spirit of the joke; meanwhile the boy had written the following on one of James' fish-tags:

"FARMER GREEN,

"Jamaica, L. I.

"Live turtle."

"Now I'll go inter der package-room an' fasten dis on der crate, an' den yer come in an' pertend ter be coppers," said Cheek to his friends.

"All right," they replied. "In you go, sonny. We'll bounce him!"

Cheeky entered the place and found Chip just making the last stitch fast.

"Hurry up an' sew dis on," whispered his pard, handing him the tag. "Der coppers is a coming in a reglar crowd!"

"Oh, great Caesar!" moaned the man in the crate.

"Hush—not a word," said Cheek. "If yer speaks yer'll bust der bloomin' plan."

"I won't breathe," whispered the fellow, who was in a state of blue funk. "As soon as they have gone put me on to any Jamaica truck-wagon and tell the driver to take me to Green's farm; but for God's sake don't let them coppers club me again!"

"H—usch!" said Chip. "Here dey come."

In burst the crowd, headed by James, the fishman.

They all liked our boys, and knew how the sportsman had tried to beat them.

"Ah—h!" they shouted. "Where's that man who struck Officer Buckley?"

"He ain't here," said Chip as innocently as you please.

"What's in the crate?" demanded one wag,



turning it over and standing the occupant on his head.

"Yes, what's in this crate?" inquired another, rousing it back with a jerk, just as the farmer was right side up again.

"In dere," coolly replied Cheek. "Why, it's a live turtle."

"Let us see it," shouted one.

"Heave some water over it," said another. "If it's the man we're in search of he'll howl; if it's a turtle, it will freshen the critter up;" whereupon the merry crew procured several buckets of water, which they poured over the unfortunate Green, who set his teeth and swore inwardly.

After jerking the crate about until the man in it felt as if he had been tossed in a blanket, they retired, saying:

"If we catch that fellow who struck Officer Buckley, we'll club him within an inch of his life."

When they had gone, the prisoner whispered:

"Boys, I wish I hadn't tried to sell you."

"Oh, we'll forgive yer," calmly answered Chip.

"Are them fellars gone?" demanded the man.

"Ye-a," grinned Cheek; who would have given a dollar for a chance to laugh outright. "Now, I'll go an' see if I kin find an empty truck-wagon," with which he cleared out.

In a few moments he returned with a solemn-looking Long Island Dutchman.

"You know Farmer Green's place?" said Chipper.

"Ja," nodded the man.

"Take this there," said Cheek.

"But I've got swill in mine vaggon," urged the driver.

"Oh, dat don't matter," calmly observed Cheeky. "This crate contains a live turtle. *They like swill!*"

"Ough," moaned the prisoner.

"Vot's dat?" demanded the Dutchman.

"The turtle blowin'," quietly replied the scamp. "Come, we'll help histe it inter yer wagin. Farmer Green will pay you six dollars fur expressing this."

"Ough," once more groaned the prisoner.

"It sounds like ein man," observed the driver, scratching his head.

"Oh, yer sister's coughing sounds like a man's," sassed Cheek. "It's all right, ole swill cart. Come, don't stan' gawpin' at der ting. Histe it."

"Vell, I s'pose it's all right," slowly replied the fellow, grasping the crate. "Lift it on mine back; I kin carry it."

Our boys hoisted the package on to his shoulder, and he staggered through the market with it, Cheeky and Chipper following, grinning and chuckling with delight.

"Wot a bloomin' lark!" whispered Chip.

The Dutchman's wagon was half filled with garbage and swill, collected from a fourth-class hash mill.

Sour potatoes, orange peel, peach pits, musty crusts of bread, jelly-like pudding, and a variety of other stomach-lifting substances were floating in a slime that smelt strong enough to knock a fellow down.

"Ough!" groaned the prisoner, as his bearer rested the crate on the tail-board of the wagon. "Ough!"

In another instant he was rolled over into the swill.

"My lor'!" he yelled, kicking off the lid, which was luckily uppermost. "I can't stand this."

Then, to the astonishment of the gaping Dutchman, he emerged from the wagon, and, shaking the bits of stuff from his dripping garments, scooted like a deer.

"Mine Gott!" gasped the driver, "was is dat?"

"That's Mr. Green's turtle," roared Cheeky. "Kim along, Chip, it's time we was at der gallery;" then, taking to their heels, they left the bewildered man staring at the empty crate.

On arriving at Crinkum's, they found a sitter waiting to have his portrait taken.

He was a sharp-looking countryman, and was evidently under the impression that everybody wanted to beat him.

"How much dew yew charge for a full-size pictur'?" he inquired, pointing to a lithograph portrait of Billy Florence as the Hon. Bardwell Slote.

"Why—for a picture that size," said Cheek, "we should charge you a thousand dollars."

"Great punkins!" ejaculated Greeny.

"We can make yer a full size cabinet for six dollars a dozen," observed Chipper, exhibiting the specimen-book, containing portraits of all the celebrities of the day. "Jest cast yer eagle eye ober dese, mister."

Greeny looked through the lot, then noticing pictures of Forrest as the "Gladiator," and several half-clad rowing men, drawled:

"Seems tew be the feshun tew be tuck in yewr undershirt."

"Ye-a," answered Cheeky, choking an intense desire to laugh in his face. "We take a good many folks dat way;" then, winking at his pard, continued: "Chip, show der gentleman der beauties ob der 'Black Crook.'"

"Here yer are, Mister," chuckled the boy, exhibiting a volume filled with pictures of ballet-girls, none of whom were overburdened with costume.

"Great squashes!" cried Greeny. "Why, them gals is half dressed!"

"Full dressed, yer mean, mister," said Cheek. "I told yer dat dis is defashion," drawing his attention to the picture of a dancer standing on one toe with the other pointing to the sky. "Why don't yer let me take yer in dis style? Yer'd make quite a sensation at home."

"Derned if I don't!" cried the fool; and in a short time he was stripped to his shirt and ready to be photographed.

Cheek ran the camera and Chip did the posing. "Now, mister," said the latter-named boy, placing the head-rest behind the man, "put yer kokernut agin dis, den histe yer left leg behind yer like der gal in der specimen."

Greeny raised his leg with a jerk, and, losing his balance, fell slap on to his nose, which started bleeding.

"Great ellerfuhts!" he cried. "How der blazes did dat gal fix it?"

"Up agin, Mr. Man!" laughingly observed Chip. "Excuse my bein' amooosed."

Greeny once more posed in front of the camera, then slowly raised his brawny limb.

"Well done!" said Cheek, who was chuckling at the rear of the instrument. "Histe away, Mister!"

"Yes, histe your leg a fut higher," said the choking Chipper, "an' turn your face sideways, stretch out yer hans an' smile. Yer doin' it hunky, mister; brave-o!"

The thundering idiot did as he was directed, then once more losing his balance, turned heels over head, exhibiting such a comical sight that our boys burst out laughing.

"Wot yer grinnin' at?" he demanded, as he picked himself up.

"Oh, Christopher!" roared Cheek. "Don't yer look well in a white tie, mister?"

"Say," inquired the fool, "didn't I do it that time, hey?"

"Oh, yer did it splendidous," grinned Chip; "try again, mister!"

"Say," inquired Greeny, "there's one of them picturs of 'Black Crook' gals standin' on the tips of her toes and arching her hands over her head—that's a easy posish—kean't I try it?"

"Oh, suttently," moaned Cheek, who was almost played out with laughter.

The man balanced on the tips of his toes, and raising his hands, clasped them over his head, crying:

"Ain't that like the gal—hey?"

"Rippin'," gurgled Chip, while Cheeky uncapped the camera and secured the picture; after which, capping the lens again, he said, "Hold on, mister;" then, taking the negative, retired to the dark room.

The fellow posed until his toes bent under him, and he began to turn red in the face.

"Hold hard, mister," urged Chip; "yer picturs won't come out right ef yer don't keep in posish."

"Great go—loshes!" murmured the man. "I kean't help it!" Then sinking upon his feet, began to rub his toes, saying, "Gol dern if I ain't crook'd 'em fur life."

"I kin fix them in a second," observed the convulsed Chipper, bringing forward a stout stool.

"Here, mister, put yer right foot up here."

The man did as he was bid, and the boy, retreating to a lumber-room, procured a heavy mallet, then returned to Greeny.

"Hello," cried the latter, "what are you going to do with that thing?"

"Straighten out yer bloomin' toes," said the boy.

"But you'll hurt me," urged the fellow, withdrawing his foot.

"Say, Cheek," said the scamp, turning to his pard, who just then emerged from the dark-room, "dis yer man's got his toes curled, an' when I offered ter straighten 'em out, he said he was afraid I'd hurt him."

"Oh, pooh," returned Cheeky. "If he don't hev dem fixed now dey'll curl, an' curl like a hog's tail, an' he won't be able ter straighten 'em agin."

"Great Go-liah," murmured Greeny, once more placing his foot upon the stool.

"Shet yer eyes tight," said Chip, while Cheeky, placing the picture on a rest, stole behind the man, and seized a base ball bat that awaited his pard's signal.

Our boys winked at each other.

"Ready?" inquired Chipper, raising the mallet aloft.

"Ye—yes," nervously replied the fool, buttoning his eyes so as to avoid the shock.

"One—two—three, an' away goes she," cried Chip, giving the curled toes a lick with the mallet, which uncurled them in an instant, while, simultaneously, Cheek gave the man one on the afterguard, lifting him into the middle of the skylight floor.

Ere the duffer knew what had struck him, Cheek had hidden the bat and was looking as innocent as a baby.

"Great go-rilla!" yelled Greeny, clapping one hand behind and seizing his flattened toes with the other. "My!—land alive, that went right through me!"

"Jes so!" coolly returned Cheek. "Yer cured now, mister; we've tuck all der kink outter yer an' drove it clar ov yer system! "Say," producing the negative, "how d'yer like yer pictur'?"

The fool was as mad as a tarred hog, and wouldn't reply.

"He's goin' ter hev a fit!" said Cheek. "Git out der galvanic battery an' give him a rouser!"

"How?" yelled the man, starting to his feet.

"No you don't! Give me my pictures and le'me git!" with which he limped into the dressing-room and began to hurry on his duds, swearing all the time, and saying that if he'd have known having his portrait taken would have hurt him so, he'd be hanged if he'd ha' had it.

While he was in full blast, Mr. Crinkum arrived.

"Who is that making such a noise?" he demanded of Chipper.

"Oh, a crazy feller," whispered the scamp. "He stubbed his toe, an' he's mad."

Cheeky winked warningly at him.

Crinkum did not allow any fooling in his gallery.

In a short time the man emerged from the dressing-room, and, limping into the skylight, addressed the photographer, saying:

"Gol dern yer style of 'Black Crook' pictures, mister. I'm blamed nigh lamed fur good."

Cheeky, who was behind the man, tapped his head significantly and winked at Crinkum, as much as to say:

"Don't notice him, he's cracked;" but his boss wasn't to be thus blinded, and, turning to the man, inquired:

"'Black Crook' pictures. What do you mean?"

"I've bin took in the 'Black Crook' fashion," moaned Greeny, seating himself and raising his foot. "I ain't used to balancing on my toes, mister, and in straightening of 'em out your b'ys almost crippled me."

Turning to Cheek, who was telegraphing his pard not to speak, the photographer gravely inquired:

"What's the meaning of this, boys?"

"Hu-sch!" whispered the scamp, signaling Crinkum to come outside the gallery.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded, following Cheek into the dark-room. "What game have you been playing—hey?"

"No game, boss," gravely answered the boy. "We've bin afraid ob our lives wid dereuss. He's ravin' mad. Came in here just now an' stripped off his clothes, an' ordered us ter take a 'Black Crook' pictur' ov him—fact—fact, I assure yer. Stood on his nut an' slammed roun'—threatened ter jerk out our lives wid a bowie-knife, an' carried on awful," with which he exhibited the negative he had taken.

"Why, he must be crazy," murmured the photographer. "I thought you had been fooling with him. If you had I'd have kicked yon both out."

"Foolin'!" ejaculated Cheeky, as though perfectly astonished at such an idea. "My gracious, boss, you don't think dat Cheeky and Chipper would fool any one, do yer, boss? Why—"

"Here, where's my pictur'?" shouted the duffer.

Crinkum motioned Cheeky to go outside, whispering:

"Tell him that he didn't take, and ask him to call next month."

"Dis way, mister man," said Cheek, glad that the boss had not bowled him out. "Dis way," with which he started down-stairs.

On arriving below the fellow inquired:

"Where's my 'Black Crook' picture, hey?"

"Look a here, mister," gravely replied the scamp, "der boss says dere's a law jes' passed dis mornin', prohibitin' any one from takin' any more ob dem pictures—see? Fine ov a hundred dollars fur anybody who axes a photygraffier ter take sich pictures—savvey? Now, all I hev ter do is ter inform agin yer, an' I can tag a hundred dollars—unstan'?"

"Talk enuff," said Greeny. "Next time yer gits me in your gallery it'll do you good."

"Oh, paste up yer mouf," sassed Cheek; then returning to the operating-room, he whispered



to Chipper, "Say, pard, we was werry nigh bowled out dat time."

This adventure made them cautious. They had no desire to be discharged before they had learned the business. Still our boys must have their little joke.

One day when Crinkum was absent, a well-known ward bully, named Bloody Nick, entered the gallery.

He was the terror of all who knew him, and no single policeman in New York dared to tackle him.

"Look a hea," he said to Cheek, "take my blawsted pictur—hear?"

Cheeky glanced calmly at him as he squirted his tobacco-juice all over the gallery, then observed:

"We don't take no blawsted pictur's here!"

"Who the dickens are you?" bullied the rowdy, drawing a revolver from his hip-pocket.

"Who der dickens are yer?" quietly demanded the unmoved boy. "Say, ef yer keant speak civil to a gentleman, yer'd best trot!" with which he winked at Chip.

"Yer snoozer," growled the bully. "Wanter give lip—hey?"

By that time Chipper had secured a big, bell-mouth blunderbus, used by actors when having costume pictures taken.

Mounting up to the curtained window over the door of the dark-room, Chip poked out the gaping muzzle of the weapon and leveled it at the rowdy's head; seeing which Cheeky said to the fellow:

"Yer low, loafing, lazy, lop-headed, limping blower—jes' take dat snoozer back, or my pard will scatter yer brains jes' as he would a mad dog's!"

"How!" ejaculated the bully, grasping his pistol, but, on glancing round and beholding the muzzle of the blunderbus, his jaw dropped and he faintly gasped:

"Don't shewt!"

Cheek calmly grabbed the man's revolver, then cocking it, said:

"Now, me bloomin' bounce—I'm goin' ter take yer pictur'."

"I've no mo—mo—money," said the affrighted rowdy. "I—I—I only came up here fur fun."

"We're goin' ter give yer all yer wants ob it," said the scamp, delighted with his success. "Yer der duck as killed dat poor little newsboy, hey, 'cos he wouldn't give yer a paper."

"It was an accident," pleaded the cur.

"Chip," cried the boy, "come out here wid yer little cannin'."

"Hello," said Chipper, entering with his weapon pointed at the bully. "Makin' der howlin' skunk waxy, hey? He's awful brave now, ain't he?"

The rowdy was compelled to seat himself, and, when he was posed, Cheek slipped one of the monkey's pictures into the negative frame; then, uncapping the camera, shouted to the man:

"Now, you bleedin' snoozer, keep yer head stiff or I'll blow der top off it fur yer, jes as yer did der poor newsboy's."

The fellow scowled, but dared not resist. Like all bullies, he was a cur at heart.

"Smile, gol dern yer," cried Cheek, flourishing the pistol in a very dangerous style. "Smile, you thunderin' galoot, or I'll fire, jes for fun."

The rowdy smiled, such a twist, a cross between a grin and a cry.

"I'm goin' ter give yer a ripplin' picture," laughed the scamp, capping the camera. "So you're der hound as killed poor little Dickey Johnson?" with which he rang the bell communicating with the lower room.

"Well?" said a voice up the speaking tube.

"Send fur a policeman," said Cheek; "we've got a murderer here."

The fact was the police were afraid of the man, who had openly boasted that he would never be taken alive.

Cheeky, still keeping the revolver pointed at the scoundrel's head, quietly observed to his pard:

"Chip, open der camera an' chuck der snoozer his picture, den cover him again wid der ole gun."

His pard did as he was directed, then, relevering the weapon, once more covered his man.

The bully scowled at Cheek, saying:

"Curse yer! I'll make yer sweat fur dis! Yer've caught me on der hip."

"Shut up yer trap an' pick up yer bloomin' pictur'!" said the lad. "If yer give me any more sass I'll save der hangman a job."

He was in earnest, and the rowdy knew it.

Picking up the picture, the fellow eyed it, then said:

"It's a monkey."

"So are you," grinned Cheeky.

The bully, who was very conceited, foamed at the mouth with rage.

Just then, in came an officer, who, seeing how matters stood, at once clapped the irons upon the murderer.

As he did so, Crinkum arrived.

Cheeky explained what he had done.

"Brave boys!" cried the photographer. "I've lived in fear of that wretch. Whenever he wanted a picture of his ugly mug, he would swagger in here and order me to make one; and, like a fool, I've yielded."

The prisoner was removed to the Tombs, swearing that he'd murder our boys when he got out.

"Oh, paste up yer mouf!" said Cheeky, who, with Chip and Mr. Crinkum, accompanied him to prison. "Yer tort yer could bounce us, hey? Yer look well in a white tie."

When they gave their evidence everybody in the court applauded; but, on leaving the building, a woman whispered:

"You'll get killed for this. Nick's pals will fix you. Look out!"

Cheeky and Chipper didn't scare at this, but Mr. Crinkum looked grave.

"Boys," he said, the next morning when they arrived at the gallery, "I have a man traveling out in the country; he isn't doing well—drinks. Now, you know how to take portraits. I'll give you the balance of your time and you can travel with the van. It's a regular house on wheels. Pay me a fair share of the profits and be your own bosses. What say you?"

"How much is der masheen worth?" inquired Cheek.

"Oh, more than you could ever pay," answered the photographer, who knew nothing of the money they had found in the old woman's duds. "It cost me two thousand dollars; it has doors and windows like a regular house, and a brass knocker on the door, besides being fitted to live in and having a full set of materials for taking pictures. It's worth, as it stands, two thousand dollars. I'll throw the pair of horses in at that price."

"Where is it now?" carelessly inquired Cheek.

"At Stamford, Connecticut," answered Crinkum.

"We'll give yer eighteen hundred dollars fur it," quietly observed the boy.

"You?" cried the photographer, adding, jokingly. "Who have you robbed?"

Our boys told him about their fortune.

"Good," he said. "Well, you're wise. It will be a splendid investment, and you will be out of the way of that rowdy's pals."

"Bless yer, boss," grinned Cheek, "we don't care a cent for them."

That afternoon Crinkum, Cheeky, Chipper and Jack started for Stamford.

They found the van all right, but the operator was lying in bed, dead drunk.

Rousing him, the photographer hoisted the brute out of the van, and, pitching his duds after him, bade the cuss "dust," then, turning to our boys, said:

"Well, will you invest? It's a bargain."

The lads consulted a while, then Cheeky handed Mr. Crinkum eighteen hundred of the old woman's dirty dollars, after which he sent for a painter, who removed the photographer's tin sign, and painted in big letters on the van:

"CHEEKY AND CHIPPER,

OUR BOYS'

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY."

When he had finished, Crinkum helped them harness their horses, and, as they started for the next town, they cried:

"Good-bye, boss; yer bet we're goin' ter hev a bloomin' good time."

## CHAPTER XI.

### HAVING A GOLUMPTIOUS HOLIDAY.

LEAVING Crinkum and Stamford far behind, our boys drove eastwardly, and as the sun descended, camped for the night by the way-side.

"Ain't this jes' a bloomin' ole lark?" observed Cheek, as they unharnessed their horses.

"Yer bet," grinned Chip. "If we don't see sum fun our names ain't Cheeky and Chipper."

When everything was secured, and the horses enjoying the grass, Chip went into the village and bought some grub, while Cheek collected sticks for a fire.

As he was thus employed, a dark-skinned, black-eyed gal came strolling down the lane.

She was a gypsy sent out by her tribe, who were encamped near, to keep an eye on anything handy enough to carry or drive off.

As Cheek sat on the steps of the caravan playing with Jack, the gypsy girl softly approached him, her presence causing the monkey to show his teeth

"Ah!" she cried. "Good-evening, pals. What have you there?"

Hearing her voice, Cheeky glanced up, and noticing that she was beautiful, rose and said:

"It's Jack, sis!"

"Jack who!" she laughingly demanded, exhibiting a very handsome set of natural teeth.

"What's his name, pal, and what's yours, and is this your show?"

Her manner was so free, easy and sassy, that Cheeky took to her right away, while she, remembering her instructions, noted that he had a pair of good horses, and that the van was well fitted and furnished.

The girl just as quickly fell in love with Cheek, and determined to save him from being plundered by her tribe.

"My show, sis," he said, after admiring her for awhile, "is a jint stock fo-toggery-fy consarn! Jack's name is Jack—wot his other name is der lor' only knows—don't believe he's got enny;" then, after smiling sweetly upon her, he added: "My name's Cheeky!"

"Good name for you," she laughingly replied.

"You look awful sassy."

This tickled Cheek.

"Say," he laughingly observed, approaching her, "wot's yer name, my dear?"

"My name is Evoline," she quickly answered. "I ain't your dear, though. In a year I am to marry Absolam, my uncle;" here her face grew sad and she looked downwards.

Now, there was no romance about Cheeky, but he was mashed dead from the word go; as he afterwards said:

"She was so derved pooty."

For some time they stood looking thus, one on the ground and the other as though he had never before seen a handsome girl.

At length Cheek said:

"Heave-a-line, don't yer want ter hev der cuss?"

"No!" she quietly returned, her eyes flashing angrily, "I'd rather die first!"

"Look a hea. Heave-a-line," he whispered taking her hand, "my name's Cheeky—see? Now I like yer—I do—an' at any time yer wants Cheek ter put a head on ole what's his name—"

"Absolam!" she archly returned, raising her trembling eyes to his, "Absolam! You won't forget?"

"Yer bet I won't!" fervently answered Cheeky.

"Well, sis, remember if ever yer wants a mansard put on der cuss, an' Cheeky is anywhere nigh, jes shout for me an' I'll fix him!"

"I will," she quietly returned. "Cheeky, you're a splendid man."

"And yer jes' a fust-class gal!" cried Cheeky, passing his left arm around her waist and giving her a hearty kiss. "Yer a bloomer—s'help me never, you are. I tell yer I'm mashed on yer."

"Chuck—chuck—choo," chuckled Jack, hugging his legs with his forepaws and grinning like a human being; but the lovers did not heed him.

Just then Chipper hove in view from the village, bearing a big basket filled with food.

Catching sight of his pard kissing the gypsy girl, the boy placed his burden on the ground, and, clapping his hands to his side, roared:

"Haw! haw! haw! I'm gol derved!" hearing which, Evoline slipped away, and Cheek turned savagely around, saying:

"Wot der blazes are yer haw-hawin' 'bout, hey?"

"Oh, der monkey, ob course," roared Chip,

"Say, Cheek, don't he look well in a white tie?"

"I don't see no white tie on him," growled his chum, who knew what his pard was alluding to.

"No!" cried Chip. "Den it mus' hev bin a gal. I saw a red-lipped, sassy-lookin' gypsy."

"Stop!" thundered Cheeky. "I'm mashed on her—see? Now stop your chinnin', understan'?" when Chipper, looking him straight in the eye, said:

"Oh, paste up your bloomin' mouf. Cheeky, ole chum, hev yer got a crazy fit on?"

"Seuse me," murmured Cheek, who began to think that he had made an ass of himself. "Chip, old man, yer han'; but sure as I live, I'm mashed on that gal."

"All right, pard," grinned Chipper, once more picking up his load. "Get mashed as much as yer like, only don't expect I'm goin' ter jine. She's a pooty gal, ole buster; but dere's plenty ob time fur yer ter tink ov gettin' hitched."

Cheeky laughed, and, as they unpacked the food, told his chum all about Evoline.

"Look out fur der hosses ter-night; dem gipsies are a regular lot ov fakers," said Chip.

"What!" yelled Cheek, springing to his feet, "my mash a fakir!" Whereupon Chipper calmly smiled and returned:

"Oh, paste up yer bloomin' ole mouf. Dere yer go agin. Pull down yer shirt an' keep cool."

"I can't bear her to be called a fakir," pleaded Cheeky.



"Who called her one?" demanded Chip. "Don't yer be sich a bloomin' ole porkey-pine, Cheek—hear?"

"All right pard," said Cheek; and from that time they had no more words about the girl.

After partaking of supper they lighted their pipes and smoked, while Jack hunted fleas on his lower limbs and watched the stars peep out of the sky.

Cheeky thought of his mash.

Chipper, of the thieving propensities of the gipsies.

They had the rowdy's pistol, so Chip determined to arm himself with it.

About nine o'clock Cheeky rose, and, without saying a word to his chum, sauntered away.

"Gone ter see his mash," murmured Chip. "Well, poor ole man, he's got it bad," with which he proceeded into the van and secured the revolver and the fish peddler's horn, which was part of the fixtures.

About ten o'clock Cheeky sauntered back, surly as a bear with a sore head.

He had not seen Evoline.

Chip laughed in his sleeve; not being mashed, it was a lark to him.

"I'm goin' to bed," said Cheek.

"All right, pard" grinned Chipper. "Yer turn in an' dose, an' I'll go fur a walk wid Jack," with which he tucked the fish-horn under his arm and called to the monkey. "Hi, come 'long ole man;" then descended the steps, leaving his chum to let down the bed, which, during the day, was tied up and secured to the side of the van.

The monkey stood upon its hind legs and rubbed its back against the off front of the vehicle, while Chip's eyes became accustomed to the dim light.

"Come, Jack," whispered the boy. "Heave-a-line may be a bloomin' angel in disguise, but dern her family;" with which he moved silently toward the horses, followed by the baboon on all fours.

They found the animals cropping the short, sweet grass beneath a gigantic oak tree, which grew near the field where Evoline's tribe was camped.

The gipsies were striking their tents, and were noiselessly preparing to get away with our boys' horses.

Climbing the gnarly trunk of the oak, Chipper kept one eye on the horses and the other on Jack, who leisurely ascended beside him.

In a few moments two gipsies, halter in hand, stole from the camp.

They were strongly-built, sturdy rascals, who thought little of human life, and considered the horses of others were their common property.

Behind them, at a little distance, came Evoline.

Chip chuckled to himself, believing that the girl was as bad as the men; but he was quickly undeceived.

Jack was about to give vent to an angry cry, when the boy muzzled him with his hand.

"Here's the hosses," said the tallest of the gipsies—the girl's father. "Come, Absolam, you take the near one and I'll secure the off anne-mil."

"All right," growled Absolam.

Just then Evoline reached them, and, placing her hand upon her father's shoulder, said:

"Daddy, don't take them."

"Why, in blazes, not?" savagely answered the man, while Chip with difficulty restrained Jack from going for the thieves.

"Yea—why, in blazes, not?" echoed Absolam.

"Because they belong to two poor boys," boldly answered the noble girl. "You wouldn't rob two youngsters, would you?"

"Brave-ol! Heave-a-line!" thought the boy.

"Yer der gal fur Cheek—so yer are!"

"Look here," wrathfully observed her father, "you go back to the camp—hear?"

"Yes, git, or I'll thrash you!" said her future husband.

"You will!" she flashed.

"Curse you!" shrieked the scoundrel, "git!" with which he swung his halter over his head, then brought it down full upon the form of the brave girl.

The blow felled her to the earth.

Leveling his pistol, Chip fired at the brute, at the same time releasing Jack, who scrambled down the tree trunk and rushed at Evoline's father.

The gipsy was in the act of mounting the off horse, when Jack nipped him in the calf of his left leg.

"What the deuce is that?" he shrieked.

Chip, afraid to fire at random, for fear of wounding Evoline, placed the fish-horn to his lips and blew:

"Too-o-o-t—too-toot!" then slipped down the trunk and rushed to the assistance of Jack.

The girl seeing Chipper, mistook him for Cheeky, and, springing to her feet, cried:

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!"

Flourishing his fish-horn like a sword the boy let the thieves have it ding-dong, driving them before him like two mongrel dogs.

"Dern yer!" he shouted, whanging away with the horn, "yer'd strike a gal—hey?"

In his eagerness to lam his enemies, he followed them clear into the gipsy camp, or rather to the ground lately occupied by their tents.

Ere he knew it he was surrounded.

Jack, finding that he received more klocks than coppers, wisely beat a retreat.

The gipsies were as mad as hornets, and Chip thought that they meant to murder him.

While her tribe were surrounding and threatening the boy, Evoline drove the horses back to the van; then, seizing the knocker, aroused Cheeky from his slumber.

In a few minutes the boy opened the door, when, noticing the girl, he drew back, muttering:

"Seuse me, Heave-a-line. I must—I haven't got on my pants."

"Darn your pants, pal," she excitedly replied.

"Here, mount one of your horses and ride to the village near by. My people are murdering your partner."

"Yer don't say," he cried, seizing a big gong, used to attract customers in country places; then, once more remembering that he had on only one garment, he dropped the musical instrument and shuffled it into his basement-covers.

"Quick! quick!" cried the brave girl. "Run to him."

Just then Jack came shrieking up, mad as a tarred hog.

At first he made out to bite Evoline, but Cheeky stayed that.

"Heave-a-line," he hurriedly observed, "I'll play a *ran-tan-tan* on dis yer masheen an' frighten yer folks; a gong, well hammered, is a scarer. It's better den ridin' ter town."

"Go ahead," she excitedly replied.

Seizing the drum-stick, he once more raised the gong, then banged away like a colored waiter at a seaside restaurant.

Hearing the frightful din, the gipsies, who were amusing themselves by kicking and torturing Chipper, made off.

They thought that a whole crowd were coming to his rescue.

Cheeky banged away like a lunatic.

Finding himself free, Chip started on the run towards his rescuers, meeting Jack half way.

"Hello, ole son-o-wax," he cried.

Cheek heard him, and immediately ceased beating the gong, then shouted:

"Hello, Chipper; is dat yer, pard?"

"Yea," panted the boy. "All dat der gips have left ov me, gol dern 'em. Say, Cheek, Heave-a-line is a stunner. I tell yer she stuck right up fur us."

"Where are yer, siss?" said his chum, turning round; but the girl was gone.

She had rejoined her tribe.

"Where's der horses?" demanded Chip.

"Where's my mash?" growled his companion.

"Did yer hear me *toop-toop-toopin'* on der ole horn?" inquired Chipper.

"Where's Heave-a-line?" cried Cheeky.

"Gone back ter her crowd," observed his pard.

"I tell you, Cheek, she's a wheel-hoss an' a hull team, she is. Yer should hev heard her stick up fur us."

"Fur me, yer mean," smilingly answered Cheeky.

"Oh, paste up yer ole mouf," laughed his chum. "T'ink der gal ain't mashed on me, too? I tell yer she's a real nice, sweet creeter, an' I'm dead gone on her," with which he led the way to the van.

Securing the horses, our boys turned in, when they heard the faint cry outside.

"What der blazes is dat?" nervously asked Cheek.

"It's Jack," said Chipper. "Let der bloom-in' ole cuss in. I forgot him."

The monkey was duly admitted, when they discovered that he was bleeding.

"Poor ole dodger," said Cheek. "Why, he's bruised all over, an' his ear's cut."

Our boys hunted around and found some plaster, which they applied to the animal's wounds.

"I'm awful bruised," said Chip, as they once more turned in. "Blame them gips, they've got extree muscles in deir arms an' limbs."

In a short time both lads slept soundly, and did not wake again until six o'clock in the morning.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Chip, "ain't I stiff?"

"Why, yer black an' blue all over!" cried his chum. "I say, dey must have licked you badly."

"Yer bet dey did," moaned Chipper. "But, say, I lammed inter dem wid der fish-horn."

"Where's der rewolver?" inquired Cheek.

"Now yer've got me," said his pard. "Dey hooked it from me!"

After partaking of breakfast, the lads harnessed the horses and started for the nearest village.

On arriving at the common they found the gipsies camped there, looking as though they had been a week in the place.

As they drove by the camp, Cheeky, who was delighted with the prospect of seeing Evoline, hailed Absolam, who had his arm bound up, saying:

"Say, yer looks well in a white tie. What's der matter wid yer paw, hey?"

"Hoss kicked it," sulkily replied the gipsy.

"Did it hev any *lead* in its heels?" sassed Chipper.

The man swore in Romany (gipsy language), hearing which, Cheek remarked:

"Don't get mad, mister; we won't hurt yer."

As the boys unhitched their team the gipsies held a council of war.

"Dey're jawin' 'bout us," sniggered Chip.

"Wot yer goin' ter do 'bout deir tryin' ter lift our hosses, pard?"

"Ter wait," chuckled Cheeky. "Dey're in a blue funk now. I wan ter see Heave-a-line."

By noon the van was cleared up and Cheek ready for biz.

Their first customer was an old woman, who came to ask prices.

"Kin yer tell me where der perleece court is?" inquired Cheeky, noticing one of the gipsy boys loafing round the entrance of the van. "Somebody stole our rewolver las' night, and we wants ter git it agin."

"There isn't any police court in this village," replied the old girl. "If you want any one taken up you must apply to the selectmen."

On hearing this the gipsy boy vamoosed.

"Kin we take yer portrait ter-day, ma'am?" politely inquired Chipper, who had his eye on' business.

"Well," simpered the woman, "what I dew want is a picture of my ole man; but he's dead."

"Truck him along, lady," calmly observed Cheeky. "We'll make yer a picture dat will charm yer."

"But," simpered the old lady, "he's *buried*."

"Yank him up agin," coolly suggested the scamp. "If he ain't too far gone we'll make a lovely picture ov him. We don't mind der smell, do we, Chip?" winking at his pard.

"Oh, Josh," murmured Chipper; then, quitting the caravan, he went outside and roared with laughter.

"Look here, young man," said the old lady, "ain't your brother silly?"

"Yes, lady," replied the unmoved humbug, adding: "It won't cost yer much ter dig yer ole un up, ma'am? I kin make a hunkey phorty-graff ov him."

"But he's been dead forty-five years," she returned. "Can't yew make a *spirit* pictur' ov him?"

"Yerbet we kin," nodded Cheek, who wondered what on earth she meant. "We've learned der fortygraff biz from A ter Z; ov coorse we kin make spirit pictures. Wot sort ov a chap was yer old un?"

"Short an' dark," she simpered, "an'—well—not what is called good-looking, an' he used ter drink."

Cheeky slowly closed one eye, then demanded:

"Got a shute of ole duds?"

"Yea," she nodded; "I've got his best suit laid by in sweet fern and yarbs."

"Bring it along," said Cheek. "I'll make yer a sperrit forty-graff dat will suit yer ter a dot."

The old girl quitted the van, observing:

"I'll be back in five minutes."

When she was out of hearing, Cheeky threw a cart-wheel and danced on his hands.

While he was head downwards Chipper entered with Evoline, and, seeing his pard thus employed, he motioned the girl not to say a word.

Believing himself to be alone, Cheeky slapped his legs together in the air, then sang:

"Oh, it's a bloomin' lark  
Ter gammon fools this way,  
Wid sperrit fo-ty-graffs;  
(While through der nose they pay;  
"We'll rig our monkey up,  
Der pictur's fur ter sit,  
Der likeness ov her ole man  
Der ole woman shall git."

"Den hurrah fur der roamin' life ov der fo-ter-graffy biz. We'll hev a bloomin', roarin' lark as roun' the world we'll rip."

Having thus delivered himself, Cheeky inverted his body, while Evoline and his pard cried:

"Bra-vo! Do it agin!"

Raising his red face, Cheek said:

"Wot! Heave-a-line, my dear, yer dere?"



Then regaining his feet, he offered her his hand, observing:

"How's yer ole man an' yer futur' husband?"

"Pals," she merrily began, "my daddy—as I always call him—wants to make friends with you."

"We're willin'," said Cheeky, offering her a chair. "Tell him ter han' back our rewolwer, an' the job is did. I couldn't bear no ill feelin's agin der parent ov such an angel as yer. Could yer?" turning to his pard.

"Not much," grinned Chip.

"Well," smilingly answered the merry girl, producing the weapon and a foreign-looking dagger, "daddy sends you these—one's yours, and the other as a peace-offering. If you take both you're bound to us forever."

"That's so," said a voice in the doorway, and in walked Evoline's father.

Nothing abashed, Cheeky nodded to the gipsy, saying:

"Sit down, ole hoss! Glad ter see yer."

Then wiping the mouth-piece of his pipe, he handed it to the new-comer, observing:

"Take a pull ov dat, ole stiek-in-der-mud. I'm glad yer've come yerself, although her couldn't have sent a better messenger. Say, what's yer name, friend?"

"My name is Israel Lee," said the gipsy. "And yours?"

"Cheeky," answered the boy, gazing admiringly on Evoline.

"Cheeky what?" demanded Lee.

"Dere yer've got der best ov me, friend," grinned Cheeky.

"Don't you know any other name?" said the man, who had evidently taken a fancy to our boys.

"No," chuckled the scamp; "I never knowed me parints, I was hove outer der streets jes' as soon as I could crawl, an' God only knows who my fader an' mudder was."

"Good," said Lee; "I will give you a name—Smart."

"Yes, Cheeky Smart is a stunning name for you," observed Evoline. "You're cheeky and you're smart."

"I'll take it," said the boy, adding: "Now, friend, wid regard ter dat little racket las' night, dere's me han'," offering his paw.

"An' dere's mine," said Chip.

The gipsy shook them heartily.

It was lucky for him that he had a good daughter.

"You'll take the knife?" he said.

"If you'll agree ter give me suthin' else?" boldly replied Cheeky. "Mister Lee—I wants ter marry yer gal."

"You can't," said the gipsy. "She is engaged to her uncle. Are you not, Evoline?"

"Y—e—s," sadly answered the girl.

"But I want to marry her when I'm rich enough," said Cheeky, in an injured tone. "If I can't have her I shall go for me noble Absolam, an' put a mansard on his nut."

"I can't help you," solemnly replied Lee; "her uncle bought her when she was a child; now he values her at a thousand dollars. We gipsies have our own laws and customs."

"Great Goliath!" cried Cheeky. "This is a free country. Send him ter me—"

"I'm here," said a hoarse voice, and in walked Absolam.

"Here, take a seat, friend," observed Cheeky, offering the man a stool. "Say, dis is a free country, a man can't own a slave."

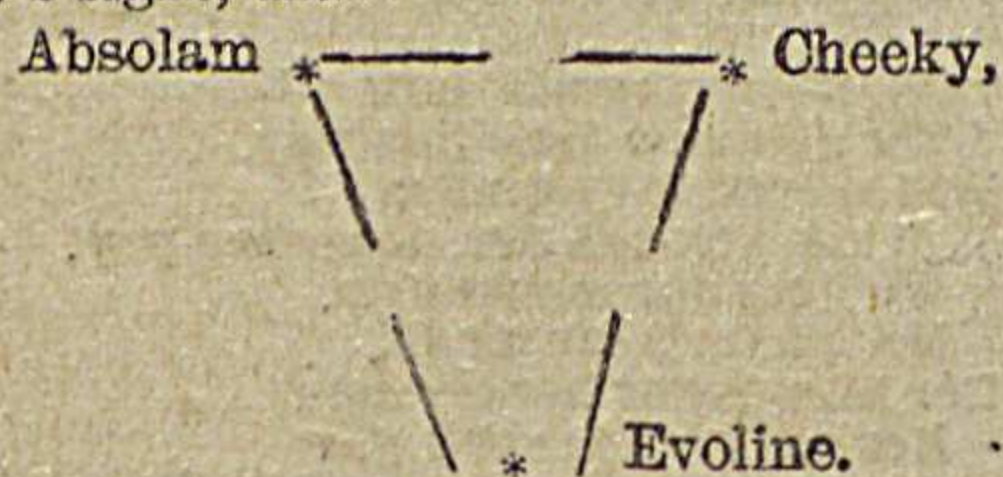
"Pshaw!" snarled Absolam; "she is not my slave, but my promised wife. Your customs do not affect us."

"Look a-hea, friend," cried Cheeky, indignantly, "yer worse den a gory Turk. Say, won't yer sell out yer right?"

"Yes, for a thousand dollars," said the man. "Swear an oath you will pay me that sum, and when you do you can marry Evoline."

"I will," quickly answered Cheeky, adding to himself: "I'll cuss an' swear, too, if yer wants it."

Advancing, Absolam placed his left hand in Cheeky's right, thus:



Cheeky giving his right to Absolam, Evoline giving her right to Cheeky, and Absolam giving his right to Evoline.

"Now, repeat after me," said the man:

"Romany lal sohela li  
Fola lio tomail si,  
Delo hosla moole ki,  
Romola choola soola hi!"

adding in English "I pledge myself to keep my word, or may I rot and die."

When this was done, Evoline's father observed:

"Now, boys, we're your friends, but we're on the fake and make, and you're on the square, like Evoline. You must always help us and we'll help you. Now good-bye. When you, Cheeky Smart, have the money and are able to keep a wife you can have my girl; until then you must promise never to speak to her."

"That's hard!" said the boy, thinking. "But I ken wait."

"That's my decision," said the gipsy. "She's a good, honest girl."

"All right," answered Cheeky. "Dere's my paw," with which he shook hands with Lee, then kissed Evoline, saying:

"Yer a bully gal, Heave-a-line."

"Cheeky," she pleaded, returning his salute, "we're going away from here at once, now do, there's a good fellow, learn to call me Evoline. Heave-a-line sounds so like a sailor's name."

"That's so," murmured Cheeky, while Chip whispered:

"Kiss her again, pard, dey're on der move."

"Come, enough of that," said her father, separating her from Cheeky. "When you have the money write to me to this address," handing him a dirty card. "Now, good-bye for a time; we are not going your way; when we next meet remember your promise."

In another moment Evoline, her father and uncle, were riding down the street after her people, who had struck tents and were off.

"Gol dern it, she's gone again," murmured Cheeky. "She's slipped through my bloomin' fingers."

"Oh, you're all O. K.," grinned Chip. "You've said *hoky poky* wid her owner, now set to work an' earn a tousan' dollars, and Heave-a-line—I mean Evoline—is yours."

As he spoke, the old woman who wanted a spirit photograph, presented herself with a bundle of her late husband's clothes, saying:

"Here's poor Jennings' things, mister. Take care of them."

"Hand 'em in, ma'am," calmly answered Cheeky. "Call dis afternoon an' I'll hev der sperrit tin-type fur yer."

"All right," she said, and away she trotted.

"Wot's yer little game now?" demanded Chip.

"Well, yer see," answered his chum, "der ole duck wants a pieter ov her husband who's bin dead forty-five years; he was short an' not handsome, so I'll rig up ole Jack in his togs an' take his pictur'!"

"Wot a bloomin' lark!" cried Chip, and in five minutes the monkey was buttoned into the dead man's clothes.

Jack didn't like it, and resolutely refused to sit upright, curling himself like the letter C.

They placed a table at his right hand, and on it a gin-bottle, sugar, spoons and glasses.

Jack stole the sweet stuff, and chuckled as the boys caught him at it, but sit upright he would not; finally resting his long arms on the table and hiding his face in them.

"That'll do, hunky," winked Cheeky, and in two moments his picture was secured.

As the boys developed it, Cheeky said:

"It will do rippin'. It looks like a werry tight ole ghost wid his nut on the table. Wot a bloomin' sperrit pictur'. Now, Chip, go out an' buy some beefsteak an' taters fur dinner, an' I'll finish up dis portrait," he observed, and soon their dinner was hissing in the frying-pan.

When the platters were cleaned, our boys set the van to rights and awaited the arrival of customers.

"We must send out some handbills," said Chip. "One half der folks don't know we're here."

"Hush," whispered Cheeky. "Shove Jack in der locker. Here comes der ole woman."

Jack was captured and rammed into durance vile, after which the old girl entered, whereupon Cheeky handed her the tin-type picture.

"Why, I kean't see his dear old face," cried the old woman.

"Lady," hurriedly observed the scamp, hastily wrapping the portrait in paper and thrusting it into her hand, "yer old man's ghost was awful tight—it couldn't sit upright—unstan? No charge fur dat, ma'am. Recommend un to yer friends."

"Ye—a," she said; "where's poor Jemmy's things?"

"Der ghost took 'em with him, lady," calmly answered the scamp. "He was awful groggy, an' swore now he'd got his best clothes outer yer he'd keep 'em. Said yer beried him in an ole shute."

"My land!" ejaculated the old woman. "Boys, to-morrow I'll send a hull gal's skule to you."

## CHAPTER XII.

### FUN AND LARKS.

WHEN the old woman had departed with the "spirit tin-type," our boys released Jack, and once more dressed him in his ordinary toggery.

"Now, chum," observed Cheeky, "s'pose we get out a bill? Folks won't know we're here, until we're gone, unless we advertises."

Reaching down pen, ink and paper from a cunning little cupboard, they laid their heads together, and produced the following poster:

CHEEKY AND CHIPPER,  
OUR BOYS'  
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,  
FROM  
CRINKUM'S  
BROADWAY ART SALOON,  
NEW YORK.

Come along, fathers,  
Come along, mothers,  
Come along, sisters,  
Come along, brothers,  
Don't act shabby,  
Bring the baby.

Now's the time to save your bacon,  
Come and have your portraits taken.  
Fifty cents will buy a ripper,  
Make a call on Cheek and Chipper.

"What yer tink ob dat?" inquired Cheeky of his pard.

"Wot yer mean by save yer bakin'?" grinned Chip.

"Oh, it's a saying," chuckled Cheeky. "Don't yer know, jes' in time to save yer bakin'?"

"Yea," grinned Chipper, "but yer orter put a long list of prices. Dey'll tink it's a one-hoss consarn if yer don't."

After musing awhile, Cheeky wrote and read as under:

#### PRICES.

Small tin-types 10 cts. each | Carte-de-visites, \$3 per doz  
Large " 25 " | Cabinet pictures, \$6 "

Ambrotypes, callotypes, carbon pictures, landscapes, fire-escapes, porcelain pictures, crayon portraits, portraits enlarged to order, spirit pictures, portraits of ancestors, your future husband or wife, in fact anything you can obtain in a first-class New York photographic gallery. Orders promptly filled.

WILL REMAIN IN THIS CITY ONE WEEK ONLY.

Proprietors and Operators,

MESSRS. CHEEKY SMART AND CHIPPER MORRIS.

"Wot yer tink ob dat, hey?" said Cheeky.

"I tink it's a bloomin' lark," replied his pard. "Yer know we kean't make anyt'ing but tin-types an' card pictur's?"

"No more kin most photographers," laughingly answered Cheeky.

"Der folks will tink yer a coddin' ov 'em, puttin' fire-escapes," grinned Chipper.

"Bless yer," returned the scamp, "dey'll tink it's a new kind o' sun pictur'."

"Wot yer mean by portraits ov ancestors?" demanded the other.

Cheeky winked knowingly, then whispered:

"If a half-headed fool comes ter us axin' for a pictur' ov a dead friend or member ov deir family, pick out one ob dem *cartes-de-visite* in der stock-box, dat der man left here, an' sell it ter der duffers fur a picture ov der dead un: see?"

"Yea," dubiously answered Chip. "Buts'pose dey say dat der pictur' aint like der stiff?"

"Tell 'em dat he or she has changed. Now, don't stop ter argey, but walk off down ter der printin' office wid dis."

Chip did as he was asked, and when he was gone, his chum stood outside the van, shouting:

"Walk in! walk in, ladies an' gents, an' have yer pictur's took by der patent double-action, back-actin', magnifyin' happaratus, invented by Professor Slow-cum ov der New York school ov photograpy!"

In a few moments a crowd gathered, and by the time Chip returned from the printing office his pard had his hands full.

At length a very old man entered, supported by his two daughters, who, on seeing our boys, shouted:

"Say, young fellers, we want yew to take father's likeness?"

Now the poor old chap shook so with palsy that Cheek knew he could not take a picture of him; but, on going into the dark room, at the back of the van, he hunted up a portrait of Joe Jefferson, as Rip Van Winkle, and another of Bryant the poet.

"Which is most like der ole buster?" he whispered to Chip.

"Der las' one," smilingly replied his chum.

"Got a clean one like it?" he demanded.



"No," said Chipper. "Dat's der only one; yer must copy it, Cheek."

They placed the poor old fellow in a chair, and Cheeky leveled the camera at him, when the old boy rose, saying:

"My land, they're goin' tew shewt at me."

"Oh, sit down, father," said one of the girls, ramming the patriarch back into the seat and jerking his trembling head into the rest; then addressing the operator, added: "Now, aim at un agin, feller, an' mind yer hit un this time. 'I'll hold der ole cuss. We've got tew git his pictur' tew show he's alive."

Cheek pretended to take a portrait, then retired with Chip to the dark room.

"Say," hurriedly whispered his pard, "ain't dem gals brutes? Dey no more care for de poor ole man den if he was made av stone!"

"I'll sell 'em a purp presently," said Cheek. "Hold hard till I gets deir heads in der masheen. Dern 'em, dey don't deserve ter hev a father."

Going outside, he showed them Bryant's picture, saying:

"Call ter-morrer, an' I'll have some ready fur yer."

"Now, we wants ours took," they cried, yanking the old man out of the chair and winking at their "fellers," who had just entered.

Cheeky tenderly led the patriarch to a seat in the corner, then whispered in his ear:

"Want a chaw, boss?"

"Don't let them see yer give it to me," murmured the old chap.

"Yer bet," said Cheeky, slily passing him a plug of the best navy. "Take a bite ov dat, yer ole beeswax, and stick ter der balance. I'm goin' ter hev a lark wid yer dootiful gals."

When the old chap was comfortably settled, Chip said to the two young women:

"Now den, ladies, which ov yer fust?"

"Me!" shouted the eldest.

"No, me," screamed the other.

"Look here, ladies," quietly observed Cheeky, "we always takes der pootiest gal fust. Which ov yer is best lookin'?"

"I am!" yelled the biggest.

"I am!" bawled the other; while their two "fellers" took sides with them, and their father, in his quiet corner, chawed and chuckled with delight.

Taking down a key-bugle from a nail, Cheeky applied it to his mouth and played a lively air, drowning the voices of the quarrelers; then, when all was quiet and the four were glaring at each other like mad dogs, he coolly observed:

"Say, gals, if yer want ter fight yer must go outside. Dis yer ain't a boxin' gallery, hear? Dern me, if I kin tell which ov yer is der pootiest."

"My gal is!" roared the big one's feller, swaggering up to Cheeky. "Dern yer! take her pictur' fust, hear?"

Cheek quietly eyed him, then replied:

"Oh, paste up yer bloomin' big mouf. If yer want fight, put a head on der odder feller. I ain't in dis racket; if yer touches me, I'll load yer skin wid bullets."

"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the old man, adding in a cracked voice, "yer keant bounce him, Moses."

"You dry up, father," dutifully observed his eldest girl; then noticing that the old dodger was chewing, rushed at him, saying: "Ah, who's bin givin' yew 'backker ter chaw?" Hearing which Cheeky grabbed her by the skirts and drew her away, observing:

"Look, ahea, sis, yer jis' give der old man a rest."

"Leave my gal alone, won't you?" snarled Moses, who had contented himself with savagely scowling at his future brother-in-law.

"Say, Moses," coolly replied the scamp, "yer looks well in a white tie."

"Yer lie!" howled punkinhead; "my tie's a green un."

"Like yerself," sassily retorted Cheek.

"He! he! he! Ho! ho! ho! laughed the old man in the corner. "Yew caught it that theer time, Moses."

It was good to see the old chap enjoy himself.

"Look here," suddenly demanded one of the girls, "yew pictur'-takin' fellers, yew've got to decide which ov us is the pootiest. Come, now, say," with which the two angry creatures toed a line in front of Cheeky and Chipper, their "fellers" standing behind them and scowling over the wenches' shoulders.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shrilly laughed the old chap in the corner. "Oh, ain't I enjoying myself!" with which he opened his mouth, in order to utter another chuckle, when the chaw in his jaws slipped and almost choked him.

"Serve yew right," shouted his dutiful children, as he strained, coughed, and hawked. "Yew ought ter know better at yewer age."

Our boys patted the old rooster on the back, and

Cheek reached down a bottle of whisky—left there by the man who last ran the van—and gave the old chap a stiff tod.

"Yew'll make him drunk," screamed the girls, while their father calmly closed one eye and sucked down the drink.

"Ladies," quietly observed Cheek, "we ain't no further ahead than we was when we started. I can't tell which ov yer is der homeliest. Yer chaps must decide dat."

"Look here, young feller," bawled the tallest girl, "we don't want tew know which ov is the homeliest, but which is the pootiest."

Giving the old rooster another stiff horn, which quieted his nerves and made him steady-like, Cheeky winked at Chipper, saying:

"I votes we leave dis ter der ole chap, hey Chip?"

"I sekinds der mction," grinned his pard.

By that time the aged man was as tight as a peep. His old eyes were bright, and he felt good.

Rising, he held on to the back of his chair, then, uttering a dry chuckle, said:

"Cheeky an' Chip—(hic) er—you're two bully boys! (hic). You've deshided thet I'm (hic) tew deshide—which ov my gals is—(hic) pootiest? Ish—that so?"

"Right you are, old dot-an'-carry-one," said Cheek, motioning the girls not to interrupt their parent. "Go ahead, ole beeswax! We'll support yer right up ter der handle." With which he produced his revolver, and winked at the girls' fellers.

"Good 'nuff!" murmured the old chap, suddenly rousing from a sort of nap and uttering a dry laugh. "Now, listen! Gals, you're (hic) both too homely to hev (hic) yewr picturs took—anyhow!" With which he seated himself, smiled knowingly on our boys, and murmured, "I'd like—nother (hic) drink!"

The girls were so mad that they wanted to shake the old chap; but, fearing Cheeky's pistol, wisely deputed the biz to their fellows.

"Give it him, Moses!" screamed the eldest.

"Punch his blamed old head, Hiram!" yelled the youngest.

And the "fellers" actually stepped forward to assault the old man, when Cheeky and Chipper stayed them, saying:

"Look ahea—yer jes' drop it!"

"How?" cried the bullies, flourishing round.

"Dust—vamoose—git—walk off on yer ear," said Cheek.

"Paste up yer bloomin' moufs an' trot," added Chip. "If yer had any pluck in yer, ye'd fight it out."

"Yea," drowsily muttered the old man, "yew'd fight it out!"

Just then, Cheek threw a duster in Moses' eye. Thinking that it came from Hiram, the fellow let out with his right and knocked the latter clean out through the van door. Then, in order to make sure of his victory, sprang after him and began a dance on Hiram's prostrate body; seeing which the latter's gal gathered up her duds, uttered a loud "whoop," and jumped right atop of Moses, laying him out like a flounder. As she was twisting her pretty hands in his hair preparatory to yanking out a few bunches of his wool, her sister, who weighed over two hundred pounds, shot down plumb upon her back, and, giving a hysterical scream, went for the fair one's tresses. The fight roused the old man, who, staggering to the door, cried:

"Go—it—gals!" Then, missing his hold, fell back on the top of the lively pile, shouting:

"Oh—ain't—I—happy!"

For some seconds they were quite unable to stir; during which time our boys took a photograph of the group.

Presently they began to uncurl, and, after awhile, all of them regained their feet.

"Come along, Sal!" said Moses, wiping his nose, which had been knocked all askew.

"Go hum by yerself!" snapped the girl; "yew lunk-headed, knot-nosed, hog-eyed, swill-bar'l, yew! Git." With which she dealt him a left-hander and sent him scotting.

"Won't yew come along with me?" timidly inquired Hiram of the other sister.

"Yew?" she snarled, turning short round on him. "Yew—yew squash-headed, onion-eyed, punkin-gutted hog—yew! Grr!" With which she raised her right foot, and gave him a kick in his rear guard.

"Gals," grinned Cheek, "I've got a heavenly pictur' ov yer—lyin' head downwards an' kickin' most awful! A reg'ler 'Black Crook' affair! We shall make a fortun' selling copies ter der fellers!" With which he exhibited the negative of the group to them.

They felt awful mean, and begged him not to print and sell copies of it.

"Oh!" they pleaded; "don't do it, mister."

We'll do anything yew like if yer won't exhibit us."

"Look ahea," replied Cheek, pointing to their father, who had rolled under the van and was snoring like a school-boy. "When I saw yer yank an' twist yer ole fader 'bout, jest as though he hadn't got no feelin's, I made up me mind ter sell yer a leetle purp, see? Now yer take him up tenderly, carry him home, put the ole dodger ter bed, an' in futur' treat him decent; if yer don't, so help me gracious, I'll publish an' sell dis yer pictur'," pointing to the negative, "showing yer thin ole limbs an' yer redickulous posish wid Moses and Hiram. Yer un'-stan'?"

"We do, we do," they cried, raising their parent and hailing an express wagon that was passing. "We'll be kind ter our father."

Our boys assisted them to lift the old man into the vehicle, and, as the girls mounted by him, the patriarch sat bolt upright and, to the lads' delight, sang:

"We—won't—go—home—till—mornin',  
We—won't—go—home—till (hic) mornin',  
We (hic) won't—go home till mor—nin'."

Then winking gravely at them, added:

"Yew—bet we (hic) won't, gals."

Quite a crowd followed the wagon, and, as Cheeky and Chipper gave them a farewell cheer, Jack emerged from beneath the van, and, seating himself on the steps, scratched his stern, crying:

"Chook—chook—choo."

"Funny, ain't it, Jack?" observed Chip, who had been an amused spectator of Cheeky's joke.

That afternoon folks began to make inquiries about prices, and by dusk they had booked quite a number of orders for the next day.

"We fixed der ole man," merrily observed Cheek as they seated themselves for supper.

"Yes," answered Chip, nodding approvingly. "He was a lively ole rooster, wasn't he, chum? He enjoyed himself, didn't he?"

Leaving Jack in charge of the van they sauntered into the village and entered the drug store, a place where they appeared to sell something of everything.

Walking up to the counter, Cheek addressed the druggist, saying:

"Have ger got a nice comfortable coffin fur sale, boss?"

"How?" demanded the man.

"Coffin," calmly replied the scamp. "Yer keeps drugs, soda-water, candy, toys, books, pictures, earthenware, garden-truck, boots and shoes, furniture, hardware, an' de Lord knows what else; keant yer furnish us wid a nice silver-mounted cold meat-box?"

"Look here, young man," good-humoredly observed the druggist. "We don't keep coffins in stock, but I'll corpse you and measure you for one, with great pleasure."

"Thank yer," chuckled Cheek, who was delighted to find that the man could take a joke. "We'll call agin, mister," adding, "My name's Cheeky Smart."

"You look your name," quietly answered the druggist. "Can I offer you a drink of soda and catnip?"

"Not to-day, mister," laughingly replied the boy. "I like yer, mister, an' if yer'll come roun' ter our gallery, I'll take yer pictur' free gratis for nothin'."

"Thank you," smilingly returned the man, who was tickled to death with Cheeky's sassy talk.

"How are you getting on, boys?"

"Pooty good," said the lad. "Mister, 'low me ter interduce yer ter me pard, Chipper Morris."

"He looks Chipper, don't he?" said the man. "Come, boys, what will you take, sody an' syrup or sarsaparilla?" with which he turned on the fizz, and our boys named their drinks.

While they were mopping down the cold liquid, a dirty-looking old hummer, in a highly perfumed suit of rags, entered the store, and snuffing up to the lads, watched them drink, then mumbled:

"Offle thusty weather—offle."

"Say, mister," whispered Cheek to the proprietor, "who's ole Stinkalive?"

"He," dryly returned the man—"why, don't you know him? Haven't you been introduced to Mr. Danforth, the most prominent man in our town? Well, well!" with which he addressed the grimy old hummer, saying: "Aaron, these young men take pictures. Won't you have yours done?"

"Not if it co—co—cost anything," said the greasy one. "I'm poor—I'm poor! I can't afford to pay for my picture."

"Yer come along to-morrow, ole smell-fingers," said Cheek; "we'll suit yer. I'd like to introjuce yer ter yer brother."

"My bro—bro—brother?" nervously inquired



Aaron. "You're foolin' me. I'm the only one in my family; all the others died young. I'm a poor man."

"Yer a awful greasy duck," murmured Chip. "Say, Cheek, wot did yer ax der buster ter come ter der van fur? He'll stink us out."

"Don't yer worry," winked his pard; "we'll hev a bloomin' lark wid ole scrap-heap."

Bidding the good-natured druggist adieu, they returned to the van, and were soon slumbering.

The next morning, bright and early, they arose and cleared the place for biz.

In front of the vehicle was a sort of gallery, in which they exhibited specimen pictures, while the body of the van was divided into operating and dark rooms.

They built a fire in the open air and ate their breakfast on the ground.

In the midst of their meal Aaron shuffled up, and, eying the grub, said:

"I'm—I'm offle hungry—offle!"

Handing him a ten-cent loaf, Cheek said:

"Shove dat inter yer inside, ole strong-sniff."

The bumper eagerly devoured the toke, then observed:

"I'd like another."

"Here yer are," said Chip; "plug yer ole cavity. We'll give yer all dertommy yer kin eat; with which he handed him two ten-cent breads.

The old rooster's jaws relaxed into a smile, then set to work chewing the *pannem*.

"Je-rusa-lum!" ejaculated Cheek; "he's wolfed all that toke. Dern his ole skin, he mus' be holler!"

Aaron gazed grimly at him, then murmured:

"I'd like another of them. I'm offle hungry—offle!"

"Dern yer!" grinned Chip, "yer've eaten all our stock;" then rising, went over to the baker's and bought four more loaves.

The highly-flavored bumper contrived to eat two of them, making in all six ten-cent breads.

After pawing the other two loaves with his grimy hands, he blinked at our boys, saying:

"Guess I'll wait—afore I eat these!"

"Now," said Cheek, motioning him to mount a dirt-heap at the far end of the common, and giving him a yard of white-glazed paper, "tie dat roun' yer ole neck, an' make a nice bow in front, hear?"

Aaron did as he was directed, and when he had fixed himself, mumbled:

"Say, can't you give me a drink of coffee?"

"Dern yer ole skin, wait!" said Cheek; "yer as greedy as a hog! Now, put one ov dem loaves ter yer mouf, jes as though yer was goin' to wolf it, an' look smilin'."

Aaron did as he was directed, and our boys took his portrait.

He looked an awful cure.

In the midst of the fun the school-girls arrived, and the lads had a big audience.

"Law!" ejaculated one girl, "they're taking Mr. Danforth's picture."

"Say, ladies!" winked Cheek, turning to them, and pointing to the grinning bumper with his left thumb, "don't der bloomin' ole fraud look well in a white tie?"

When they had secured several pictures, all of them being in grotesque positions, our boys started the old dodger, then invited the girls into the gallery, where they showed them the various styles of pictures.

"Oh, I should so like to marry a photographer, and travel round in a van," exclaimed one girl to Cheek.

"Miss," murmured the scamp, "I'm engaged; but Chip—my pard dere—is free; talk ter him, miss."

"Oh, but I like you," merrily answered the girl. "You're so cheeky."

"Dat's me," grinned the boy. "Well, miss, I'm sorry, but if my mash goes back on me I'll know where to come."

With which he winked at her.

All the girls had their portraits taken, and our boys were hard at it until noon, when the school-marm hove in sight.

"Say," said the girls, who were having a real good time, "Mr. Cheeky, can't you sugar Miss Skinner over? She's mad because we've kept away from school to have our pictures taken."

"Leave her ter me, my dears," winked Cheek.

Up came the teacher, saying:

"Now, girls—go right back to school! I'll report every one of you to the committee;" when Cheeky stepped forward, and holding out his hand as though he had known her all his life, exclaimed:

"Why, Miss Skinner! how air yer? Why, yer looks as han'some as ever. How do yer do?"

"Young man," she snapped, "I don't know you."

"Why, Miss Skinner!" he cried: "not know yer little Cheek, yer favorite poopil when yer was in New York? Not know yer little Cheeky?"

Well, well, come right inter der van an' lemme take yer pictur' free."

Being a mean old cat, and desirous of making something out of the boys, she allowed herself to be conducted into the operating-room, and was presently seated and posed for the portrait.

"Come here," said the scamp, beckoning some of the laughing girls to look into the camera.

"Oh, my!" they cried, "Miss Skinner, you're upside down!"

"Augh!" she screamed, rising with a jerk, "augh! I'm ashamed of you girls."

Cheeky explained that the camera inverted the picture, and, thus reassured, she resumed her seat.

"Smile," he cried; "open yer pooty mouf, or der picture'll come out awful."

Miss Skinner opened her lantern jaws and grinned like a dead oyster, exhibiting a set of artificial teeth, which strongly resembled a row of broken, rotten fence-posts.

The girls giggled and thrust their handkerchiefs into their mouths.

"Wider, my dear Miss Skinner," calmly observed Cheek. "Fancy yer goin' ter swaller suthin' big."

Poor Miss Skinner, she stretched and stretched her mouth until it looked like the entrance to a cave, when Cheeky said:

"Dere, keep it like dat! Now, I uncaps der glass! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," then deliberately covering the lens, added: "Now yer kin shet yer tater trap, ole lady."

She brought her jaws together with such a snap that she did not hear the last words he said, but her pupils did.

They had almost choked with laughing to see her sit there and yawp at Cheeky's bidding.

The girls all hated her, for she was a mean old tramp.

While she was getting her jaws into shape, our boys were developing the picture.

"How has it turned out?" inquired the laughing Chip.

"Rippin'," answered his pard. "Just take a squint at her ole mouth. It looks as though she was tryin' ter ketch a base ball."

"Good companion pictur' fur Aaron Danforth's!" grinned Chipper.

"[Bloomin']," said Cheeky, then stepping into the gallery he said: "Miss Skinner, wouldn't yer like a pictur' ov yer futur' husband?"

"Hem," she coughed. "Yes." Then turning to the laughing girls, demanded: "What are you children grinning about?"

"Come dis afternoon an' I'll show yer proofs," he observed to her, after which, winking at the pupils, he whispered to them: "Oh, sich a bloomin' lark, gals."

The young ladies ordered the pictures they wanted, and paid for them, then departed with Miss Skinner, who said:

"We'll call this afternoon. Don't forget the portrait of my future husband. Can you tell his name?"

"Oh, yes," grinned Cheek, "Guess you'll say his likeness is spiffin'."

They set to work and printed proofs of Aaron's and Miss Skinner's portraits, then finished them off.

About two o'clock their hand-bills arrived from the printer's, and Chip started out to distribute them; in the meantime Cheeky took proofs of the girls' pictures.

Chip returned at five o'clock, and soon afterwards the school-marm arrived with the pupils. The latter climbing into the van and swarming around our boys before their teacher could reach them.

Cheeky exhibited the portraits of Miss S—and Aaron, which he had framed and labelled:

*Our School-teacher. Her Future Husband.*

"Ha! ha! ha! Hee! hee! hee! Hi! hi! hi!" laughed the merry girls.

"Say," whispered Cheek, "don't he look well in a white tie?"

The young ladies shrieked again.

"What's the fun?" demanded Miss Skinner, elbowing her way through the crowd. "You boys haven't been playing a trick on me, have you?"

"Bless yer, no, my dear Miss Skinner, calmly answered the young rascal; saying which, he handed the comical portraits to her, and added: "There, ain't them jes triumphs ov pho-toggery-fy?"

Miss Skinner gave a long, savage, malignant glance at her own gaping picture, then at the portrait of Aaron, who was represented as trying to swallow a ten-cent loaf, after which she dropped the frame, and, grasping her parasol with both hands went for our boys.

Cheeky laughed so that she whacked him repeatedly over the head; at the same time she

grasped Chip by the hair and endeavored to yank out his flowing locks.

This so stirred the girls that, uttering a shrill scream, they flew to the rescue of Cheeky and Chipper.

In a few moments the fair ones were victorious, and Miss Skinner beat a retreat, followed by a score of laughing maidens.

"Come back!" shouted Cheek. "Come back, Miss Skinner."

The schoolmarm paused, turned sharply round, and said:

"Come back—for what?"

"Oh!" moaned the merry scamp, "oh, my dear Miss Skinner, dew come back. Yer haven't seen der monkey!"

Giving him a withering glance, she turned and made the best of her way towards the selectmen's houses, at each of which she preferred a complaint against our boys.

The next morning they received the following notice:

"CHEEKY AND CHIPPER, PHOTOGRAPHERS.—You are hereby warned to quit this town."

"JOHN GILL, Selectman."

"Hadn't we best harness der horses an' git?" inquired Chip.

"Not much!" calmly answered Cheeky. "I'd like ter see dem bloomin' selectmen make me dust."

Our next issue will contain further adventures of Cheeky and Chipper.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### "PLAYING IT ON TO THEIR ENEMIES."

OUR boys did not care a "continental dern" for the selectman's notice.

"Dish yer's a free country," observed Cheek. "Ef der bloomin' s'lectmen tink dey're goin' ter bounce us dey're mistaken, hey, Chip?"

"Ray-ther," answered his chum, adding, "but I don't see how we're going ter stay when dey's ordered us ter dust."

"No," chuckled Cheeky; "well, yer shall see me bounce 'em."

That morning the lads drove a roaring biz, folks being attracted by the pictures of Miss Skinner and old Aaron Danforth, which were exhibited outside the van.

About noon, the selectmen marched up to the place, and one of them, a wooden-headed old dodger named Deacon Price, thus addressed our boys:

"Cheeky and Chipper—photographers—we, the selectmen of this town, hereby warn yer tew quit it forthwith—dew yer hear?"

"Oh, paste up yer bloomin' ole mouf," quietly observed Cheek, while Chipper laughingly remarked:

"Say, yer looks well in a white tie, Chawley."

"Ain't yew goin' tew go?" growled old Price.

"Nary," grinned Cheek, adding: "Come in an' let's take yer pictures."

"Shall we?" they said to one another.

"Won't charge yer anythink," observed Cheeky.

"We'll go," said the deacon.

"Come right in and sit down," invited the scamp. "I'll make a hunky group ov yer."

The selectmen walked in, and soon our boys had them posed.

When the picture was secured, Cheek said:

"Call ter-morrow, an' I'll hev dis ready rur yer."

"Very well, young man," said the deacon, adding in a whisper: "When you have finished it yew must git. The folks here say you shan't stay twenty-four hours more."

"Right yer are," said the lad.

All that morning the partners did nothing but serve customers, selling lots of Miss Skinner's and Aaron's pictures, and taking orders for a week's work.

The next day being Sunday, the boys laid off, and, dressing themselves in their best, went for a long walk, leaving Jack at home to keep guard.

They strolled into the woods, and, feeling tired, stretched out on the ground and took a snooze.

When they awoke they heard voices near, and, half rising, peeped through the undergrowth and beheld the selectmen playing old sledge and drinking whisky.

"Say," chuckled Price, "this is a nice, smart dodge of ours. We come out tew arrest Sabbath-breakers and gamblers, and have a little flutter ourselves. Them photography boys ain't nowhere round here; les' go on with the game."

"Deacon," said another of the crowd, grasping the bottle, "won't them boys feel astonished when we waltzes 'em out at daylight to-morrow?"

"Oh, les' wait until they finishes our pictur's," suggested the deacon. "I want tew make a little suthin' by 'em."



Suddenly our boys made a dash in upon them, and Cheeky grabbing the whisky bottle, thus addressed the astonished group

"Hello, me bloomin' flowers! Caught yer at it, hey?"

"There he is! That's one ov 'em!" cried the deacon, pointing to Cheeky. "Arrest him!"

"Oh, paste up yer bloomin' ole mouf," said Cheeky. "We've bowled yer clean out, bless yer. We've bin watchin' yer all der time. Now, look a-hea, dern yer, if yer try ter start us ter-morrer, we'll split on yer. Hear?"

The selectmen looked sick.

"Guess yer'd best leave us alone" grinned Chip.

"Give us our whisky," demanded one of the men.

"Oh, bless yer, no," smilingly replied Cheeky. "We'll keep dat fur evidence," with which the boys took to their heels, followed by the selectmen.

Through underwood, nut trees, and saplings they tore; their half drunken pursuers shouting:

"Stop thief!" and "Drop it!"

Our boys separated.

Cheek ran for a bog that was on the left, while Chip took to the right.

Deacon Price was determined to secure the whisky bottle or die.

Cheeky kept on until he reached the bog, then halted, dead, on the brink.

"Ah," yelled Price, "I've got yew!" and, rushing at him, was about to grasp his collar, when the boy stepped aside, and allowed the selectman to go headlong into the soft, peaty bog.

Just as the old man was vanishing in the mire, Cheeky grabbed him by the legs, and hauled him out to the bank, the deacon looking more like a muddy log than a man.

By that time the other selectmen had treed Chipper, who was breaking off pine cones, and showering them down upon his pursuers.

Creeping round at the back of the tree, in which his pard had taken refuge, Cheek nimbly climbed beside him, then, drawing his revolver from his hip pocket, leaned over, and thus addressed them:

"Look a-hea, me bloomin' chums, Chip an' I didn't come out ter hev a day's shewtin'; but, so help me never, ef yer don't cheese it an' git, I'll drill a hole in one or two ov yer. Now, yer jes' up an' dust outer dis—hear!"

The men concluded that they had better give it up, so they slunk off vowing vengeance on our boys.

"Come, Chip," said Cheek, "s'pose we walk homewards."

"Oh, it's early yet," answered his pard. "I like being up a tree."

"See 'em washin' der ole deacon," said Cheeky, pointing towards the bog. "He's as shiny as an eel."

The selectmen bailed water out of the bog-hole with their hats, and soused old Price with it, until they washed all the mire off him.

"Say," shouted Cheek, "yer want yer pictur's taken now, hey?"

"Oh, go to the devil," yelled the deacon.

"Dat's where yer'll bring up, ole skin-a-malink," cried Cheek, while Chip roared:

"Haw! haw! haw! Guess yer'll leave us alone arter dis?"

The selectmen walked away and hid in the woods until nightfall, leaving Cheeky and Chipper masters of the field.

Our boys lighted their pipes and enjoyed the prospect.

Presently they heard voices coming towards them.

"Hush!" motioned Cheek. "Dey're movin' dis way."

In a few minutes a man and woman hove in sight.

"Josh!" grinned Chip, "it's Miss Skinner an' ole Aaron Danforth."

"Lie low," whispered his chum. "Keep your eyes skinned and your ears open. We shall have some fun. She's took our advice."

Aaron had washed his face and hands and combed his hair, besides which he had put on a clean shirt and a new suit of clothes.

"Hardly knowed der bloomin' ole flower," murmured Cheek. "Josh! Chip, he's astickin' up to Miss Skinner," with which they craned over and watched the lovers.

"Oh, my!" minced the school-marm. "I kean't go any further, Mr. Danforth; what have you got to say to me?"

"Look here, look here!" mumbled the bumper. "I've got three thousand dollars in the bank! Say, won't yew marry me?"

"But you smell so!" she observed, trying to appear girlish. "I—I don't like to say yes."

"Oh, Je-rusalem!" sniggered Chip.

"Hush!" grinned his chum.

"Say," nervously observed Aaron, sliding up to her, and giving her a sly dig in the ribs; "if yew marry me, I'll wash myself every day, an' settle all my money on yew?"

"But you're so grubby," she faltered. "I should be ashamed of you. You look like them photographer fellers' monkey."

"I'll shave, I'll shave," he mumbled, working his right hand round her waist. "Come, come, Miss Skinner—I'll—I'll polish up—wear clean clothes. I'm real nice-lookin' when I'm shaved. Won't you le' me kiss you?"

"Oh, no," she cried, wrenching herself away from him. "Three thousand dollars ain't enough, Mr. Aaron."

"I've got four—four, my duck," he mumbled, once more grabbing her round the waist. "Oh, Miss—Miss Skinner, le' me hev one kiss."

"Jumpin' Georgey!" moaned Chip, "I shall bust ef I kean't laff!"

Meanwhile Cheeky was quietly rolling his coat and vest into a hard ball.

"Le' me hev one kiss, fair Venus," pleaded old Aaron, making a futile dab at Miss Skinner's lean cheek.

But she dodged him successfully, and uttering a girlish scream, exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Aaron, you naughty, naughty man!"

Poor old Danforth; he meant biz, and was evidently dead mashed on the school-marm.

"Look here—look here," he cried, "I've got five thousand dollars in the savings bank. Marry me, marry me, an' it's all yewers."

"Oh, I couldn't," she giggled. "What would folks say to me?"

"They'd say yew was derved smart—derved smart," hurriedly replied the old bumper, ogling her as a hawk does a chick. "Come, my sweet, pooty, lovely, handsome gal, le' me kiss yew?"

"S'help me never," moaned Chip. "I must laff or bust."

"Hush, dern yer, or yer'll spile der fun," whispered Cheek, continuing to tighten the ball.

"Wot yer goin' ter do wid dat, Cheeky?" murmured his pard.

"Yer wait. Hush!" grunted the other.

"Oh, Mr. Danforth," sighed Miss Skinner, as old Aaron once more curled his arm about her bony waist, "have you really got five thousand dollars in the savings bank?"

"Ye—yes," said the aged bumper, and in another instant their lips met.

As they did so, Cheeky raised the ball of clothes aloft and dropped it fairly upon the pair of heads, knocking the lovers sprawling.

Miss Skinner scrambled to her feet, and, as Aaron arose, hauled off and gave him a rouser on the conk, crying:

"I'll teach you to hit me!"

"I didn't hit yer. I kissed yer!" pleaded the old man, wiping his bleeding nose with the back of his hand.

"Say, don't yew hit me agin. Don't yew hit me agin!"

"Won't I!" she cried, giving him another rouser. "Take that."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Chipper.

Miss Skinner glanced up, then, observing the lads, she exclaimed:

"Did you see the old sinner? I was walking here when he followed me and wanted to kiss me!"

"Mor'n I do!" chuckled Cheeky.

"Or I!" grinned his pard. "Take yer young feller away, siss; we told yer he was yer futur husband, didn't we?"

"He ain't my feller," snapped the school-marm.

"I am, I am!" cried Aaron, scrambling to his feet, "I'm going tew marry yew, or I'll show folks your letters to me."

"Go it, Aaron," said Cheeky, "I'll hold yer hat."

The old bumper picked up the ball of clothing, then, tucking it under his arm, said to the school-marm:

"Come, come along, my love."

Miss Skinner surveyed him for an instant, then muttering:

"Well, five thousand dollars is a nice little sum," hooked her hand in his arm and prepared to walk off with him, when Cheeky presented his revolver, saying:

"Look a-hea, ole bum-along; jes' drop dem duds—hear?"

"Stick to 'em, Aaron, dear," suggested his future bride; but the old man did not quite see it, and dropped the bundle, saying:

"Take your blamed old clothes—I don't want them."

"Three cheers for Mrs. Aaron Danforth!" cried Cheek.

"Rah!" they both shouted.

"You may laff," defiantly observed the lady.

"You jes' wait till he's my husband; you'll see a change."

"Yea," shouted Cheek. "Small change for der ole ducks—five thousand dollars."

"We knowed yer was mashed on him all der time," cried Chip.

Miss Skinner towed her future husband away, and walked him homeward.

"Josh!" muttered Cheeky. "Some women will marry anything fur money. Wot a difference between her an' Evoline."

"Yea," grinned Chip; "Evoline's bones ain't a-cuttin' through her skin, like Miss S.'s are."

They walked home, chatting and laughing over their day's adventures.

The next morning Cheeky seated Jack on a box close to the van, placing near him the captured bottle of whisky, on which was pasted a paper having the following notice:

#### "THIS BOTTLE,

The property of fourteen selectmen, who were caught playing cards and drinking whisky in the woods, last Sabbath, will be returned to the owners on their applying to the finders,

"CHEEKY AND CHIPPER."

Nobody owned it, and the bottle was quite a draw for the establishment.

The selectmen kept out of the way, and did not attempt to make our boys quit.

"Told yer I'd lick 'em, pard," grinned Cheek.

When they had photographed every one in the place they called on the post-office keeper, who was one of the most notorious scandal-mongers in the village, told her the story of the selectmen quarrelling in the woods, and presented her with the bottle and the fellows' pictures; then, after informing her about Aaron and Miss Skinner, returned to the van, harnessed up, and kissing their hands to all the girls, drove triumphantly out of the place.

As they reached the "Town bounds," they spied the selectmen skulking under a tree, evidently awaiting their arrival.

"Hello, deacon," shouted Cheeky. "Want yer bloomin' ole whisky bottle?"

"Hu-s-sh!" motioned the fraud, "where is it? Where are the pictures yew said yew'd dew for us?"

Cheeky halted his horses, laughed in the selectmen faces, and replied:

"Yer knows Miss Chatwell dat keeps der post-office?"

"Yea," nervously chorused the men.

"Well," grinned the scamp, "yer didn't come fur yer bottle an' picture's or to make us git outer der place as yer threatened, so we called on der ole gal who keeps der post-office an' tole her der hull story."

"Great Je-re-miah!" moaned the deacon.

"We're rewined; she's got a tongue a mile long; in an hour the story will be all over the place."

"Good-bye," laughed our boys. "We got even wid yer, hey, ole skinkint?" Then, starting their horses, they left the deacon and his friends cursing and swearing like a gang of haymakers during a thunder shower.

"Where shall we go next?" inquired Chip.

Cheek touched up their horses, then, sloping his hat over his left eye, merrily replied:

"Oh, peramberlatin', ole pard, peramberlatin'."

They drove on until they reached a large town, on the outskirts of which they halted and consulted. "S'pose we go in an' see how tings are workin' here," observed Cheek, and in a few moments our boys were on their way through the main street.

"Suthin's up," remarked Chip.

As they turned into the common they saw a gipsy camp pitched around the liberty pole.

"My futur' fader-in-law," grinned Cheek.

"Hello," cried Lee, glancing up from his occupation of mending a saucepan. "Going to the State fair?"

"How?" demanded Cheeky. "State what?"

"Don't you know that the State fair is held there?" smilingly replied the man, who noticed Cheeky's eyes squint round in search of Evoline. "You'd best stop, it's a good pitch."

"Yer don't say," answered the lad, catching sight of his mash and winking a greeting to her. "I wanten know. Well, kin we pitch here?"

"No; you'd best go up to the fair grounds, a mile and a half from this," returned Lee. "Vans ain't allowed on this common."

"All right!" cried the boy, kissing his hand to Evoline, while Jack, who was riding one of the horses, did the same.

"Yer feels hunky now yer near Heave-a-line—don't yer?" said Chipper.

"Yea," smilingly nodded Cheeky.

"But what's der good ov it?" asked his pard. "Yer can't talk ter her."

"Yer wait," chuckled Cheek. "Yer don't think I'm goin' ter let me bloomin' Absolam bounce me, do yer?"



"Not arter yer've said hokey-pokey wid him?" laughingly inquired Chipper.

"Yer wait, chum, mysteriously answered Cheek. "Guess I'm a match for the hull crowd."

In due time they arrived at the fair grounds, where, to their disgust, they found six photographic vans in full blast.

"Blame it!" murmured Cheeky. "Dis yer's bringing coals ter a coal mine."

One establishment had a barrel organ and was labeled:

"The only photographic van in the fair that has an organ."

Another had a German band, and hoisted a placard running:

"The only gallery in America where you can be photoed to music."

"Come," said Cheeky, after they had read the signs. "Les' chip in, Chipper," and in a short time they hired a plot from the fair authorities and hung out the following notice:

# CHEEKY AND CHIPPER,

ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHERS

TO

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS,

AND TO

ALL FIRST-CLASS CITIZENS.

## TAKE NOTICE.

This is the only photographic gallery in the world that employs a monkey.

Soon they were busily engaged taking pictures.

"Where's your monkey?" inquired their customers.

"In der dark room, hard at work," calmly answered Cheek.

This was true, for Jack was busily engaged hunting fleas.

They worked until sunset, then prepared their supper.

"How much have we scooped in here an' at der las' place?" inquired Chip.

"Over a hundred dollars," replied his chum.

"Why don't yer plank up a hundred ter Absolam?" observed Chipper. "I don't mind givin' yer my share of der profits until Evoline is paid fur."

"Not much," said Cheeky. "Yer leave Mr. Absolam ter me."

"But yer've sed hoky-poky wid him," chuckled Chipper. "Yer kean't git over dat, anyhow."

"Oh, paste up yer mouf," laughed his chum. "I know what I'm about."

As they were chatting, Evoline came up, and, holding out her hand to Cheeky, said to Chipper:

"How's Cheeky?"

"Hunk!" snickered Chip.

Cheek gave her hand a squeeze, saying to his pard:

"Tell her I'm real glad ter see her." Then, taking down a slate, he wrote:

"If I must not talk to you, Evoline, there's no reason why we can't write."

Upon which the merry girl wrote underneath:

"Right you are, Cheeky!"

"I'll leave yer ter yer deaf and dumb lesson!" laughingly remarked Chip. Then, dressing Jack in the clothes brought by the old woman, started out, whistling, leaving the lovers busily engaged in talking on the slate.

Jack, who hated to be in a tight costume, at first refused to walk on his hind legs, but finally yielded.

The fair was in full operation, and the boy and the monkey sauntered round in order to see the fun.

Outside the regular building were a hundred side-shows, etcetera, at one of which was a hand-organ played by a monkey dressed as a French soldier.

As soon as Jack saw this critter he set back the skin of his forehead, then tried to tear the cap off his head, and, spite of Chip's persuasion, sprang over the heads of the crowd and went for the other monkey.

"Here, you blamed snoozer," cried the proprietor of the organist, "you jes' drop it, hear!" But Jack grabbed and tore at his rival, ripping off the latter's uniform and giving him particular fits.

"G. it little ole man," shouted the crowd.

"Goi dern yer!" howled the proprietor of the vanquished animal, which Jack had chased on to the top of the van. "I'll shoot you, blast you!" with which he drew a pistol and was about to fire at Jack, when Chipper hauled out his revolver and cowering him, cried:

"If yer fire I'll do der same!"

"Who's dat dern cripple?" faltered the showman, who saw that the boy meant fight. "Hang him, he ought to know better than to attack my animal in that style!"

"Don't hang a poor, harmless monkey," replied Chip, while the crowd, which had rapidly gathered to see the muss, laughed in a way that made the showman mad.

"Monkey, be blowed!" snarled the fellow, watching Jack, who was seated on the roof of the van hugging his knees. "Think yer ken play a humpy I-talian on to me fur a monkey?"

Just then, as though he knew what the man said, Jack arose, turned about and fumbled in the stern of his pants, hauled out his stump of a tail, then, presenting a back view to the man, wagged his narrative in such a comical style that the crowd yelled with laughter.

When they quieted somewhat, Chip said to the angry showman:

"Say, Mister, did you ever see a cripple wid a tail?"

"Oh, go ter blazes an' take yer monkey with yer!" said the man. "Der nex' time I ketches him here I'll shoot him for shure."

"Der nex' time!" sneered Chipper. "Der nex' time. Yah, yer a next-timer, yer are!" with which he called to his monkey.

Jack came down cautiously, keeping one eye on the showman.

Just as he reached the platform, running around the van, the man raised a whip and let him have it, slash, across the loins.

The monkey uttered a shriek of pain, then went for the showman, who turned and fled.

Finding himself boss of the show, Jack seized the money-box, which the man had left on the organ, and tossed it among the crowd.

In an instant there was a terrible scramble for the stamps, men, women and children fighting and struggling to catch a few cents.

While this was going on Jack sat on the organ and chuckled over his work, then, as the crowd slowly quieted, winked knowingly, and scrambled over them in the direction of his master, who secured him and hurriedly left the spot.

When he reached the van he found Cheeky alone.

"Hillo," he cried, "where's Evoline?"

"She's gone?" said Cheek. "She didn't stay very long; we only wrote twelve slates full."

Chip laughed to himself and murmured:

"Only twelve slates full; oh, ain't he awful mashed!"

The next day they dressed Jack in his Chinaman's clothes.

This was a good move, for about noon the showman, accompanied by a constable, came round to the van.

"Where's your monkey?" demanded the cop.

"Our monkey?" calmly answered Cheek.

"Yes—your monkey!" snarled the showman. "It attacked my monk last night, and half killed him!"

"Yer don't say!" quietly observed the scamp. "Le' me take yer pictur's?"

"I've got to arrest your monkey!" said the constable.

"He ain't here now," coolly returned Cheek.

"He's gone ter Hartford ter atten' der funeral ov his mother-in-law!"

"How?" ejaculated the showman. "Funeral of his mother-in-law? I was talking about your monkey."

"So was I," placidly retorted Cheek. "Yer kean't know anything about monkeys, if yer don't know dey has mothers-in-law."

"Yer jokin'," gasped the showman.

"Fact—fact, I assure yer," said Cheeky. "Why, I knowed a monkey who had two mothers-in-law living wid him at once—he died, mister—he died."

"Yer don't say!" gasped the constable, who took it all in. "What did he die of?"

"Mudders-in-law," moaned Cheek, bowing to a party of girls, who just then entered the van. "Seuse me, I've got ter leave yer," with which he quitted them.

Now, Jack was safely stowed in a locker, the panels of which were perforated with breathing holes.

"Say," said the showman, "will the warrant allow us to search the van?"

"Well," drawled the constable, who was a lovely specimen of a country saphead. "I don't know; but we might peek about a little."

"Yea," answered the man.

Just as he said this Jack gave a dry chuckle.

"Hello!" cried the policeman. "There it is in that locker."

Down on their knees went the pair, and in a second they were poking their noses into the holes in the box or seat, which were about as large as a silver dollar.

As they did this our boys looked in.

Cheek winked at Chip.

"It smells deuced like a monkey," murmured the showman, cautiously inserting his snoot in one of the holes.

"Does it?" gaped the cop, poking his jib in at another.

No sooner were their beaks well entered than Jack in rapid succession gave both of them a savage nip, causing them to start back and to clap their fingers to their noses.

"My Lor'!" cried the showman. "My nose is split forever!"

"Blas' the critter!" yelled the constable, "he's bit the end of my snewt!"

"Hello—hello!" demanded Cheek, stepping in as though innocent of what had been done. "What, chawin' one another's noses off? This is outrageous in our van. We don't allow such things here."

"It's yer mon—mon—monkey!" stammered the showman, pointing to the locker.

"That's our *Pollywoggandabus*," calmly answered the boy. "Come, blow yer noses an' step inter der skylight an' have yer pictur's took."

The men did as they were invited, and soon our boys had them tin-typed, and sent them away with cross plasters on their beaks.

Things went on lovely, and folks crowded in on the lads, who fairly coined money.

One evening, when Cheek and Evoline were away seeing the fair, a party of rowdies entered the van, and securing Chip and the monkey, demanded to know where the partners kept their cash.

"Cheek's got it, dern yer," said Chipper, thinking thereby to save their pile. "Yer thunderin' snoozers, yer licked dis time."

The robbers searched almost everywhere, but the money was safely hidden in a secret place, known only to the chums.

Giving Chip a fearful hoist under the ear, the scoundrels beat Jack until they thought he was dead, then departed.

When Chipper came to his senses he heard a clock strike two.

He waited and waited until three, four, five, six struck, yet no sign of Cheeky.

"Gol dern 'em," moaned Chipper; "wot a fool I was. I put 'em on ter poor ole Cheek—dey've murdered him." Then, turning and noticing the monkey, added, "My God, dey've killed Jack."

In our next issue our boys will learn how Cheeky and Chipper revenged themselves on the robbers.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### KNOCKED HIGHER THAN A KITE.

SEVEN o'clock was struck by the time-piece in the tower of the State Fair building.

As the sound died away, Cheeky climbed into the van, and, seeing his pard, endeavored to smile.

Poor Cheek! One eye was closed; his mouth swollen up like a squash; his right arm was in a sling, and he limped.

"Hello!" faintly observed Chip. "Yer dere, ole chum?"

"Ye-a," mumbled Cheeky, for his mouth was so sore that he could hardly open it. "Woth yer bin dooin'?" with which he unfastened his pard's bonds and proceeded to release the monkey; which, on seeing him, sat up and scratched itself.

Jack had been so scared that he pretended to be dead.

"Somebody's tried ter to rob us," yawned Chip, who felt terribly sleepy. "Where yer bin, Cheek?"

Cheeky seated himself, glanced at the confusion around him, and muttered:

"Been attacked by a crowd ov roughs, but I lammed some ov 'em."

Procuring water, Chip assisted his chum to disrobe, when he found that Cheek had been pretty badly knocked about.

By dint of bathing his mouth, the boy soon succeeded in reducing the swelling, and, for the rest, he had a good constitution, and did not grunt over a few hard knocks.

As they ate their breakfast, Chip inquired:

"Where yer bin all night, ole man?"

"Derned ef I know," said his pard. "I'd seen Evoline home to der camp, an' was near here, when suddenly I found myself flyin' backwards; den I was rollin' over wid some fellers, an' arter dat I don't remember anyting until I awoke dis mornin'."

"How d'yer know yer lammed some ov 'em, den?" demanded Chipper, pouring out the coffee.

"Afore dey stunned me dey tried goug'in' an' chawin', but two could play at dat game, an' I used my teeth lively, I kin tell yer."

Just then Evoline's father sauntered up, and, seeing Cheek, said:

"So they didn't murder you, hey?"

"Not dis time!" smilingly replied the boy. "Who are they?"



"Motley's gang," whispered the gipsy. "You fought well, Cheeky. Half a dozen of the crowd are wounded."

"Good!" cried Chip. "Well done, Cheek."

"One of my boys was down there this morning," cautiously continued the man, in a low tone. "He said they are howling mad with you, and mean to attack and burn your van to-night."

"You must help us wipe 'em out," quietly observed Cheeky.

"We will," nodded the gipsy. "We'll all come an' have our pictures taken this afternoon, and four of us—well armed—will stay behind and help you to-night."

"Why do they pick us out?" inquired Chip. "We ain't got no money."

"Oh, it ain't money!" mysteriously answered the gipsy. "The other photographers have paid them to bounce you. They want to get rid of you, as you are doing all the biz."

"All right, we'll fix dem," calmly returned Cheek. "We'll give dem a bloomin' dose, yer bet."

Cheeky and Chipper worked quietly all that morning, and at noon went into the town and purchased two revolvers, ammunition, a garden-engine, or window-washer, and a pound of nitrate of silver.

When they reached home they unpacked the chemicals and made a strong liquid.

After they had eaten their dinner the gipsies arrived, and soon the lads were busy taking their portraits.

Evoline was tin-typed and negatived in a dozen different positions, each more charming than the preceding.

When all were photographed the ladies withdrew, leaving Lee, Absolam and two powerful young men hidden in the van.

The boys prepared supper, and ate it, as usual, in the open air; laughing and chatting as though entirely fearless about another attack; then, after smoking awhile, closed the van and set their trap.

In the center of the floor they stood a small tub, containing the solution of nitrate of silver.

This liquid, like the photographic bath, is colorless until it is exposed to the light, when it turns black.

"What is that for?" demanded Lee, as Cheeky inserted the foot of the window-washer in the liquid.

"Well, yer see," quietly replied the lad, "I'm goin' ter pump dis ober 'em, an' as it dries dey will tink it's water; but ter-morrer, when dersun shines, dey'll be spotted all ober wid dark-brown blotches."

"Hush!" said Chip, who was peeping through the window. "Here dey come—a hull dozen ov 'em."

The assassins crept forward in a body, and, feeling sure of their numbers, did not attempt to hide their approach.

Trying the door, they opened it, then peeped in. All their heads were in a cluster, while Cheek, who was hidden by the darkness in the van, was unseen by them.

Pointing the nozzle of the sprinkler on to the upturned faces, Cheeky let drive, while Chip pumped at the handle like a little man.

The liquid flew "fizz—fizz" all over the scoundrels, saturating their garments and faces.

For an instant they held back, not expecting to be pumped over, then, uttering a low cry, scrambled up the steps, and entered the van *en masse*.

Our boys and the gipsies fired volley after volley from their revolvers, driving their assailants back, and causing the neighbors to turn out in order to ascertain what had started the muss.

In the excitement the rascals escaped, firing savagely back as they vanished from the scene.

Fortunately their aim was bad.

"Now you've missed them, and they will attack you again," said Absolam. "What made you pump that water over them?"

"Yer wait," grinned Chip.

The gipsies stayed with them until dawn, when they withdrew.

About eight o'clock A. M. our boys proceeded to the police office, and asked for a squad of policemen to arrest the men who endeavored to attack and kill them.

"My good fellows," said the chief constable, "you can't do anything with Motley's gang. You can't prove which of them attacked your van."

"Bet yer ten dollars I kin," smilingly replied Cheeky.

"How?" demanded the chief.

The boy explained that he had sprinkled the fellows with a solution of nitrate of silver, which would stain the robbers' faces and clothes a deep brown.

"Very well," said the official. "My men shall arrest all the spotted ones of Motley's gang."

"They will be Motley by name and motley in appearance by this time," chuckled Chip.

Now Motley's gang never showed up during the day; the men skulking in the tents and the women attending to them.

When our boys and the officers approached they found a grand wash going on.

The men were up and stripped to the waist, scrubbing their striped skins with soap and soda.

The stuff had taken in patches, and they looked as though they had some new sort of disease.

Every one of the striped and blotched ones were seized, and, to the delight of the lads, all of them were sent up.

"Gol dern yer, we'll make it hot fur yer when we comes out!" said Motley.

"Oh, paste up yer bloomin', striped, ole mouf!" grinned Cheek. "Yer kean't bounce us, old pie-bald."

That morning the lads counted their money—over \$900.

"Say," observed Chip, "s'pose we put dis in der bank? Wot d'yer say, chum?"

"Good idea," answered Cheeky, and that noon they lodged the cash in safe hands.

Motley's crowd was still powerful, though the lads did not feel stared.

Every night a guard of gipsies slept in the van, and, knowing this, the rogues did not attempt to retaliate.

The bravery of our boys in defeating and bringing the rowdies to justice, gained them lots of customers, and, to the annoyance of their rivals, they did all the cream of the fair business.

Their horses, being in the way on the grounds, had been sent into the town to stable, so they were not troubled by them, though they kept a close eye on the animals.

On the last Monday evening of the fair, as Cheeky and Chipper were preparing to retire, the gipsies not having yet arrived, they felt a violent shock, and presently found themselves bruised and shaken on the top of a show-tent, which stood a few yards from their van.

On looking round, they beheld their vehicle rent in pieces, and saw fire creeping all over the fragments.

"My Gol, what's that?" said a voice in the tent on which they had been thrown.

"If you mean who are we," replied Cheeky, holding on to the canvas roof, "we're Cheeky an' Chipper."

The owner of the tent came out, and, assisting the lads to descend, exclaimed:

"How the devil did you get up there, hey?"

Just then the van blazed merrily up, and a crowd began to gather.

Suddenly a woman, with her face muffled in a shawl, thrust a paper into Cheeky's hand, saying:

"Curse you, you ain't dead!" but ere he could detain her, she had vanished.

By the light of the fire he read the contents of the scrawl, which ran:

"You hav earnt yor dewm. Motley's arm reaches a long way. If you live we ain't dun with you. MOTLEY'S CROWD."

Just then Jack crawled up and began to utter a cry of pain, turning his back to them as though desirous of showing them something.

"By Jove!" cried Chip, "if der explosion ain't blown off his bloomin' ole tail! Poor ole Jack."

This was quite true. By some means the monkey had been deprived of his "narrative."

The wreck of the van burnt madly, and soon Lee and his tribe were on the spot saving the effects.

Searching around they found two cameras and a lot of other things; then, as the fire burnt out, they came across two bodies burnt to a crisp.

"We're awfully avenged," said Cheeky. "Poor devils, dey didn't git away quick enough."

It turned out that two of Motley's men had purchased a keg of gunpowder and placed it under our boys' van in order to destroy it and them; but, in firing the fuse, the wretches hoisted themselves with it.

That night Cheeky and Chipper slept in a neighboring tent, and the next morning, when they were surveying the ruin of their property, Chip said:

"Well, ole pard, what are yer goin' to do next?"

"Oh, *peramberlate*," said the other.

Presently one of their rivals came up, and, seeing the rescued cameras, said:

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for them."

"Hand over der bills," said the boy. "We've hed enuff of fo-toggery-fyin' fur awhile."

The rival photographers had never imagined that Motley's gang would go to such a length with our boys. They had merely wanted to have them bounced out of the fair grounds, so they came forward and paid good prices for all the articles saved from the wreck.

Chip kept the key-bugle, which was found hanging on a tree.

Our boys waited until they had disposed of all their spare gear down to the burnt-out iron-work of their van, then consulted about the future.

The gipsies counseled retaliation on Motley's gang, but Cheeky only laughed at the idea, saying:

"Ef anybody puts on us, or tries to fool us, we don't mind sellin' dem a purp; but we ain't mean enuff to want to do as dey did."

One fine afternoon, as they were sauntering about the fair, they entered the carriage department, and, among a lot of vehicles, saw a stout, covered wagon, four-wheeled, nicely painted, and fit for good, hard work.

"Chip," said Cheeky, "how'd yer like ter be a tin peddler?"

"Hunky!" cried his pard.

"How much'd yer ax fur dis waggin?" inquired Cheek, of the man who had charge of the department.

"Five hundred dollars," answered the salesman. "There's the man who built it," pointing to a tall, lean, Connecticut Yankee, who was seated among a group of exhibitors.

Our boys saluted the man, who was chewing a straw, and were presently hard at it, bargaining.

"I'll give yer four hundred fur it," said Cheek. "Dat is if yer'll chuck in der silver-plated double harness."

"Oh, don't talk tew me like that," said the man; but, finally, the lads bought the vehicle and harness for four hundred and fifty dollars.

Two days were then spent in selecting a stock of tin ware, dry goods, toys, patent medicines, etc., and on the third, the fair being over, Cheeky and Chipper loaded up the wagon, which bore the following inscription:

#### "CHEEKY AND CHIPPER. NOTIONS."

Harnessing their horses, they drove up to the gipsy camp.

"Hello!" cried Lee, "where did you come across that fit-out?"

"*Per-am-ber-latin*," gayly answered the boy. "Say, Mr. Lee, kean't I speak a word or two ter Evoline?"

"Well, yes," said the man.

The couple walked apart, round to the back of the tents, then Cheeky gave her a kiss, and, handing her his portrait, said:

"When dat yer see—remember Cheek-e?"

"I will," she answered. "Cheek, you're just splendid. I think of you all the time."

"An' so do I ov yer, my dear," said he, giving her another kiss. "We've had a set back, Evoline; but yer bet I'll cum fur yer yet—Good-bye."

"Tlme's up," growled Absolam, coming to where they stood.

Cheek kissed her again—right before his face—then rejoined the party, saying:

"Yer'll see us again soon! Good-bye to all!" with which he mounted his wagon.

"Where are you going?" demanded Lee.

Cheeky touched up his horses, then, winking at Evoline, whose eyes were filled with tears, replied:

"*Per-am-ber-latin*—ole boss," after which smiling on his mash, he dashed off, the tin ware rattling a merry accompaniment.

As they passed Motley's camp, Chipper shouted:

"Tell your ole man we're gone!" and in ten minutes they were taking across a country road, Cheeky playing on the key-bugle the well-known air "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

They traveled until nightfall, when they arrived at a farm-house.

"Glad yew'r cum, Mister," said the farmer's wife; "my old man has got the rew-me-tusum, or suthin' else, awful."

"Can we have a bed in yer house?" inquired Cheek. "We have sleepin' accommodation in our wagin, but it's so full ov goods dat fur a night or two we prefer to sleep out."

"Suttenly," she said; and soon Cheeky and Chipper were seated at the kitchen table, enjoying a good supper of pork and beans and pumpkin pie.

"When yew've done, I want yew tew see my ole man," said the woman. "Yew sell medicines, don't yew?"

"Yea," nodded Cheek.

They ate a hearty meal, and then followed the woman to her husband's chamber.

"Here he is," she observed, giving the old man a shake. "How d'yew feel tew-night, husband?"

"Wuss an' wuss!" moaned the sufferer. "I've got a awful gnaw—gnaw—gnawin' in my stummie!"

Cheek had been reading up in a patent medi-



cine book, so, feeling the man's pulse, he looked solemnly at the woman, and said:

"Lady, yer ole pard has got wums (in his folder-roll-der-run-ty)!"

"Yew don't say," ejaculated the woman.

"Yea," nodded the scamp. "I kin cure him." With which he whispered to his chum: "Chip, bring up dat case of Sayers' Wum Mixtur, hear?"

"Y-e-a," replied the amused Chipper; and presently in he came with a small case of the bottles. Meanwhile their patient had dozed off into a dog-sleep.

Opening the box, Cheek carefully read the directions; then said to the woman:

"His nose itches sum, don't it?"

"Well, y-e-a," she answered, adding: "It runs a good deal at times."

"Where does it run ter?" he calmly demanded.

"How?" she said.

"Oh, stow it, Cheek," murmured his pard.

"Does he grind his teeth?" quietly asked the scamp of the astonished old woman, who was gaping for an answer to her last question.

"Sum," she replied.

"Are dey sharp?" he continued.

"Sharp?" she ejaculated. "What yew mean?"

"Why," calmly observed the young rascal, "if he grinds 'em, dey oughter be sharp, hey?"

This completely bewildered the woman, who gawped at him, and muttered:

"Dew yew really think Bill has wums?"

"Yes, mam," he said, uncorking a vial of the medicine. "Jes' shake der ole dodger up an' give him a dose ov dis, it'll stop his nose from runnin' away, keep him from grindin' his ole stumps down ter der rewt's an' clear his *epi-polly-glum* ov wums. It's sure pop!"

Raising the old man's head, she opened his lips and poured a full dose between them, then, as he gasped and snorted, said:

"How dew yew like it, Billy?"

The old farmer moaned, saying:

"It's deuced nasty!"

"Never mind dat," said Cheek, "you'll feel better ter-morrow," then winking at Chip, motioned the latter to retire.

As they made off, the farmer's wife said:

"Shall I give him any more of this?"

"Foller der printed directions," answered Cheek, "an' if his nose runs—tie a string ter it, an' if he grinds his teeth take 'em out ov der mill," after which, calmly bidding her "good night," he withdrew.

When they reached their room, Chip threw himself on the bed and roared with laughter, saying:

"Oh, Cheek, wat a bloomin' lark. Wat made yer give der ole chap worm medicine?"

"Becos' it's der only kind I had handy!" laughingly answered the scamp. "If the rooster ain't got 'em der stuff won't hurt him."

They chatted a while when, presently, they heard a tap on the window and glancing up beheld Jack, sitting on the sill.

They had chained him under the wagon, but feeling lonely, he had unfastened himself and clambered up to their window.

"Come in, ole buster?" said Chip, raising the sash, and in crept the monkey.

That night he slept on the floor, near their bed, but the next morning, when they rose to feed and groom their horses, Jack crept into their place.

Strangely enough Cheeky had hit upon the old farmer's complaint, and the man was so encouraged, that he actually rose and dressed himself.

"Go inter their room an' thank 'em," suggested his wife, "I thought they was humbugs last night, but now I know they un'stands their business! Go on, old man, I'll dress an' go down stairs!"

Of course the farmer was weak, through lying in bed so long—to say nothing of the physis he had swallowed, so it took him some time to reach the lad's room.

By that time Jack was fast asleep, dreaming that he once more had a tail.

Staggering up to the bedside, the farmer sank into a chair, then, placing his hand on the lump in the bed, for the monkey had cuddled himself up in the clothes, said:

"Doctor, ain't it time fur yew tew git up?"

Just at that moment Cheeky and Chipper returned, and hearing a voice in their room, approached on tip-toe.

"Say—doctor!" once more remarked the farmer, "yew medicin' works like a charm."

"Chook-chook!" chuckled Jack, under the bed-clothes.

Our boys clapped their hands to their mouths and smothered their laughter.

"Say, doctor!" again observed the farmer, "ain't yew goin' tew git up? Yewr stuff is powerful strong, it's done me a heap ov good already."

"Chook-chook!" went Jack, curling himself up all the tighter.

"Ah!" grinned the old man, "it makes yew laff, dew it? Well, yew kean't feel half so good as I dew!" with which he poked the muffled form in the ribs, and chuckled as though he had got off something awfully funny, while Jack, who was still half asleep, went:

"Chook-chook-chook!"

The farmer waited awhile, then once more observed:

"Say, doctor, dew yew know what time it is?"

"Oh—Josh!" murmured the convulsed Chipper.

"Hush!" whispered Cheek, who was almost choking with laughter.

Thinking that the "person" in the bed had made the last observation, the old man said:

"Hush? What fur? Say—Mr. Mann, come git up an' tell me how much more ov that stuff I've got tew take or if yew think I've tuck enuff—heve—rouse out?" with which he seized the bed-spread, and turned it half way down.

Jack, awakened by the act, sat up in the bed, threw back the skin of his forehead, gnashed his teeth, and cried:

"Wow—wow."

"My land alive! Jumpin' snakes!" yelled the farmer. "Wot in thunder's that?"

"Haw—haw—haw!" roared our boys. "Say ole hoss, how's der worm mixtur' act?"

The old man dropped into the chair behind him, then tremblingly replied:

"By—gum—I thot it was the devil!"

"Oh, it's only Jack," observed Cheeky. "He's our monkey."

"Yew're how?" gasped the farmer, while Jack scratched his limbs, and looked calmly on.

Just then the farmer's wife came by, and seeing our boys dressed and hearing her husband's voice, popped in her head, when, catching sight of the monkey, she uttered a loud scream and fainted; whereupon Jack bolted under the bed.

Cheeky and Chipper raised her and laid her on the couch, where she presently revived enough to speak.

"Oh, my goodness!" she began. "Wot is it?"

"Only a New York bed-bug," calmly answered Cheeky, winking at his convulsed companion. "We'll shewt ti arter breakfus."

"Bed-bug?" she ejaculated. "So big as that? Oh, my land, I'll never go tew New York. I thought the Hartford bugs was bad enuff. Where is the beast?"

"Here it is mum," coolly replied Cheek, lugging Jack into view.

"Oh, pshaw!" she snorted, "thet ain't no bug, it's a monkey; yew kean't fool me," with which she rose and scooted down-stairs.

"Say," murmured the old man, "is that really a monkey? Yew seem so full of the devil that I kean't tell when yewr jokin'?"

"Yea!" replied Cheek; "dis is der only, original Jacobs; all others is counterfeits!"

"But," demanded the puzzled farmer, "where's his tail?"

"Chip," quietly inquired the scamp, as though asking for an article of dress, "where's Jack's bloomin' tail?"

"Blooming?" inquired the farmer, regarding them innocently, "has he got a blooming tail?"

"Christopher Ke-lumbust!" yelled Chip, "ain't he soft?" while Cheeky never so much as smiled, but addressing the old man, said:

"Well, yer see, friend, his tail only blooms in der spring; dis is der fall, an' yer kin only see der stump; but der root's dere," with which he turned Jack up and exhibited the sore point, where once the tail had been.

The farmer gazed on it for a few seconds, then said:

"Well, well, yew New York fellers dew beat creation; I never heerd of a bloomin' tail afore!"

"Sell yer some of der seed if yer like," said Cheek, tipping his pard the wink.

"Will it grow monkeys?" said the old man.

"Grow yer sister," answered Cheeky; "no, it will grow bloomin' tails. Der inventor hasn't got no furdur den dat wid his patent."

"I'll have a packet," said the man; "I ken raise sum next year, an' make a profit on the seed, hey?"

"Yewr head's level," laughed Cheeky.

At breakfast the farmer and his wife did nothing but talk about the wonderful effects of the worm medicine, and our boys sold out their stock of two dozen bottles at a rare profit.

"How'd yew know what ailed my old man?" demanded the ole woman. "Yew're tin peddlers, yew ain't doctors."

"Know," coolly replied Cheek, cutting a big slice of pie and slapping it on his platter; "know, lady? Why, I saw he was *meggety* der moment I sat eyes on him."

"Well, well," ejaculated the woman, "yew New York boys air awful smart!"

"That's so," nodded Cheek.

After the meal was dispatched, the old man said to Cheeky.

"Where's my blooming tail seeds?"

"What are they?" demanded the woman.

"A little private biz between yer husban' an' me," answered Cheek.

"You'll see next summer," mysteriously observed the farmer.

Among our boys' stock was a bottle of sugar-coated pills, which some one in the fair had persuaded them to buy.

Scrapping the label off the bottle, Cheeky took the old man aside, saying:

"Look a hea, friend, I'm goin' ter give yer dese, un'stan'?"

"Yea," answered the farmer, highly delighted to think he was about to get the best of the lads.

"Yer must git up at twelve o'clock every night, when the frost is hardest," said Cheeky, as gravely as though he were prescribing. "Yer must dig a hole in der frozen ground and plant one of dese seeds, un'stan'?"

"Yea," nodded the man.

"If yer dew dat until all der seeds is planted, yer'll hev a crop ov bloomin' tails nex' summer," said the boy.

The old man took the pills, opened the bottle, smelt it and said, innocently:

"Yer ain't foolin' me, air yew?"

"Bless yer, no," said Cheek.

The man thanked him and, chuckling, walked indoors with his prize, while Cheeky and Clipper loaded up and harnessed their horses.

"Kin I sell yer any holler-ware, hair ile, cotton cloth, muslin, shoe-blackening or notions, afore I go?" asked Chip, as the farmer's wife appeared, grinning, at the kitchen door.

"No, thankee," giggled the woman, adding, with a knowing chuckle:

"Say, wot are them pills for yew give my husband?"

"Pills!" cried Cheeky, mounting beside his pard, "did I give der ole man pills?"

"Yew know yew did," she said. "Oh, yew kean't fool me; I'm's cute as yew air. Cum, tell me what them pills is fur; they ain't bloomin' tail seeds."

"Jack all right?" inquired Cheeky of Chipper.

"On der top ob der waggin," answered his pard.

"Good 'nuff," smilingly replied his chum; then, taking the reins, he winked at the farmer's wife, saying:

"Them pills, mam—why, dey're ter cure *inquisitiveness*!" With which the partners gave a cheer, and started out peddling, more of their "blooming sells" being reserved for the next chapter, in which Cheeky and Chipper try their luck at swapping goods with the farmers.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SWAPPING, AND A NEW BUSINESS.

A GOOD stock of notions, a clear conscience, first-class health, and a span of excellent horses, harnessed to an elegant wagon, made our boys feel hunky.

They arrived at a large village about noon, and, after partaking of a hearty meal, opened store; but, though folks came around the vehicle and gaped, nobody bought.

That afternoon the lads consulted.

They had merely sold a few articles of tinware on the road, and had not made enough profit to pay for their salt.

"I've got it!" murmured Cheek, and taking a big sheet of paper he printed on it:

CHEEKY & CHIPPER,

OUR BOYS,

FROM NEW YORK CITY,

WILL

SWAP THEIR STOCK OF ELEGANT GOODS

FOR

FARM PRODUCE.

BRING ALONG YOUR SPARE

Ducks,

Hens,

Geese,

Tarkeys,

Pigs,

Sheep,

Cows,

AND SWAP THEM OFF FOR SPLENDID NOTIONS!

"Wot yer tink ov dat, Chip?" he inquired, as he dotted the i's and crossed the t's. "Der Connecticut folks are great at swappin'!"

"Yer'll git sucked in!" replied his pard. "Yer don't know der value ov live stock, an' will git bested!"

"Oh, paste up yer mouf!" laughed his chum. "Ef I don't know der vally ov hogs an' chickens,



der cusses here are jes' as ignorant ov der cost ov notions!"

They hoisted the notice, and soon people began to ask when he would be ready to swap.

"After dark, this evening," answered Cheeky.

Procuring some pans of grease, our boys placed rags in them, and, when it grew dusk, set them along the top of a wall which served as a boundary to the common.

The light was excellent, and illuminated the strange crowd that soon gathered about the wagon.

Cheeky and Chipper, dressed in red shirts and pants, and wearing firemen's helmets, which they had bought cheap at the State Fair, sat in front of their wagon—on a board platform, that formed part of its fittings; Cheeky playing on the key-bugle and his pard beating a big drum, while before them were the villagers and a crowd of farming folks, who had brought various birds and animals for swapping.

One man had a goose, another a couple of ducks, and a third a young pig, while the balance had turkeys, sheep, pigeons, and various other live stock.

The critters were all in a high state of excitement, and the noise of their crowing, grunting, and other cries was almost deafening.

Seated near our boys—dressed in the same costume—was Jack, as sulky as a hungry bear.

Presently, as the church clock struck eight, Cheeky ceased playing the bugle, and motioning his pard to ease up on the drum, rose and thus addressed the audience:

"Feller-citizens: I have heard dat yer've got any amount ov live stock up here—so me an' my pard hev loaded our wagin ter come an' hev a swap wid yer;" then motioning Chip to hand him a set of electro-plated ware he rapidly fixed them in his hand and on his arm, and flashing them in the light, cried: "Here yer are—a hull service ov silvered-ware fit fer der emperor ob der Rushuns? Six table an' six teaspuns—a sugar skupe—a butter-knife—cream-pitcher—tea-pot—an' sugar bowl—all in solid silver, best New York make; worth their weight in silver dollars. Now, then, who makes a bid?"

"A pair ov ducks!" cried one woman.

"A couple of geese!" shouted another.

"Hand up yer geese, lady," quickly answered the boy, and presently a fine pair of hisses was on the platform, and the woman was the happy possessor of a set of stuff worth about a dollar and fifty cents.

Cheeky walked away, and by ten o'clock had swapped a pile of goods for a large quantity of live stock, among which were four sheep, a cow, three hogs, a litter of pigs, thirteen turkeys, twenty-five geese, and several crates of ducks and chickens, to say nothing of pigeons and dead animals.

Just as they were closing, and when the crowd was about to disperse, a farmer came to the front, saying:

"I've got a rare animal here in a trap. What will yew swap for it, *blindfold*?"

Cheeky dived into the van and grasped a bottle containing toothache drops, which he handed out. Meanwhile the crowd about the man were holding their noses and murmuring:

"Oh, my—gosh—what a smell!"

"Hand up der critter," cried Cheeky, passing the bottle of drops to the man. "Wot yer call it?"

The farmer grasped his prize, then giving the trap a hoist, landed it on the platform, saying:

"It's a skunk, boys. Guess yew've bin sold dis time. I've got the best ov this swap."

The smell of the creature was awful, and the crowd cleared out like a morning mist, roaring:

"Haw, Haw, Haw!"

Cheeky held his nose with his right hand, then said to Chip:

"Say, don't yer smell der durned ting?"

"No, I've got a cold," said Chipper. "But I kin taste der flavor."

They lifted it carefully, then carried the trap to a good distance from their wagon, the farmer, who had played them the trick, watching them, and roaring a hearty "haw, haw."

"Say, bub," inquired Cheeky of a boy, who had made himself very useful to them, "wot's dat jockey's name?"

"His name is Mr. Sammy Burnup," drawled the boy. "He said he'd git the best of you on a swap."

"Where does he live?" asked Cheeky.

"In that big white house, on the left, half way up the village," answered the lad.

"Does he keep a dorg?" demanded Cheeky.

"No, sir," replied the boy. "He don't keep no dog."

"All right," murmured the other, winking at his pard. "Chip, we mus' sell him a leetle purp—hey?"

"He's sold us a high old one," grinned Chipper.

Our boys secured the cow, hogs, pigs, and sheep, and placing the other live stock in safety, set to work to pay off Mr. Sammy Burnup.

That night, about twelve o'clock, they procured a ladder, and, picking up the skunk-trap, proceeded towards the big white house.

Everything was as quiet as the grave.

Noiselessly placing the ladder against one of the chamber windows, Cheeky took his cage in his right finger and thumb, and ascended until he was on a level with the window, which proved to be open top and bottom.

"Bully!" he thought. "Now, Mr. Sammy Burnup, we'll see how yer like to be skunked."

Raising the door of the trap, he pushed the box under the open sash, when out crawled a long-haired, black and white animal.

Giving a sort of grunt it shook itself and disappeared into the room.

"Dat's fixed yer, me bloomin' Sammy!" thought Cheeky, and in another instant he was on the ground and had removed the ladder.

"Won't he grin and haw, haw, haw, when he finds der ole skunk in bed wi' him?" observed Chipper, as they cautiously returned to their wagon.

The next morning, at daylight, our boys traded off their small live stock and dead animals to a butcher, for two nice likely geese and three well-grown calves, leaving them with four sheep, three hogs, a cow, and their new purchases, for which they had about emptied their wagon.

"Wot did our goods cost?" inquired Chip, as Chip got the drove together.

"I guess we put out 'bout two hundred dollars," answered his pard.

As they were preparing to start, a tall, solemn-looking man came along the road, every now and then stopping, seeming to be very unwell.

"Der buster looks sick," said Chipper.

On came the man, and on reaching our boys he said:

"I'm the Reverend Joseph Grimes;" then, averting his face, was again as sick as a cat.

"Bin on a bender all night," whispered Chip.

"Hush," murmured his pard. "Let him ease off his feelings."

The minister was terribly exercised for awhile, then, turning his pallid face towards the lads, said in a faint tone:

"Did you buy a *skunk* last night?"

"Yea," chuckled Cheeky; "we did, mister. We bought it blind ov me bloomin' Mr. Sammy Burnup; but, boss, yer bet we fixed him fur it."

"*Woop-wa-waup!*" went the unfortunate clergyman, while the partners regarded him sympathetically.

At length he turned to them, saying:

"Boys, what did you do with that skunk?"

"Yer won't split on us ef we tells yer?" grinned Cheeky.

"Oh," moaned the sufferer, holding his hands to his rebellious stomach. "Oh—wee—oup!" with which he once more gave vent to his feelings.

Cheeky mixed him a little brandy and water, and when he had partaken of it, the poor man said:

"Tell me—what you—did about—that skunk?"

Lowering his voice to a whisper, Cheeky replied:

"Yer know that big white house on der left-hand side half up der village?"

The clergyman nodded and gaped.

"Well," continued Cheeky, "sich a bloomin' lark, boss! Chip an' I berried a ladder, tuck der skunk-trap wid der critter in it, an' went quietly up ter der white house—me bloomin' Sammy Burnup's—*don't stop me now, boss; le'me tell yer*—an' placin' der ladder agin der bedroom window, poked in der mouf ov der trap, an' let me bloomin' ole skunk crawl inter Sammy's chamber."

"Augh!" moaned the unfortunate man, "it *wasn't* Sammy Burnup's room, it was *mine*. When I woke just now, I saw the critter on my bedspread, and on driving it off—taking it for a strange cat—it skunked me."

"*Haw—haw—haw!*" roared Chipper, when Cheeky observed:

"Don't laff. It's no joke bein' skunked, an' havin' to heave yer stummik up;" then turning to the minister, added:

"Boss, I'm awful sorry; but we'll ketch der skunk an' histe it inter Sammy Burnup's for yer, if yer want."

"Oh, no," moaned the minister. "Who told you that my house was his?"

"A boy named Jemmy," answered Chip, who, spite of his merriment, felt sorry for their victim.

"Sammy Burnup's son," groaned the clergyman. "Oh, I feel so bad."

"Where's the skunk now?" inquired Cheeky.

"In my best hat," faintly answered the poor man.

"Come along, Chip," said the boy. "We mus' go an' ketch der critter;" then addressing the minister, added: "Mister, we're real sorry we've made such a mltake; yer won't tink hard ov us—hey?"

When they arrived at the clergyman's house they found it filled with the odor of the skunk.

"Where's der annemile?" demanded Cheeky.

"Oh, we roused it out of father's bedroom," said one of the minister's sons, a boy of fifteen, "and now it's in the store-cupboard."

"Oh, my preserves," groaned the boy's mother. Cheeky entered the store-cupboard, but could not find the animal.

"It's *there*," excitedly observed the minister's boy.

"Yea," answered Cheeky. "I kin smell it, me son."

After searching awhile and being as sick as a dog, Cheeky saw the critter's tail sticking up out of a two-gallon stone pickling jar, into which the skunk had crept for shelter.

To clap on the lid was but the work of a moment, and soon the loathsome animal was secured.

Procuring a bladder, Cheeky tied it over the lid, and that done, prepared to leave; however, before doing so, he said to the minister's wife:

"Lady, yer hev bin put ter a good deal of annoyance wid dis skunk. I've got some real nice dress pieces in my wagin, will yer 'low me ter send yer one?"

"No, thank you, all the same," said the lady, who was touched by his desire to do what was right and honest. "It was not your fault; we look to Mr. Sammy Burnup for damages."

Placing the jar in his wagon, Cheeky drove off to the house of the practical joker, and pulling up before the door, said:

"Mister, I've got a few things left; have yer anything yer want ter swap dis mornin'?" with which he exhibited some dazdling dress pieces.

Burnup grinned, saying:

"How's the skunk? Sold yew badly, didn't I?"

"Oh, der skunk's all O K!" smilingly answered the boy. "Send yer wife out here; I want her ter see a silk dress an' some Parish jewelry I've got."

The woman came out, and Cheeky talked her into swapping a steer for a silk dress, a set of false diamond jewelry, and something for her husband.

"Come, Sammy," she cried. "Come an' pick out suthin'."

Sam climbed into the wagon, and, seeing the skunk-jar marked "English Pickles," said:

"I'll take that. Is it a full one?"

"Yea," grinned Cheeky. "I opened it a little while ago, an' it's full."

"Here, wife!" shouted Sammy. "I've often promised to buy a jar of these here English pickles. Come take 'em," with which he handed the woman the jar; then, winking at Cheeky, observed: "Yew smell offle skunky, friend."

Cheeky did not reply, but, receiving the steer, hitched it to the wagon and drove towards the village, where the animal was added to their live stock.

"Wot yer done wid yer pickled skunk?" demanded Chip.

"Sold it to me noble, bloomin' Sammy Burnup," chuckled the scamp. "He's bought it fur English pickles."

Our boys drove their stock by easy stages to Springfield, where they sold them as follows:

Three beeves, brought	\$240.00
One cow	40.00
Three calves	30.00
Four sheep	20.00
Three hogs	30.00
Total	\$360.00

Giving them a clear profit of one hundred and sixty dollars, besides the goods unsold, and articles such as worm medicines, otherwise disposed of.

Stabling their horses at a good hotel, they locked Jack up in the wagon, then proceeded out to make a survey of the place.

That night, at their last resting-place, a number of Burnup's friends, among whom was the clergyman and his wife, gave him a surprise party.

Everything was lovely, and soon baskets were unpacked and supper spread.

Sammy was in high spirits, boasting how he had sold and skunked the New York boys, when his wife whispered in his ear:

"Sam, they haven't brought any pickles. Git out them English ones you made outer them peddlers."

Sammy went down into the cellar, and raising the jar in his arms, bore it up into the supper-room; then, placing it on the table, he began to



remove the bladder tied over the mouth, saying:

"Yea, I played them fellers a healthy old trick. I found that skunk in the trap, jes' afore they opened their swap, an' dern 'em didn't I skunk them?" with which he raised the lid of the jar, when a horrible stench overspread the room.

"My God!" he gasped. "Weugh! *They've skunked me!*"

The guests cleared out, leaving Sammy and his wife to be sick at their leisure.

He was awfully quiet about "them pickles," and it was some weeks ere the minister's wife told him that he had bought back his own skunk.

He wasn't smart enough for our boys.

While Burnup was being surprised, Cheeky and Chipper were at the play, and on returning to their hotel, met a man from Colorado, who told them wonderful stories about the money made there.

"Look here, my lads," said the man, "if you knew anything about dentistry, and could travel round and fix teeth, in my district you'd make your pile in no time."

"Yer don't say!" replied the chums, and that night they chatted it over.

"I shall be a long way from Evoline," said Cheek.

"Well, yer kean't help dat," murmured his chum, who felt secretly glad to separate the lovers, knowing that it would be best for his pard.

"Well, guess we'll learn der teeth biz an' go," observed Cheeky, and that settled it.

The next morning they sauntered around the city, and, after searching for a while, came across a dentist's office.

The teeth on exhibit were dusty, and the whole place looked dirty and uninviting, as though the man had little or no custom.

They entered, and found the dentist busily engaged in sobering himself with soda water.

"Hello!" cried Cheek; "cooling' yer bloomin' coppers?"

"Yes," growled the man. "What do you want? I'm not in a fit state to pull teeth this morning! Dern the biz anyhow. I wish I could sell out and take a bar. A bar would suit me."

"Yea," chuckled Cheek. "It would soon suit yer wid a wooden ulster overcoat, warranted to fit all over."

The dentist scowled at him for awhile, then said:

"What do you want, anyhow?"

"Why, we'd like to learn yer biz," answered Cheek. "We think ov goin' ter Colly-ra-do, an' want ter be able ter yank teeth!"

"I'm yer man," said the dentist. "I tell you

hat will do. I'll teach you to draw, fill and regulate teeth; in fact, all the biz, in one month, and sell you all my traps, for two hundred dollars; come, now?"

"It's a bargain," said the boy; and soon Cheeky and Chipper were busily engaged in learning the mysteries of dentistry.

They sold their team, and, turning to work with a will, polished up the office; the man being a capital hand at his trade, they soon obtained lots of customers.

Their only trouble was that the fellow would get drunk.

One morning they called upon him and found him quite sick, so they started off for a walk, calling at a fish store in order to get an oyster taw.

On the counter were a number of live lobsters, fresh from the ocean.

After they had partaken of their stews, Chip pointed to the lobsters, saying:

"Dem's lively tings, hey, Cheek? Les' buy one."

"Wot fur?" demanded his chum.

"Ter hev a lark wid," said Chip. "Put in der ole man's bed."

They purchased a small one, and the fish man secured its claws with pegs, then wrapped it in paper and handed it to Cheeky.

"Come along, Chip," he said. "Les' go an' turn dis critter in wid old beeswax; it'll rouse him out two-forty."

On arriving at the office they found the man sitting up, clawing the air as though he saw a thousand devils.

"He's got der jim-jams," murmured Cheek.

"Where?" demanded Chip.

"Well, inside ov him," said Cheeky, preventing the dentist from swallowing a glass of water, in which were four teeth taken from an old woman's jaw.

"Wot's der best ting ter giv him?" inquired his pard, depositing the live lobster in a tin pail, and pulling out the plugs from the critter's claws.

The dentist was endeavoring to yank his beard out by the roots, so our boys strapped his arms behind him.

"See here, Chip," said Cheeky, "it's certain that wotder cuss has got in him ain't agreein' wid him; s'pose we gives him a emexic?" meaning an emetic.

"A what?" gasped Chip. "E-mex-ic, wot's dat—make him swaller der live lobster?"

"Oh, ye derned looney," laughed Cheek. "Don't yer know dat a *emexic* is suthin' yer takes ter make yer sick at der stummie."

"Like dem English pickles yer sold ter Sammy Burnup, hey?" grinne—his pard.

"Jes' so!" answered Cheek, giving the dentist a lift under the jaw, in order to quiet him. "Lie still, dern yer; we'll bring der devils outer yer ole man, only don't try ter bite me."

"I've heerd dat mustard an' water's good ter tun yer inside out," said Chip. "Dere's a hull package ov mustard in der ole man's cupboard."

"Yank it out," said his chum; "we'll clear der boss ov blue devils."

Chip hunted up the packet, and soon Cheek had mixed a nice bowl of thick yaller stuff.

Though his hands were tied, the dentist resolutely refused to drink the horrid mixture.

"Dern yer, yer've got ter suck dis down," cried Cheek; then, grabbing the man by the nose, he held back the patient's head while Chip poured the thick slab down his throat.

"Dat'll knock der jim-jams outer him," grinned Cheeky, releasing the strap that confined the dentist's arms.

The fellow rose, waved his hands like a mud-turtle does its fins, then, rolling his bloodshot eyes, moaned:

"*Buck-et.*"

Chip caught up the tin pail and shoved it under the man's nose.

We draw a veil over what followed.

Presently the much-exhausted dentist opened his jaws and poked his nose in the bucket, in order to repeat the performance, when the lobster raised its claws angrily and grabbed him by the nose.

"Oh, great elerphunts!" he cried; "oh, my Lor! I'se chucked up a horned devil!" then, with the lobster still clinging to his nose, fell back thoroughly exhausted.

Our boys grinned.

The man was entirely cured of his jim-jams.

"I'll never drink any more," he moaned. "My gracious! what a state my stummie must be in!"

Our boys secured the lobster and hurried it out of sight before the dentist knew what it was.

From that day he became an altered man, and, in lieu of giving up his business, furnished Cheeky and Chipper with a full fit out, and kept on himself at the old stand.

On Thanksgiving Day the lads bade him farewell, and with Jack dressed as a Chinaman, took their tickets for Denver, Colorado, their wagon being sent on ahead by freight.

On reaching New York they each of them purchased a rifle and ammunition, also knives and six-shooters, then embarked for the far West. Their further adventures will, perhaps, form the subject of a sequel.

[THE END.]

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